Aug. 16, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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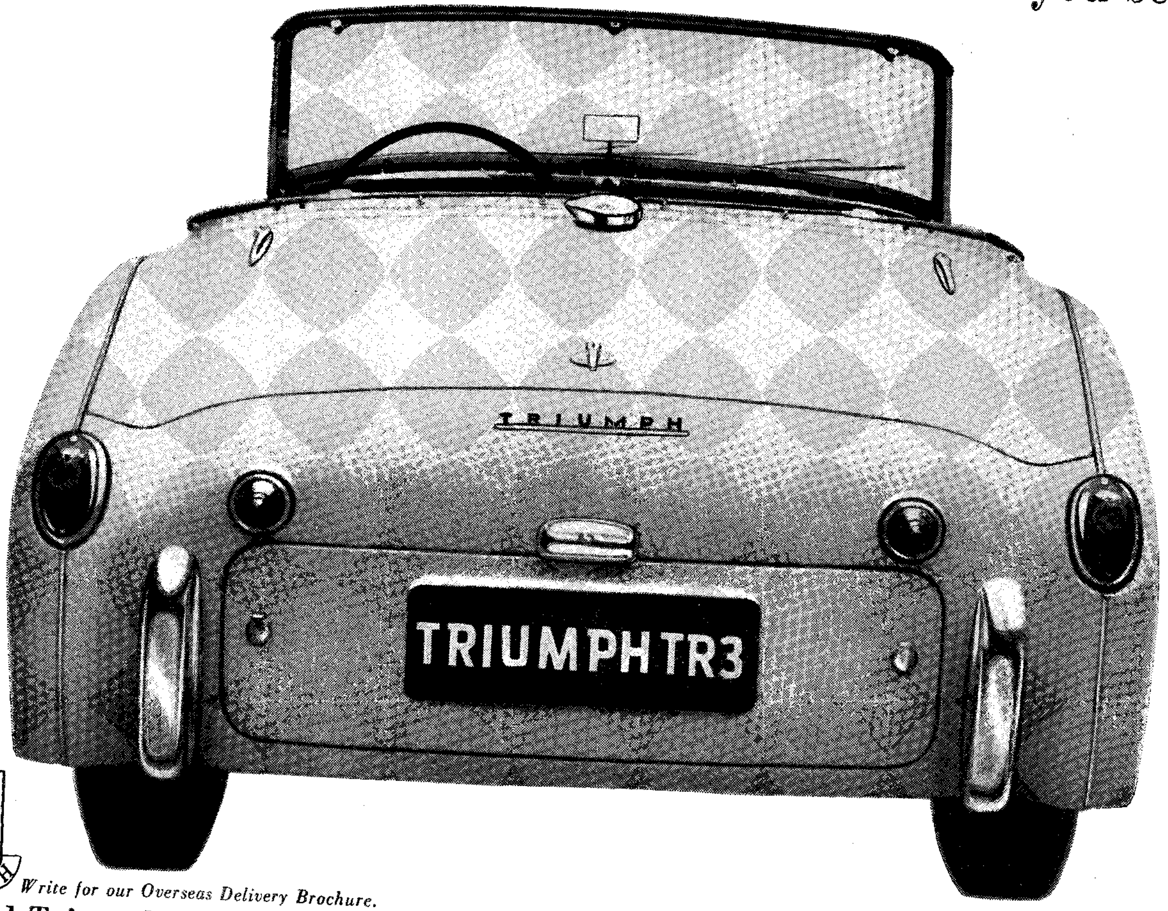
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—Maybe William Inge has tried to cram a little too much into his play about life in Oklahoma some three decades ago, but the drama is quite compelling just the same. Under Elia Kazan's direction, the cast, led by Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart, performs with notable skill. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Homeward, Angel—While Ketti Frings' adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel has some of the faults inevitable in such a major condensation, it is still a work of unusual power and stature. Now with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Say, Darling—Richard Bissell, Marian Bissell, and Abe Burrows have collaborated most felicitously on this play about the birth pains of a musical comedy. Mr. Bissell, of course, had a large hand in "The Pajama Game," of a couple of years ago, so the rest of the parallel should not be difficult to figure. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne wrote the songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond lead a fine big cast through their comic paces. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Dore Schary's play covering the three years between Franklin Roosevelt's crippling illness and his speech nominating Al Smith for the Presidency is excellent historical drama, written with great vigor and taste. Ralph Bellamy gives a most remarkable performance in the central role, and he is admirably supported by a cast that includes Mary Fickett, Henry Jones, Anne Seymour, and Alan Bunce. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—The complete cast of this drama by William Gibson consists of Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft, as a dreamy out-of-towner and a young lady from the Bronx. Mr. Gibson clearly has a sharp ability to reproduce authentic dialogue. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Visit—Reopens Wednesday, Aug. 20, with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special matinée for the Actors' Fund Thursday, Aug. 21.)

Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?—Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, and Larry Blyden head an expert cast in an expert, if highly gymnastic, play by Norman Krasna. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—look back in anger: The chief figure in this play by John Osborne is a young man who is down on everything and everybody. In the current cast are Donald Madden and Susan Oliver. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **romanoff and juliet:** Peter Ustinov's fantasy about love and confusion in one of those mythical kingdoms. Tom Poston has succeeded the author as the storm center of the commotion. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Sept. 13.)

MUSICALS

Jamaica—Lena Horne sings stunningly (and acts with regal indifference) in this uneven musical for which Harold Arlen wrote the generally distinguished music and E. Y. Harburg supplied the lyrics. There's nothing to be said for the tedious book. The cast includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THEATER
SUSAN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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17	18	19	20	21	22	23

The Music Man—Meredith Willson's agreeable excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. Simple, amiable, and noisy, the musical stars Robert Preston, as a fast operator who is redeemed by contact with prairie integrity. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—bells are ringing: A comedy involving Judy Holliday as a conscientious telephone-answering-service girl. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Sally Ann Howes plays Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **west side story:** The story of Romeo and Juliet, restated in terms of a teen-age gang war. The cast includes Larry Kert, Carol Lawrence, Muriel Bentley, Mickey Calin, and Ken LeRoy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Auntie Mame—Sylvia Sidney in a three-week engagement of the comedy taken from Patrick Dennis's novel. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 30.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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The Bald Soprano and Jack—Two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. Included in the casts are Jenny Egan and Phil Bruns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Blood Wedding—Federico García Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Children of Darkness—Colleen Dewhurst and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Comic Strip—A comedy by George Panetta, with Peter Falk, Tom Pedi, Allen Joseph, and Loretta Fury. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-1143. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Michael Higgins and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Guests of the Nation—Frank O'Connor's short story, adapted by Neil McKenzie. Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da Capo" serves as a curtain-raiser. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:15 and 9:45.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-4950. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Jerry Orbach and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—An adaptation, by Padraic Colum, of a segment of James Joyce's novel "Ulysses." The cast includes Zero Mostel and Robert Brown. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-6244. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Waiting for Godot—Samuel Beckett's drama, being presented here by the San Francisco Actor's Workshop for six weeks prior to an engagement at the Brussels World's Fair. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30. Through Saturday, Sept. 13.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Twelfth Night," with William Windom and Peggy Bennion. (Belvedere Lake Theatre, Central Park at about 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—A revival of "Song of Norway," involving a cast of some two hundred (headed by Stephen Douglass, Brenda Lewis, Robert Rounseville, Helena Scott, and Erik Rhodes), not to mention a seventy-foot Viking ship, a water ballet, an

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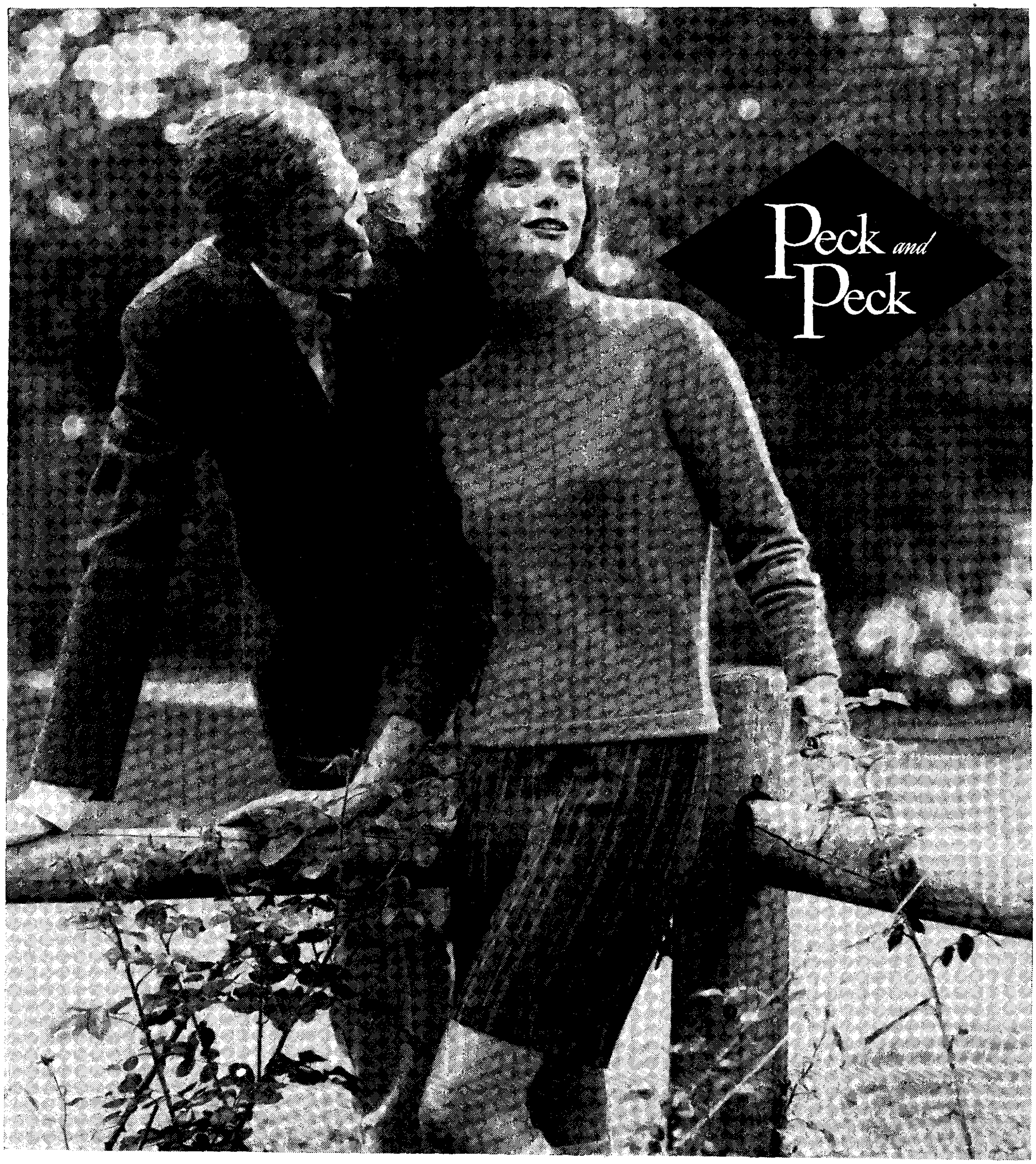

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ice show, and fireworks. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call JU 2-1619. Closes Monday, Sept. 1.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Van Johnson in "Night Must Fall." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: Dody Goodman in "Dulcy." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "Kiss Me, Kate." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: "Fanny." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "King of Hearts." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: "Tobacco Road." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "Where's Charley?" Starting Monday, Aug. 18: "The Most Happy Fella." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "The Boy Friend." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: Victor Jory in "The Happiest Millionaire." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Faye Emerson in "Tonight at 8:30." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23 (final performances of the season): Cathleen Nesbitt and Dorothy Stickney in "Farewell, Farewell, Eugene," a new play. (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Falmouth—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Arthur Treacher in "A Visit to a Small Planet." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: Ella Logan in "Maggie." (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, Aug. 17: "Fair Game." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 19-24: "The Reluctant Debutante." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:15.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: "The Most Happy Fella." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "Damn Yankees." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: Van Johnson in "Night Must Fall." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:45, and Saturdays at 6 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "Kiss Me, Kate." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 20-23: "Lakmé." (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Lake Mahopac—Through Sunday, Aug. 17: "Bus Stop." Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 20-24: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (Putnam County Playhouse, Lake Mahopac, N.Y. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, Aug. 17: Billie Worth in "Happy Hunting." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 19-24: "Show Boat." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Melvyn Douglas in "Sweet and Sour," a new comedy. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: Orson Bean in "The Dragon Slayer," a new play. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

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Millburn—Basil Rathbone and Geraldine Page in "Separate Tables." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Monmouth—The American Savoyards in a ten-week repertory. Through Saturday, Aug. 16: To be announced. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: "Iolanthe." (Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Theatre, Monmouth, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "The Boy Friend." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: Hermione Gingold and Carol Bruce in "Fallen Angels." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: Julia Meade in "Boston Love Story," a new play. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Don Ameche in "Holiday for Lovers." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: Ann Harding and Gig Young in "September Tide." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, Aug. 17: "The Loud Red Patrick." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 19-24: "The Reluctant Debutante." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

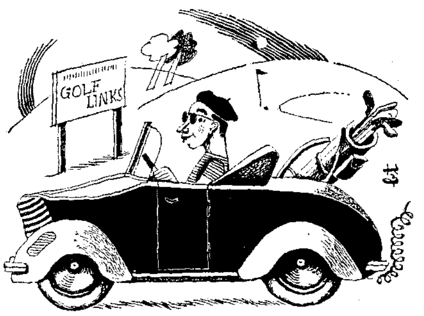
Peterborough—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: "The Matchmaker." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Diana Barrymore in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: Celeste Holm in "The Third Best Sport," a new play. (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Victor Jory in "The Happiest Millionaire." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: Arthur Treacher in "A Visit to a Small Planet." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "The Playboy of the Western World." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: "A Visit to a Small Planet." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stratford—"Hamlet," with Fritz Weaver, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Morris Carnovsky: Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8; and Friday, Aug. 22, at 8. . . . ¶ "The Winter's Tale," with Nancy Marchand and Richard Waring: Friday, Aug. 15, at 8:30; Saturday, Aug. 16, at 3; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 19-20, at 8:30; and Saturday, Aug. 23, at 3. . . . ¶ "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with June Havoc, Hiram Sherman, and Inga Swenson: Sunday, Aug. 17, at 3; Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 3; Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8:30; and Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8:30. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. For tickets, call CI 5-3110.)



Wallingford—Through Sunday, Aug. 17: Cab Calloway in "Porgy and Bess." Starting Monday, Aug. 18: Dan Dailey and Jane Kean in "Burlesque." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 5 and 9; and Sunday, Aug. 17, at 8.)

Westbury—Through Sunday, Aug. 17: Earl Wrightson and Jane Morgan in "Kiss Me, Kate." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 19-24: Lillian Roth in "Wonderful Town." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Bert Lahr in "A Visit to a Small Planet." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: Cedric Hardwicke in "An Inspector Calls." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. For tickets, call CO 5-6179.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 17: "The Rope Dancers." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 19-24: "Middle of the Night." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30.)

Note—Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Irina Borowska and Kenneth Johnson, Daniel Nagrin, and Carola Goya and Matteo. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23: Violette Verdy and Scott Douglass, Jean Cébron, and Teresita La Taña. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9, and Thursday, Aug. 14, at 4. For tickets, call PE 6-6400.) . . . **American Dance Festival:** Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: The companies of José Limón (with Pauline Koner), Merce Cunningham, and Pearl Lang. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: The companies of José Limón, Pauline Koner, and Merce Cunningham. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 3: Merce Cunningham, Ruth Currier (with Betty Jones), Pearl Lang and her company, Inga Weiss, and the Doris Humphrey Repertory Group. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: José Limón and his company, with Pauline Koner and Lucas Hoving. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 17, at 3: The companies of Merce Cunningham, Pearl Lang, Ruth Currier, and José Limón (with Pauline Koner). (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

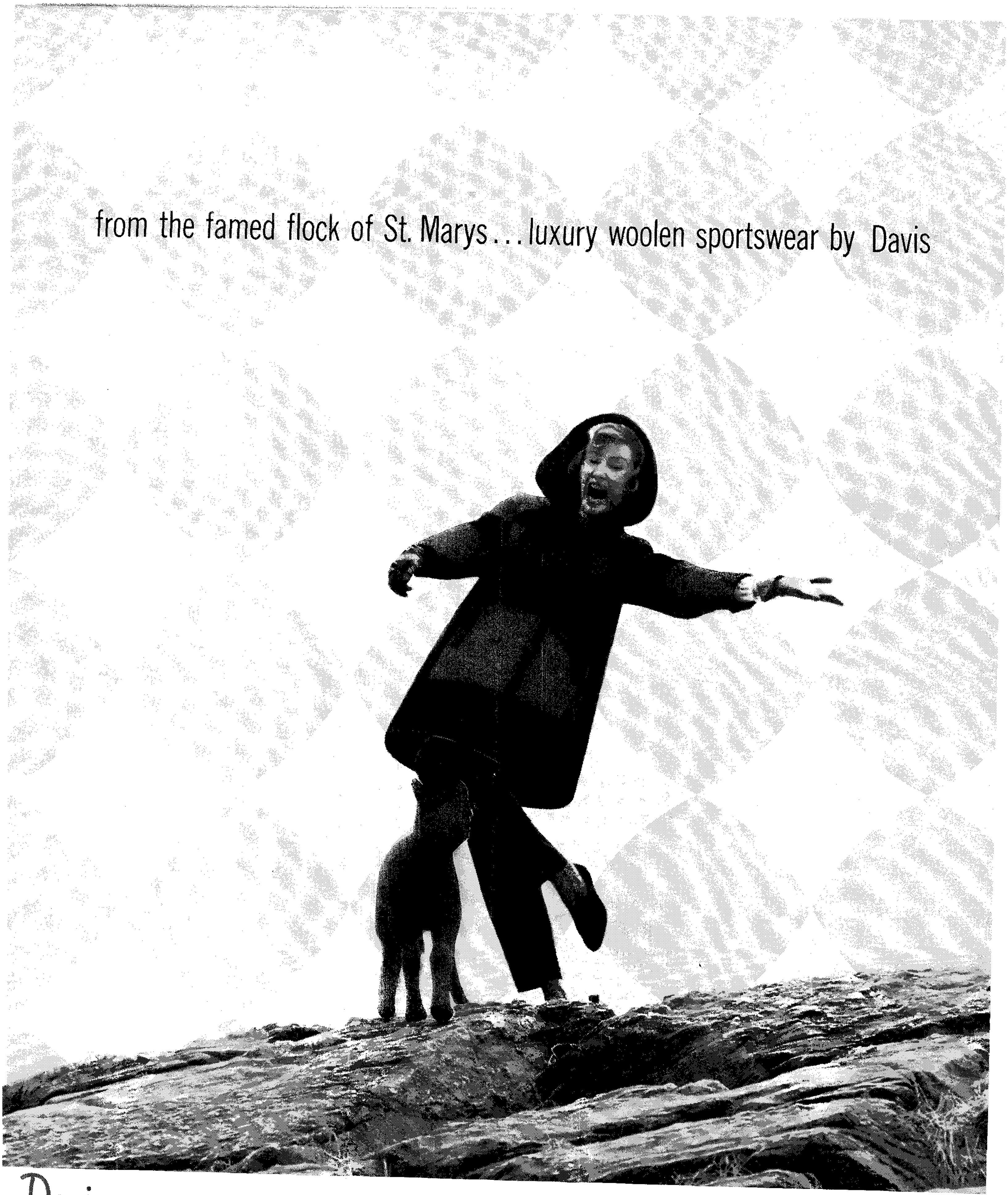
El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Mink ranching right in the heart of this great big city. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra buzz like mad until curfew. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper. Renato Rossini, whose guitar is a many-splendored thing, intervenes once in a while. His night of rest is Sunday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, an idyllic way to pass the summer, the dance orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen glide decorously down Memory Lane. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the mighty Grill, Lenny Herman's dance orchestra is champing at the bit. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Up above the world so high is this land of milk (well, Liebfraumilch) and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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honey (the small dance ensembles of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari). Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Emile Petti, the long-lost piano man, is now presiding over his band in the Café Lounge, where it murmurs happily for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—On an open-air terrace next door to what passes in this town for a green pasture, Milton Saunders' orchestra and Monchito's Caribbean band tootle away for dear life and for dancing after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays, courtesy of the Weather Bureau. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Ballet Español, the tempest now raging in the vast expanse of the Starlight Roof, once in a while shows a lack of experience, but it is long on youth and beauty, and youth and beauty are bound to have their way. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Béla Babai's band take care of guests who wish to do their own ballet. Sundays are silent nights. . . . ¶ Weekdays, between eight and one, a group run by Jozsi Ribari plunks down music for listening in the opulent reaches of Peacock Alley. Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai band provides music for dancing.

Note—At the pinnacle of one of Ilium's topless towers is the Rainbow Room, which serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine except Sundays) where cocktails are provided. From any window table, you can watch what's left of old New York being torn limb from limb while Joseph Sudy's not very solemn trio plays martyr music. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

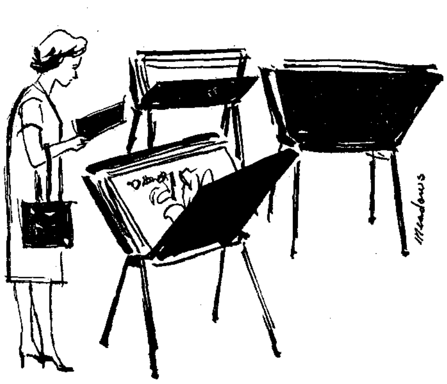
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): John Kelley, Jr., ends his tour of duty at the piano under the ageless greenwood tree on Saturday, Aug. 16. The Sunday handyman will be Vincent Limoli. Addison Bailey, who has been the cocktail, dinner, and supper music master here for many years, will return on Monday, Aug. 18. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A changing of the guard has just been effected here, too. Patrons who haven't got off to Saratoga yet are now being wooed (and even won) by the Romance-language piano of Ralph Strain. He starts at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' general store, which has certain attributes of a bar-and-grill, stays open late for the benefit of the neighborhood youngsters. Mr. Hawkins sits at one of the two pianos, the other of which is staffed by Wayne Sanders. They're in action, singly or in tandem, from five until dawn. Late at night, there are apt to be non-scheduled flights of fancy by the guests. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): The human passion, be it love feast or famine, is the topic of Mabel Mercer's one-of-a-kind lyrics, which are simultaneously kind, forgiving, and sardonic, but never bitter. Her recitation begins well after dark. Sam Hamilton, her lifelong equerry, is her pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The Florentine gardens the name brings to mind are present only in spirit, but everything tangible is Florentine in actuality, including the *padrone*, Arturo Sacco, for fifteen years viceroy of the Blue Angel. Pellucid piano, by Dick Hankinson, decorates the premises from dinner until a fairly wee hour. After the theatre, there's also a song recital by Dean Sheldon, a virtuoso tenor who gives his more sombre arias some Grand Guignol trappings. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS ROOM,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The most recent, and the most picturesque, gazebo erected by Julius Monk in furtherance of his scheme for making night life at once comfortable and scatterbrained. Alice Ghostley, a bewitched *diseuse*, and Don Evans and Carl Norman, upper-echelon pianists, are the dramatis personae. The bar opens at five, the merrymaking starts at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Sooner or later, everyone comes back through this crossroads-of-the-world restaurant, and, sure enough, Cy Walter, of the light, fantastic fingers, is again at play on the piano from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This Roman amphitheatre and Theo Fanidi's travelling rout of string musicians go vacationing at close of business on Saturday, Aug. 16. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The table-side violin of the timeless Norbert Faconi is the main event in a household crammed with reminders of the days when knighthood was in flower. He is onstage after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain the way it was when Carmen had a day off from the cigarette factory; i.e., reams of singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Another aspect of Spain, a pastoral one, where indigenous music wells up until quite late at night amidst all the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Hemmed in by an exhibit of oils you're unlikely to see anywhere else this side of Jupiter or Mars is Johnnie LaSalle's quartet, which is now much higher on the upbeat. The music starts at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): None of the Hungarians around here can hold their tongues for any length of time. Along with the resultant songfest goes music by the bushel, some of it from that vanishing instrument the zimbalon. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The living is easy, and the landscaping is all that an urban eye could wish. The major punctuation is piano at intervals from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the completely unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory, largely British and New York. He gets going at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues arranged in a manner conducive to conversation, instead of mass participation, and looking unmistakably like Greenwich Village. Someone is usually at the piano. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the taproom, an ornate nook in an ornate restaurant, there's reasonably cheerful piano by Jules Kuti from five to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): It always looks like a nice cool summer evening in the bar, no matter how hot it is in the old town tonight. Piano from five-thirty to eight, and again from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Candelabra to the left, candelabra to the right, and piano music down front all evening. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): In spite of all the good-natured tumult onstage, the incumbent extravaganza (by turn musical, acrobatic, terpsichorean, scenic, and Dionysian) is essentially a woman's world—a young, Garden of Eden woman's world, on the whole. The most fetching principals are François and Giselle Szony, dancers whose poetry of motion is in the classic hexameter. Dancing.



SUPPER CLUBS

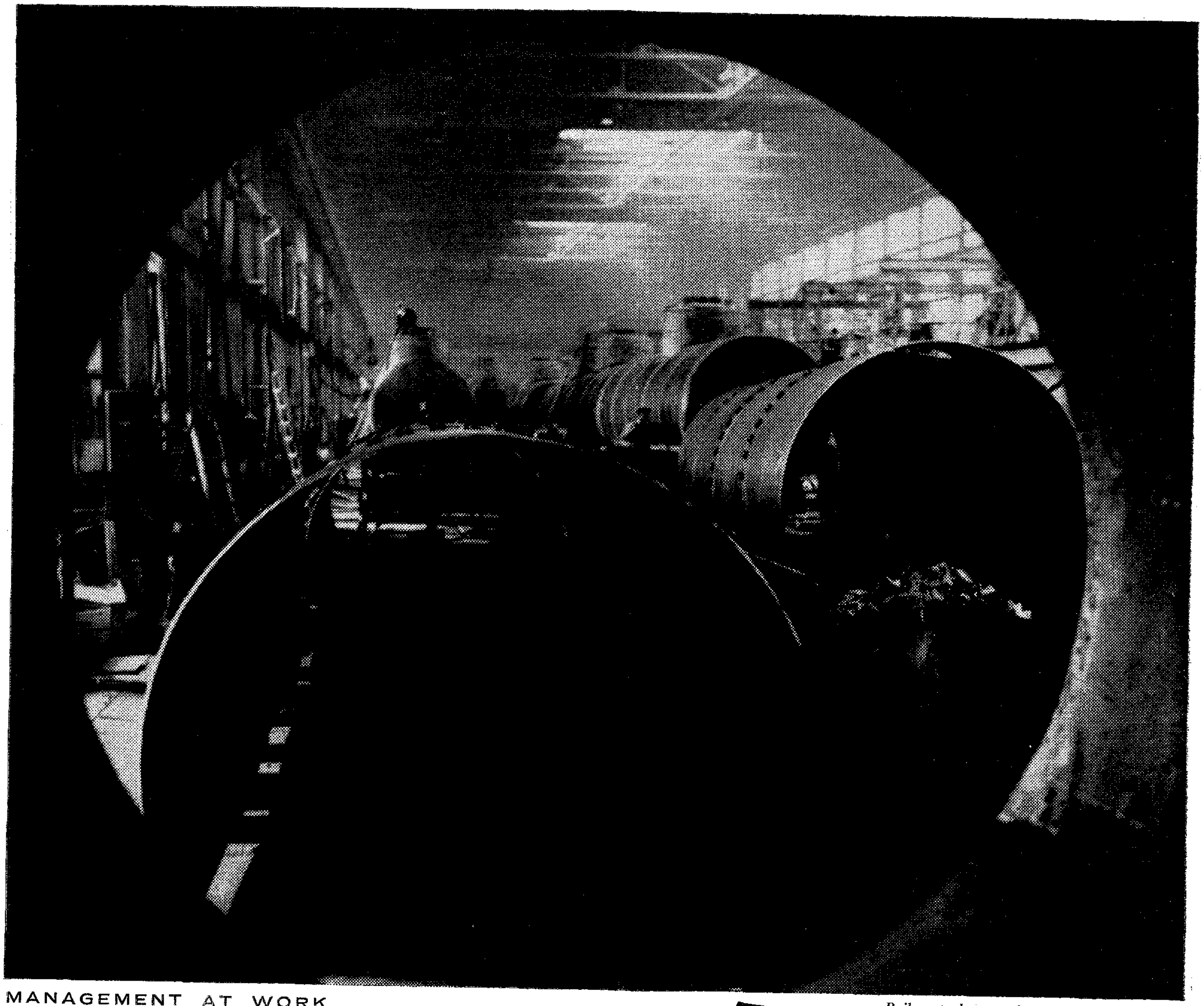
(No dancing, unless noted.)

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The Troupers, a triad of performers slightly above the amateur-theatrical stage, inhabit the bar and provide most of the talk and all of the singing. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those familiar faces, never stray far from their twin pianos. Sundays, there are silent movies and no Troupers. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Up one flight of stairs, in a space no bigger than a hall bedroom, four young folk romp through a series of skits endowed with a fair amount of common sense and airy nonsense. Performances at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The odd little back porch of the Midtown Café is now devoted to casual meetings of guitar buffs whose main aim is to hear Anita Sheer play and sing flamenco, which she does with eerie skill. All quiet on Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The famous Condon health farm, with its rigid regimen—Labatt's India Pale Ale, roast beef, and jazz with plenty of sulphur and molasses. Mr. Condon is supported in this worthy endeavor by Rex Stewart, George Wettling, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Leonard Gaskin, and Herb Hall. The favorite topic is the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. The recess-hour pianist is Bob Hammer. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Anita O'Day and Jimmy Jones' trio are putting their four heads together. The product of the collaboration is a practically perfect example of how modern evensong should be presented. The Mose Allison trio also gets the floor from time to time. They finish up on Sunday, Aug. 17, with a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session. The place will be closed Monday, and on Tuesday, Aug. 19, the quintet of Horace Silver, the quartet of Sam Most, and the voice of Morgana King will commence another colloquy on the new music. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): One of the largest assembly halls for America's most famous native industry, and now administered by Freddie Lamb, a sound senior executive. The décor, which ranges from Louis XIV to Joe E. Lewis, may leave you breathless. The deal begins with Hour of Charm sort of dinner music by a pride of girl violinists, who look rather sweet in their white graduation dresses. Later on, the Australian Jazz Quintet, whose formidable battery includes contrabassoon, flute, vibes, and snatches of "Waltzing Matilda," waxes both limpid and lurid progressive, and Peter Appleyard's quartet huffs and puffs at a great rate. No action Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Venerable troupers, such as Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk, are clattering away in an effort to prove that the old way of doing things is the best way. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Mondays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): At the back end of this little school of modern thought, the threesome of Marian McPartland, a pianist of several moods, all the way from meditation to ring-out-the-bells, is in charge. There's also a trio led by Bernard Peiffer, whose piano pyrotechnics give the new-school jazz fourth and maybe fifth dimensions. The McPartlands stay home Sundays, the Peiffers stay home Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Pee Wee Erwin band, which has hot feet, is thoroughly at home on this range. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Chris Connor, her voice ever reaching for the ultimate lost chord,

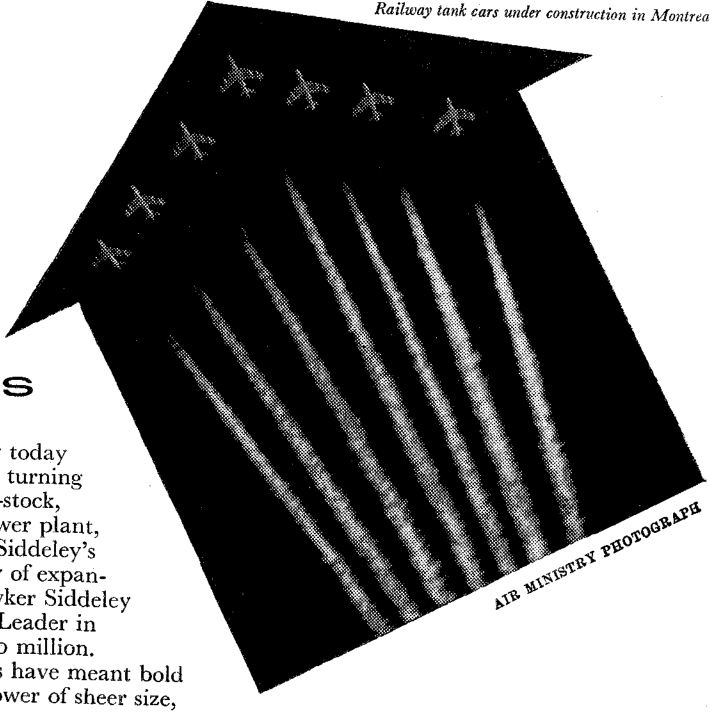


MANAGEMENT AT WORK

Railway tank cars under construction in Montreal

ON THE RAILS

AND IN THE CLOUDS



AIR MINISTRY PHOTOGRAPH

Hawker Siddeley aircraft span the skies. But Hawker Siddeley today is also a world force in heavy industry, with scores of factories turning out many kinds of engineering products – steel, alloys, rolling-stock, cars, aero-engines, diesel engines, electrical generators and power plant, to name only a few. Even coal mining comes within Hawker Siddeley's Canadian enterprise. Behind this catalogue is a dramatic story of expansion and diversification which in three years has changed Hawker Siddeley from an aviation group into something far greater – a World Leader in Heavy Industry. Today Hawker Siddeley's assets stand at $600 million. Today's annual turnover: more than $728 million. These facts have meant bold decisions. Decisions that give Hawker Siddeley not only the power of sheer size, but also the strength of great diversity.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rides on a cushion of sound from Mundell Lowe's foursome, a soft-spoken group that also alternates, between the song recitals, with Sonny Rollins' trio, which is carrying the torch for hard bop. Miss Connor and the Lowes finish their job on Wednesday, Aug. 20. Next evening, Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, keening as shrilly as a jet plane, will come bouncing in. The regulars are on leave Mondays, which are visitors' nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The Far East unit of the Far Out complex of modern piano is represented by Japan's Toshiko Akiyoshi, a merry lass not too hard to understand. Her trio is inside the oval bar after nine-thirty every evening but Monday. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Battledore and shuttlecock, without regard for the rules of Hoyle, is offered by such aged-in-the-vat minstrels as Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Cozy Cole, Buster Bailey, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and Herb Fleming. The uproar is just about continuous from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon hold a group discussion with Zutty Singleton, Pee Wee Erwin, and Charlie Shavers. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Weekend youth therapy, performed loud and offhand. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16, the bulls in the china shop will probably be Willie the Lion Smith, Max Kaminsky, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The quintet headed by George Shearing is full of collector's items—two-tone coloration, bongo drums, and occasionally the sound effect of Chinese temple bells—but what comes out of it is a tense, absorbing music that is wholly individual. Gene Rogers' trio, the other performer, departs on Saturday, Aug. 16. Milton Seely's threesome arrives on Monday, Aug. 18. Sundays are catch-as-catch-can bouts between extra hands. There's also cocktail and dinner piano every evening. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The first chance in a long, long time to come face to face with the thoughtful abstract piano of Lennie Tristano. He and his quartet are now occupying this hero-sandwich parlor. Mondays, the room is dark. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Greenwich Village of "The Iceman Cometh" period and décor, but full of questing youth. The accompanying jazz, which is over the hills and far away, is turned out by the quintet of Thelonious Monk, whose office hours are rarely the same on two consecutive evenings. Mondays are assigned to Mal Waldron's band. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): A foursome of innocent wayfarers known as the Commuters makes dance music, and (Fridays and Saturdays) a girl named Helen Streiff warbles with heart and soul after ten in the evening. They stand beside a parquet of cozy dimensions that adorns the ground floor of the Hotel Duane. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

THE THREE UTRILLOS—Paintings by Maurice Utrillo; his mother, Suzanne Valadon; and his widow, Lucie Valore. Through Aug. 29. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Philip Evergood, Robert Gwathmey, Alton Pickens, Moses Soyer, and others; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 2 to 5.) . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Margit Beck, William Chaiken, and Tom Clancy are among the painters represented in the eleventh annual travelling exhibition; through Friday, Aug. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: A summer show of paintings and sculptures by such artists as Nancy Ellen Craig, Hovsep Pushman, and John Costigan; through Sept. 26. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Sculptures and drawings by, for instance, Jane Wasey, Tom Hardy, George Rickey, and Humbert Albrizio; through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **NORDNESS,** 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: A mixed-mediums exhibit, with works by eleven artists, among them Mitchell Siporin, Karl Zerbe, and Abbott Pattison; through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Harry Crowley, Paul Riba, and other gallery artists; through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: John Grillo, Boris Aronson, Joseph Konzal, and others, each represented by a single painting or sculpture; through Friday, Aug. 22.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **IBM GALLERY,** 16 E. 57th St.: Eugene Speicher, John Marin, John Constable, Ben Nicholson, and other American and British painters; through Aug. 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: Drawings and water colors over the years, from fifteenth-century French and Italian works to present-day American ones, and including examples by Delacroix, Boucher, Fragonard, and Homer; through Aug. 29. . . . **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by artists ranging from Rodin to Morandi; through Aug. 29.

CHINESE FOLK ART—Nineteenth-century block prints, lavishly hand-colored and vividly illustrative of the everyday life of the period; through Oct. 18. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A summer loan exhibition of a hundred and forty-five privately owned paintings, dating from Veronese and El Greco to Braque and Picasso; through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Prints by Jacques Callot (1592-1635) and Honoré Daumier (1808-79); through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Museum is tentatively scheduled to reopen on Oct. 8.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by artists living or teaching in Brooklyn and Long Island (John von Wicht, Sidney Gordin, and Aubrey Schwartz, to mention a few); through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—Braque, Modigliani, Brancusi, and Calder are four of the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings and sculptures (mostly) taken from the Museum's collection; through Oct. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Oil paintings, depicting New York City between 1850 and 1950, by such artists as Childe Hassam, Reginald Marsh, Ben Shahn, and Georgia O'Keeffe; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A display of ceramics, textiles, enamels, and wood and metal work by craftsmen

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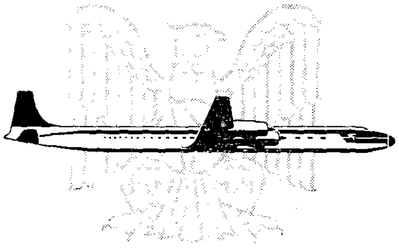

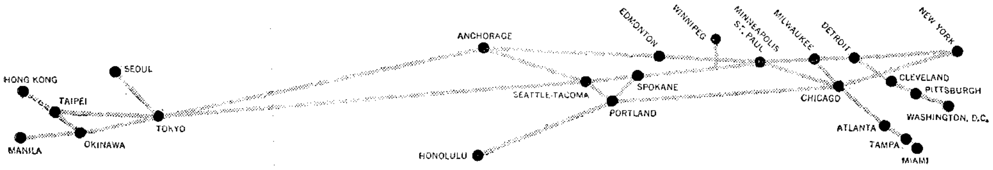
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

under thirty from all over the country; through Sept. 14. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"African Sculpture Lent by New York Collectors," a show containing some sixty figures, masks, and ceremonial objects made of bronze, wood, straw, beads, and shells; through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Five turquoise and coral necklaces once owned by the late Navajo chief Chee Dodge; through Sept. 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—From the Museum's permanent collection, a selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, George Bellows, Eugene Speicher, Ad Reinhardt, and Isamu Noguchi; through Sept. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

EAST HAMPTON, L.I. Signa Gallery: "The Human Image," a show made up of oils, plus a few sculptures, by Willem de Kooning, Jean Dubuffet, James Rosati, and others; through Thursday, Aug. 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 1 and 3 to 6; Sundays and Mondays, 3 to 6.) . . . **MANCHESTER, N.H.** Currier Gallery of Art: Modern Swedish textiles, works by young American designers and craftsmen studying abroad on Fulbright awards, and examples of early New Hampshire silver; through Sunday, Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **MANCHESTER, VT.** Southern Vermont Art Center: Sculptures by José de Creeft, along with paintings by Reginald Marsh, Thomas Reilly Dibble, and Stephen Maniatty; through Friday, Aug. 15. . . . ¶ In a garden setting, sculptures by Anna Hyatt Huntington, Lily Ente, and other New England and New York State sculptors; through Sept. 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5.) . . . **MYSTIC, CONN.** Mystic Art Association: The third New England annual, a mixed-mediums jury show; through Friday, Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Garrett Price, Robert Brackman, and Kenneth Bates will be among the participants in an exhibit of small works in various mediums; starting Tuesday, Aug. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30.) . . . **NEWPORT, R.I.** Art Association of Newport: Oils and water colors on loan from several Boston galleries; through Aug. 24. . . . ¶ Oils by Martin Battersby and Berkeley Sutcliffe; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Ogunquit Art Association: Paintings, sculptures, and prints by, among others, Edward Betts, David von Schlegell, and John Laurent; through Sept. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Provincetown Art Association: The second exhibition of their forty-fourth season includes paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures by such artists as Joseph Kaplan, Wallace Bassford, and Xavier Gonzalez; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 6 and 7 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . **SOUTHAMPTON, L.I.** Parrish Art Museum: A collection of Salvador Dali jewels, and about twenty of his paintings and drawings, together with a display of Montici marbles by Richard Blow; through Thursday, Aug. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 12 and 1 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **WOODSTOCK, N.Y.** Woodstock Artists Association: Sculptures and black-and-white prints and drawings; through Wednesday, Aug. 20. (Weekdays, 1 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Friday, Aug. 15, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra. Saturday, Aug. 16: With Murray Panitz, flute. Saturday, Aug. 23: With Richard Kay, cello. (Evenings at 8:30. In the event of rain, these two concerts will take place in the Universalist Church, Central Park W. at 76th St.)

Carl Schurz Park Concerts—Frederique Petrides conducting an orchestra made up of members of the New York Philharmonic and the Symphony of the Air in a series of four free symphony concerts. (Every Thursday throughout August at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Madison Square Park Concerts—Richard Himber and his dance band, with Dolores Dauphine, soprano, and Guy Pastor, baritone, presenting a series of free one-hour concerts. (Wednesdays and Fridays at 12:30; through Aug. 22. Peter Lind Hayes will be guest soloist on Wednesday, Aug. 20.)

Washington Square Park Concerts—Fritz Rikko conducting the Collegium Musicum, with Joyce Flissler, violin. The third in a series of five free chamber-music concerts. (Monday, Aug. 18, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Judson Memorial Church, Washington Sq. S.)

New York Jazz Festival—Count Basie and his orchestra, Chris Connor, George Shearing's sextet, Horace Silver's quintet, Sonny Rollins, the Max Roach quintet, Max Kaminsky, Pee Wee Russell's sextet, and others are scheduled to appear on Friday, Aug. 22. . . . ¶ The New York Jazz Festival Orchestra, Dave Brubeck's quartet, the Miles Davis sextet, Chico Hamilton's quintet, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Thelonious Monk, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, Jimmy Giuffre, Bob Brookmeyer, Anita O'Day, the Jimmy McPartland-Bud Freeman sextet, and Russ Bowman and the Finger Lake Five are expected on Saturday, Aug. 23. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Curtain raisers at 7:15; main events at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 5-5333.)

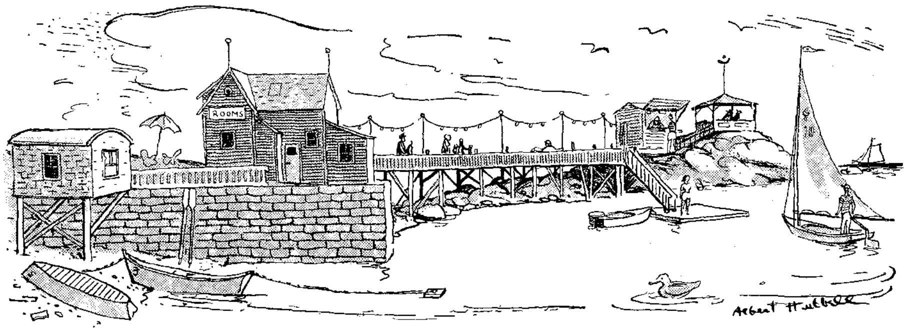
IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Sunday, Aug. 17: Max Roach and the Boston Percussion Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23: Mahalia Jackson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24: Chris Connor and a jazz ensemble. (Lenox, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

Castle Hill Concerts—The Melissa Hayden Dance Quartet in the final performances of the season. (Ipswich, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16, at 8:30.)

Chautauqua—Final performances of the season—Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: Walter *Hendl conducting the Chautauqua Symphony* Orchestra; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 17, at 3: Walter Hendl conducting, with the winner of the Chautauqua Symphony award. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 18, at 2:30: A recital by Ethel Barrymore Colt, soprano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Henry Aaron conducting the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra in a pop concert, with Walter Hendl, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: Walter Hendl conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: A recital by George London, bass-baritone. (Chautauqua, N.Y.)

Empire State Music Festival—The Symphony of the Air—Thursday, Aug. 21, and Saturday, Aug. 23: Laszlo Halasz directing the first performances in America of Ildebrando Pizzetti's opera "Assassinio nella Cattedrale," based on T. S. Eliot's "Murder



"in the Cathedral," with Delia Rigal, Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, Giulio Gari, Calvin Marsh, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, and Sunday, Aug. 24: Kurt Adler directing "La Bohème," with Elaine Malbin, Jacquelynne Moody, Barry Morell, Frank Valentino, William Wilderman, Calvin Marsh, and Gerhard Pechner. (Ellenville, N.Y. Evenings at 8:45. For tickets, call OX 7-0490.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet, with Walter Bricht, piano. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, Aug. 17, at 4.)

Southern Vermont Art Center—Jorge Bolet, piano. (Manchester, Vt. Sunday, Aug. 17, at 3:30.)

South Mountain—The New York Woodwind Quintet. (Pittsfield, Mass. Sunday, Aug. 17, at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, Aug. 19, at 8, and Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, at 2.

Boxing—Stefan Redl vs. Gil Turner, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Aug. 22. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Cricket—Jamaica vs. Barbados. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, Aug. 16, at 1, and Sunday, Aug. 17, at 2.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Knoll Golf Club, Boonton, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 14-17.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Women's Amateur Championship. (Wee Burn Country Club, Darien, Conn. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23.)

Horse Show—Sunnyfield Farm Horse Show. (Bedford Village. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 16-17.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

Racing—At SARATOGA: Weekdays at 2; through Wednesday, Aug. 27. The Test, Friday, Aug. 15; the Saratoga, Saturday, Aug. 16; the Spinaway, Friday, Aug. 22; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 23. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Montgomery Airport, Montgomery, N.Y.: Saturday, Aug. 16, at 3, and Sunday, Aug. 17, at 10 A.M.

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Through Sunday, Aug. 17.) . . . ¶ Davis Cup American Zone Final: United States vs. Argentina. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 15-17.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Sunday, Aug. 17, through Sunday, Aug. 24.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 4.

Yachting—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport, R.I. Saturday, Aug. 16, through Saturday, Aug. 23.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend meetings of the General Assembly (which is now in emergency special session), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Expanding Universe." (Mondays at 1, 2, and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe. Derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, topped by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's plenty of variety in this entertaining description of life among a group of British soldiers captured by the Japanese during the Second World War and led by a colonel who is not too well in the head. The film includes everything from satire to high adventure, and the cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa, performs valiantly under the direction of David Lean. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Case of Dr. Laurent—An interesting French film that explores the subject of natural childbirth with a good deal of dramatic impact. Jean Gabin is cast as a doctor who favors the method, and Nicole Courcel as a pregnant young woman who goes along with his ideas. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Gigi—A handsome and melodious adaptation of the Colette tale about a young lady who is tutored to be a courtesan and winds up the betrothed of the richest young fellow in Paris. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, costumes by Cecil Beaton, and a fine cast that includes Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

The Key—As directed by Carol Reed, this Anglo-American film about the seagoing salvage tugs that saw action in the Second World War is full of exciting derring-do, but only as long as the camera keeps gazing seaward. When it attempts to follow the adventures of the tugboatmen on land, it gets pretty confusing, what with trying to explain the motivations of a mysterious young woman who becomes the paramour of a succession of tugboat captains. William Holden, Trevor Howard, and Oscar Homolka are the men of the sea, and Sophia Loren is the free-wheeling girl. (Odeon, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Kings Go Forth—Frank Sinatra is altogether satisfactory in the role of a lovesick lieutenant in this film about some of the activities of the United States Seventh Army in the South of France. The girl that Mr. Sinatra

is lovesick about is a native of the Riviera, born of a marriage between a Negro and a white woman. She is portrayed by Natalie Wood, and Tony Curtis is on hand to give Mr. Sinatra some competition for her favors. Neither of them is quite up to the standard of acting that Mr. Sinatra sets. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Aug. 20.)

No Time for Sergeants—Andy Griffith is very funny in this screen version of the Mac Hyman novel about a Georgia cracker who practically disrupts the Air Force in his attempts to be helpful in the war effort. Mr. Griffith is supported by Myron McCormick, Nick Adams, James Milhollan, and several other estimable players. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Aug. 19, tentative.)

Paths of Glory—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war has been treated with respect and imagination in this movie adaptation, which features Adolphe Menjou and George Macready as a couple of twisted generals determined to assault an impregnable German position during the First World War, even though it means decimating their troops, and Kirk Douglas as a colonel who recognizes his superiors for the madmen they are. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 17-19.)

Rouge et Noir—A blurred version of the Stendhal novel, but enough of the Master's wit and acumen comes through to make it worth your while. Gérard Philipe is a charming Julien Sorel, and Danielle Darrieux and Antonella Lualdi are delectable foils for him. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil B. deMille's spectacular projection of the life and times of Moses makes the Biblical story look stark. Wandering among the assorted cooch dancers, Pharaohs, prophets, et al., we have Charlton Heston, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Yul Brynner, and Anne Baxter. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277. Mondays through Thursdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8; through Aug. 19.)

Witness for the Prosecution—Agatha Christie's first-rate play about a young man who is suspected of knocking off an elderly lady has been made into a movie by Billy Wilder and Harry Kurnitz. The young man's defense is taken over by a barrister portrayed by Charles Laughton, and while his work in the role is not particularly crisp, he keeps the trial scenes going at a whale of a clip. He has among his supporters Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, John Williams, and Elsa Lanchester. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Aug. 19, tentative. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Aug. 20.)

REVIVALS

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. Cary Grant. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 20.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 17-19.)

The Inspector General (1949)—Danny Kaye, in a Napoleonic setting, creating endless confusion. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 20.)

Last Holiday (1950)—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his final fling at a fancy watering place. A British picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 18.)

The Raider (1946)—Allied merchant sailors on the wartime North Atlantic run. A British film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 14.)

The True Glory (1945)—A documentary film of the war, with a commentary by Dwight D. Eisenhower and others. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 14.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Naked and the Dead," Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson, Raymond Massey.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Twilight for the Gods," Rock Hudson, Cyd Charisse.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Reluctant Debutante," Rex Harrison, Kay Kendall.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE KEY.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"A Certain Smile," Rossano Brazzi, Christine Carère, Joan Fontaine.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Royale, 242 W. 45th. (CI 5-5760)
GIGI.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Aug. 19: "Rock-A-Bye Baby," Jerry Lewis, Marilyn Maxwell. (After 7:30 on Monday, Aug. 18, the theatre will be turned over to a telecast of the Floyd Patterson-Roy Harris fight.)
From Aug. 20: "Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"La Parisienne" (in English), Charles Boyer, Henri Vidal, Brigitte Bardot.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Aug. 14: "Fire Under Her Skin" (in French), Raymond Pellegrin, Giselle Pascal.
From Aug. 15: "Circus of Love" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Eva Bartok.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 19 (tentative): **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS.**
From Aug. 20 (tentative): "And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Aug. 19: **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.**
From Aug. 20: "Proud Rebel," Alan Ladd, Olivia de Havilland; and "Cole Younger, Gunfighter," Frank Lovejoy.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 19 (tentative): **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS.**
From Aug. 20 (tentative): "And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Aug. 19: "God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Street of Sinners," George Montgomery, Geraldine Brooks.
From Aug. 20: **KINGS GO FORTH**; and "Ride Out for Revenge," Rory Calhoun, Gloria Grahame.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"A Tale of Two Cities," Dirk Bogarde, Dorothy Tutin.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 17: "This Happy Feeling," Debbie Reynolds, Curt Jurgens; and "Voice in the Mirror," Richard Egan, Julie London.
Aug. 18-19: "Mississippi Gambler," revival, Tyrone Power, Piper Laurie; and "Up Front," revival, David Wayne, Tom Ewell.
From Aug. 20: "Proud Rebel," Alan Ladd, Olivia de Havilland; and "Cole Younger, Gunfighter," Frank Lovejoy.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE KEY.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"La Parisienne" (in French), Charles Boyer, Henri Vidal, Brigitte Bardot.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Law and Disorder," Michael Redgrave, Robert Morley.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Aug. 19 (tentative): **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS.**
From Aug. 20 (tentative): "And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 20: "The Constant Husband," revival, Rex Harrison, Kay Kendall.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Aug. 19: "God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Street of Sinners," George Montgomery, Geraldine Brooks.
From Aug. 20: **KINGS GO FORTH**; and "Ride Out for Revenge," Rory Calhoun, Gloria Grahame.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Aug. 19 (tentative): **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS.**
From Aug. 20 (tentative): "The Bravados," Gregory Peck, Joan Collins; and "Stage Struck," Henry Fonda, Susan Strasberg.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 19 (tentative): **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.**
From Aug. 20 (tentative): "And God Created Woman" (in English), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 17: "This Happy Feeling," Debbie Reynolds, Curt Jurgens; and "Voice in the Mirror," Richard Egan, Julie London.
Aug. 18-19: "Mississippi Gambler," revival, Tyrone Power, Piper Laurie; and "Up Front," revival, David Wayne, Tom Ewell. (After 5 on Monday, Aug. 18, the theatre will be turned over to a telecast of the Floyd Patterson-Roy Harris fight.)
From Aug. 20: "Proud Rebel," Alan Ladd, Olivia de Havilland; and "Cole Younger, Gunfighter," Frank Lovejoy.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 19: "God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Street of Sinners," George Montgomery, Geraldine Brooks.
From Aug. 20: **KINGS GO FORTH**; and "Ride Out for Revenge," Rory Calhoun, Gloria Grahame.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Aug. 16: "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi; and "The Rising of the Moon," revival, with Cyril Cusack and other Abbey Theatre players.
Aug. 17-19: **PATHS OF GLORY**; and **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival.
From Aug. 20: **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 16 (tentative): "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak.
Aug. 17-20 (tentative): "Paris Holiday," Bob Hope, Fernandel; and "All at Sea," Alec Guinness.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
ROUGE ET NOIR (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 19: "God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Street of Sinners," George Montgomery, Geraldine Brooks. (After 6:30 on Monday, Aug. 18, the theatre will be turned over to a telecast of the Floyd Patterson-Roy Harris fight.)
From Aug. 20: **KINGS GO FORTH**; and "Ride Out for Revenge," Rory Calhoun, Gloria Grahame.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 19: "The Adulteress" (in French), Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone; and "The Smallest Show on Earth," revival, Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.
From Aug. 20: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Aug. 17: "This Happy Feeling," Debbie Reynolds, Curt Jurgens; and "Voice in the Mirror," Richard Egan, Julie London.
Aug. 18-19: "Mississippi Gambler," revival, Tyrone Power, Piper Laurie; and "Up Front," revival, David Wayne, Tom Ewell.
From Aug. 20: "Proud Rebel," Alan Ladd, Olivia de Havilland; and "Cole Younger, Gunfighter," Frank Lovejoy.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Lovers and Thieves" (in French), Jean Poiret, Michel Serrault.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"White Wilderness," a Walt Disney nature film.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The Matchmaker," Shirley Booth, Anthony Perkins.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through Aug. 17: "The Man in the Raincoat" (in French), Fernandel.
From Aug. 18: "Age of Infidelity" (in Spanish), Lucia Bose, Alberto Closas.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
"God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Street of Sinners," George Montgomery, Geraldine Brooks.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 19: "Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins; and "Designing Woman," revival, Gregory Peck, Lauren Bacall.
From Aug. 20: **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**, revival; and **THE INSPECTOR GENERAL**, revival.

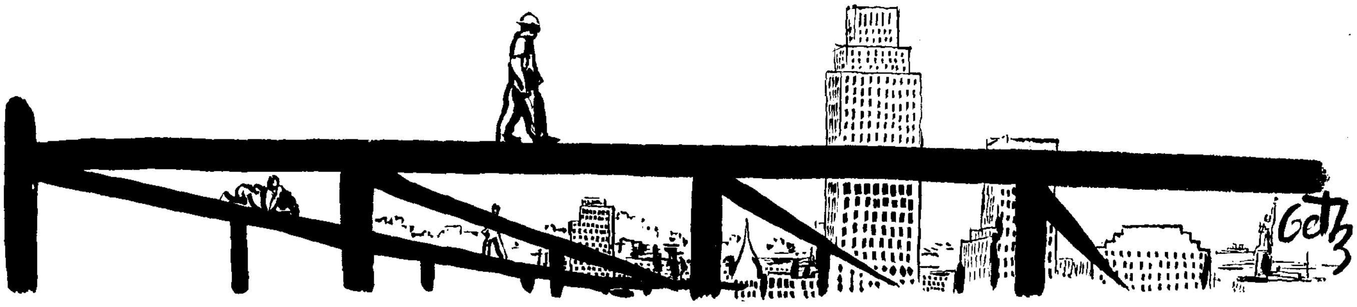
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 14: **THE TRUE GLORY**, revival; and **THE RAIDER**, revival.
Aug. 15: "Nana" (in French), revival, Martine Carol, Charles Boyer; and "Maid in Paris" (in French), revival, Dany Robin, Daniel Gelin.
Aug. 16: "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin; and "The Earrings of Madame De..." (in French), revival, Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux.
Aug. 17: "Cavalleria Rusticana" (in Italian), revival, Mario Del Monaco; and "La Traviata" (in Italian), revival, Lucia Evangelista, Giulio Gari.
Aug. 18: **LAST HOLIDAY**, revival; and "Hoboes in Paradise" (in French), revival, Raimu, Fernandel.
Aug. 19: A program of six varied short films—"The Life of Chekhov," "Clerical Error," and others.
Aug. 20: A program of seven short films dealing with psychology.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Aug. 19: "This Happy Feeling," Debbie Reynolds, Curt Jurgens; and "Voice in the Mirror," Richard Egan, Julie London.
From Aug. 20: "Proud Rebel," Alan Ladd, Olivia de Havilland; and "Cole Younger, Gunfighter," Frank Lovejoy.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Aug. 19: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
From Aug. 20: "And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
"God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Street of Sinners," George Montgomery, Geraldine Brooks.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Aug. 17: "This Happy Feeling," Debbie Reynolds, Curt Jurgens; and "Voice in the Mirror," Richard Egan, Julie London.
Aug. 18-19: "Mississippi Gambler," revival, Tyrone Power, Piper Laurie; and "Up Front," revival, David Wayne, Tom Ewell.
From Aug. 20: "Proud Rebel," Alan Ladd, Olivia de Havilland; and "Cole Younger, Gunfighter," Frank Lovejoy.



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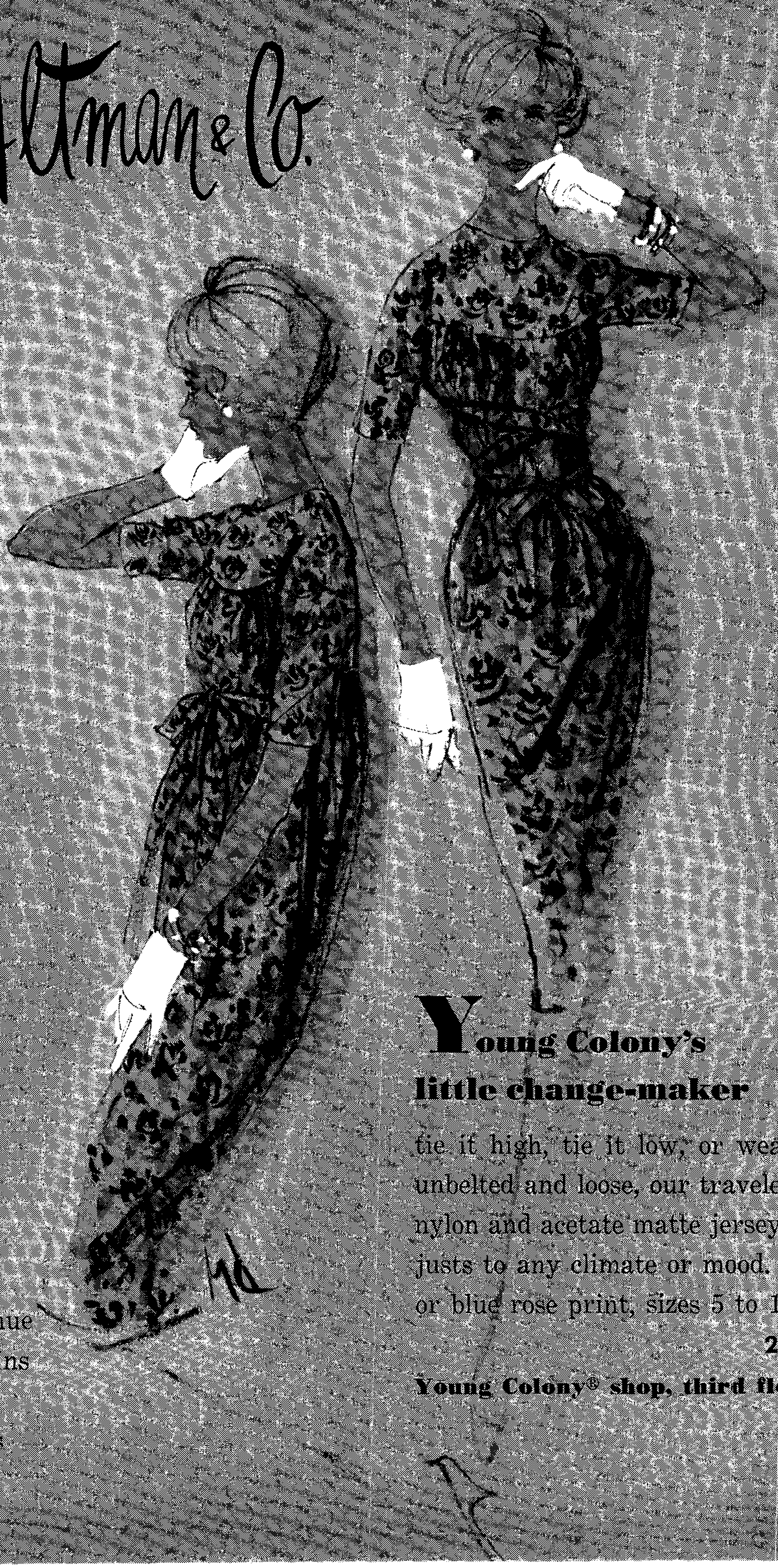

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE New York Racing Association, which threw wide the gates of its courses to minors earlier this season, has now semi-yielded to the City Council, which demanded that it shut them to human beings under twenty-one years of age and horses under two. The Racing Association has decided to bar minors under sixteen. This is the kind of silly compromise that results from heeding a silly request. Minors of sixteen and over are surely more subject to the temptation to lay a surreptitious, because illegal, bet than minors under sixteen. (Bigger allowances.) And children who are at the age when a horse race is a purely aesthetic excitement are barred from seeing one. They are exposed, instead, to the blurred gray images and garbled commentaries of televised racing, which are calculated to disgust them in advance with one of the prettiest spectacles man has invented. A horse race on television bears the same relation to a real horse race as a *Reader's Digest* filet of a novel to a real novel. It is a substitution of the gist for the substance. So, for that matter, is a televised version of a play, or a circus, or a boxing match. We are breeding not, as some parents fear, a strain of children who will have seen everything and will have nothing to look forward to but kids who will think they have seen everything when as a matter of fact they haven't seen anything at all.

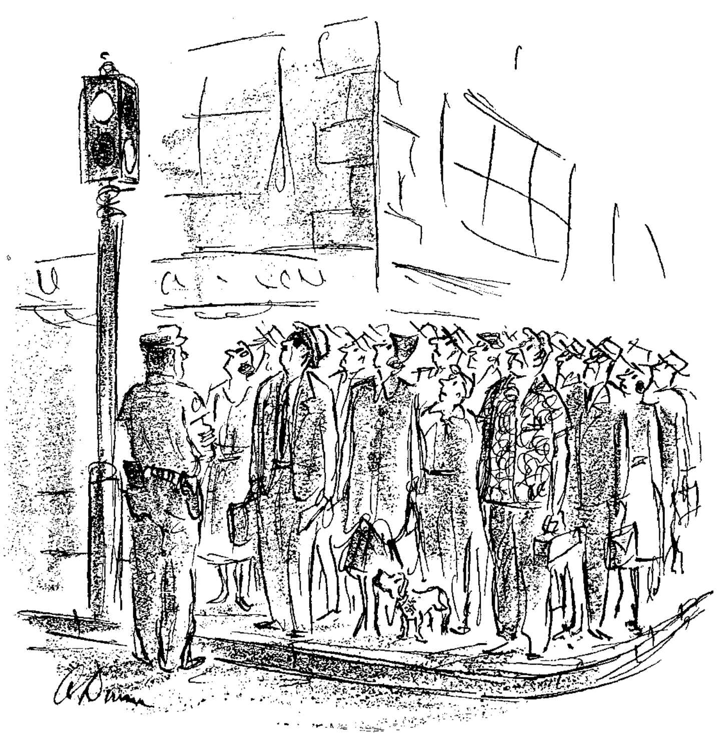
LOOKING for something to read last weekend in a summer house we were visiting, we came upon a portentous little treatise on the Fall of Man Before Woman, worded not to beguile but to frighten, in the manner of an age of science writing. The first sentence we lit on was "Today's husband is required to perform housework that a man of a generation ago would have laughed at." This is the kind of statement that is bound to create trouble in a time socially oriented toward conformative reactions to didactic communication. Lonely-crowding wives of organization men not housework-participating are likely to decide, on reading it, that their husbands are skipping a required course, and that they themselves are, in consequence, patsies (not receiving parasexual homage of a prestige intensity satisfactory to the group). Husbands hitherto spontaneously housework-participating to a minimal extent—say, dislodging stuck ice trays—will resent their exploitation by the extrapolation of the mother image and refuse to be longer characterized by sociologist Helen Hacker, quoted otherwhere in the same book, as mother substitutes or nursery assistants. They will tell the wives to get their own damn ice cubes. Since there is no marriage in America in which the husband is not either housework-participating or *non*-housework-participating, there will be no home without outer-directed intramarital negative coöperation on a level of projected sex. Filled with foreboding for the future of our agglutinatively verbalizing conurbations—for the book is tailored in length to the traject between Grand Central and Stamford—we gratified ourself with the inner-directed subliminal conviction that love will find a way, Man will rise again, and language will break up into individual words.

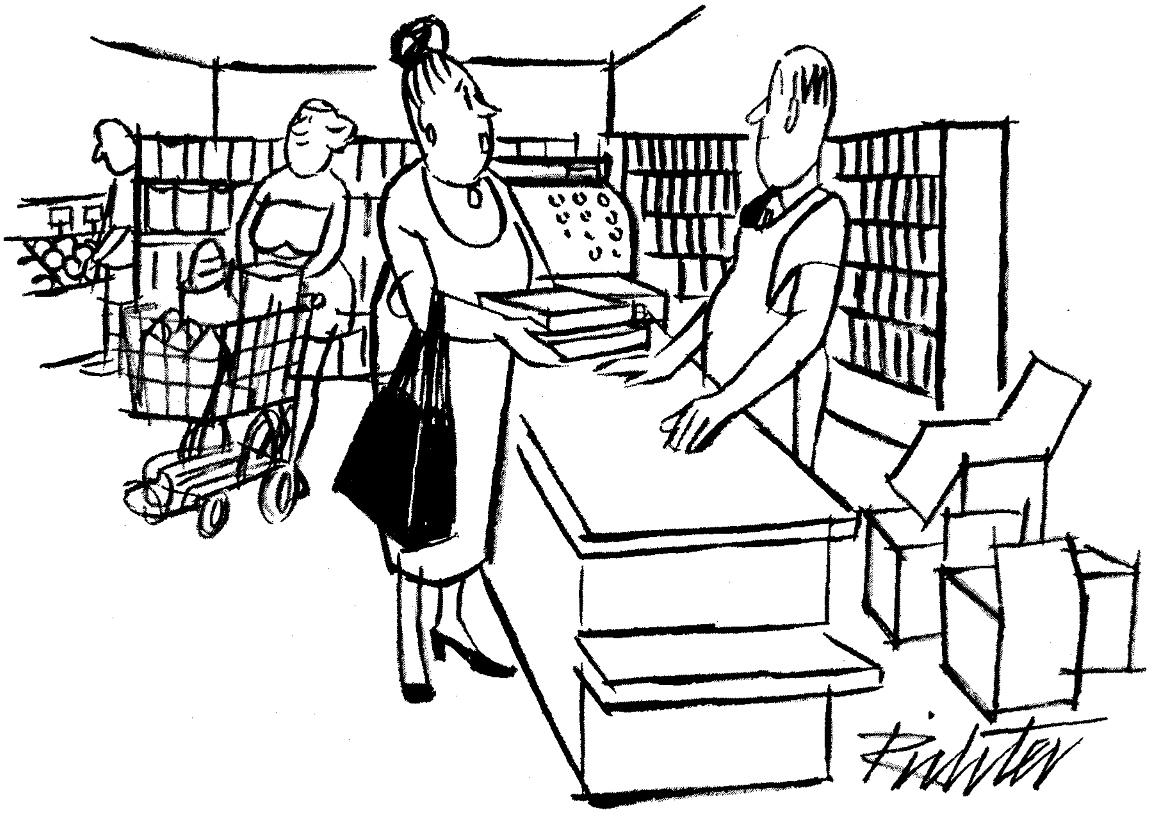
O'Toole on Age

OUR Third Avenue correspondent, a man not notably weighed down with years, reports that a shiny-domed gentleman called O'Toole, probably the oldest patron of Costello's, got to talking about geriatrics the other evening. "To look at me," O'Toole said, "you might well think that I am over ninety. To tell you the truth, my age is exactly eighty-one years, four months, and ten days. My hair went with the scarlet fever when I was a lad, and then a veterinarian in Connemara I consulted about a toothache adjusted the matter with a great pair of pliers, so I've not had a tooth in my head since. From that day on, I haven't had a bad day. I've had the respect due to age practically since birth."

"You sound like a bloody Chinaman, O'Toole," said the publican Costello. "They'd be the ones, wouldn't they, that regard age as a great treat?"

"What I am getting at," said O'Toole, "is the





"I'd like to return these TV dinners. Our picture tube blew."

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shame around this nation that seems to go with the loss of a few strands of hair, a tooth or two, and a general wizening of the whole physiognomy. I hear now—and you'll admit that I have ears like a fox—that they're having tremendous studies made to find out what to do with characters of seventy and the like of that. *I* looked seventy when I was about twenty, and I got a hell of a reputation for wizardry talking to my elders about grand matters that I knew nothing about. Even at twenty a man who looks older than his father demands respect, and bedamned if I didn't learn a lot just domineering over the middle-aged. It's the custom of the middle-aged here to figure that they're teetering on the lip of the grave simply because they're not the great, hairy, fanged wonders they were in their youth. By God, I've looked for sixty years or more like a man carrying a shovel to his own grave, and been respected every inch of the way." "Will you have a beer, O'Toole?" Costello inquired. "I take no children's drinks," said O'Toole. "You'll serve me Jameson's."

Felis Pardalis

SOME time ago, we ran a piece about the wild animals—deer, possum, and woodchucks—that become inhabitants of this city by chance, swimming over from Jersey or hiking in from fish-shaped Paumonok. It has since occurred to us to check up on the wild animals that are introduced here on purpose, not by zoos but by private parties who just happen to like having wild animals around the house. We began our investigations with the ocelot, which is currently so much in vogue hereabouts that a club has been formed in its name, for the exchange of ocelot information and small talk. The organization is called the Long Island Ocelot Club, and its founders are Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Cisin, of Brooklyn and Amagansett, who know as much about pet ocelots as anyone living, and to whom we're indebted for the few scraps of ocelotology we possess. We recently visited the Cisins at their Brooklyn apartment and had a look, through a partly opened bedroom door, at Carlotta, their pet ocelot. We were far more impressed with her beauty than she appeared to be with ours; after surveying us for a moment or so, she contemptuously nudged the door shut with a paw. "Ocelots are *most* intelligent," said Mrs. Cisin. "If Carlotta wishes to open the door, she'll simply take the knob in her mouth and turn it. I've prepared a little guide to the care and training of ocelots, and I make a point of saying that ocelots are easily trained, provided the intelligence of the trainer is greater than that of the cat."

The Cisins, who write and publish textbooks for the use of TV repairmen and are amateur figure skaters of note, bought Carlotta three years ago, sight unseen, from an animal dealer in Florida. Most ocelots offered for sale have been born in the wilds of Central or South America, and are so upset about having been plucked away from home and mother that they're by no means easy to nurse through kittenhood. "We expected Carlotta to be a fierce, rampaging creature, and opened the crate wearing heavy leather gloves," Mrs. Cisin said. "The poor thing was lying on the bottom of the crate, too little and too dazed to walk. The species name for the ocelot is *Felis pardalis*," she continued, quoting her own booklet. "His coat is haphazardly striped and spotted, and its color depends on where he comes from; the dark-red and the brown cats are usually found in dense jungles, the orange and the yellow cats in light forests and grasslands, and the gray and the yellow-gray cats in brush, rock, and desert country. Ocelots are related to jaguars but are smaller and more sociable. Adult ocelots measure between forty and fifty inches from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail and weigh anywhere from twenty to forty-five pounds. They are fantastically strong and lithe, and one of their favorite parlor tricks is to leap eight feet straight up in the air. This trick calls for a high-ceilinged parlor."

According to the Cisins, ocelots are catlike in their manner of stalking things, doglike in their manner of fetching and carrying things, and practically human in their desire for human companionship. The Cisins give Carlotta the run of the house in Amagansett except when they have company; then she is confined to a wire enclosure in the kitchen. "Not that she'd do anything very awful," said Mrs. Cisin. "The worst that any of our friends has suffered is ripped pants. Carlotta likes to climb trees and, in winter, romp in the snow. Of course, you have to love ocelots to enjoy their playfulness to the full. Carlotta likes nothing better than to tear up newspapers and magazines, and she invariably chooses the latest copies to destroy. For a while, this puzzled us; then we realized that, guided by her sense of smell, she was seeking out the newspaper or magazine that one or the other of us had most recently handled."

We asked how Carlotta got on with other ocelots.

"Marvellously," said her mistress. "At the last meeting of the Long Island Ocelot Club, we had an attendance of thirty people and eight cats, and a fine time was had by all."

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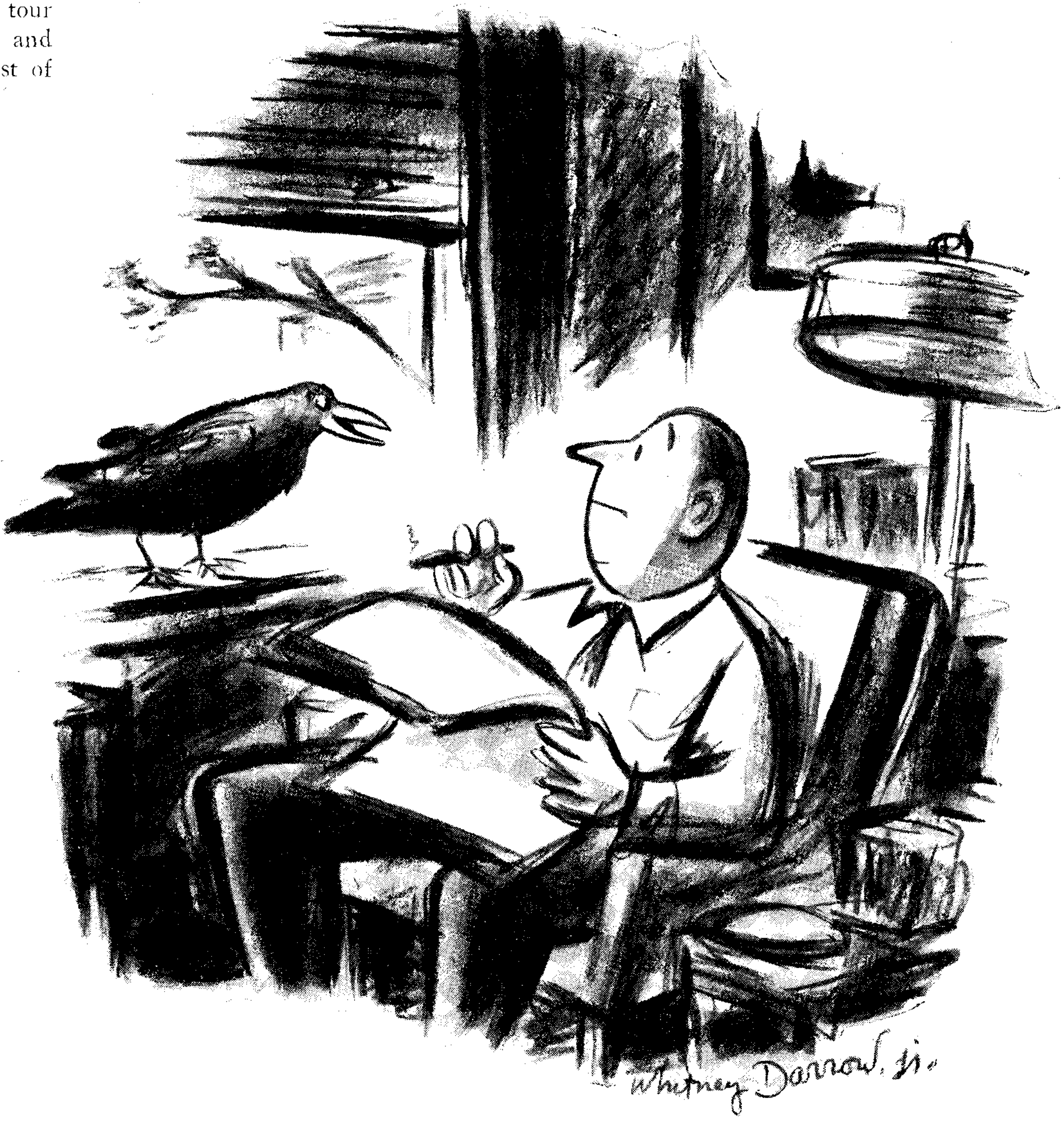
Gastro-Intestinal Intelligence (Grit in the Teeth Division): The soda fountain of the H. L. Green Company, a Rochester five-and-ten, now features a Sandpail Sundae.

The Ripple King

THE latest wrinkle in shoes is Ripple Soles, and we're fresh from a talk with Nathan Hack, the Ripple Sole King, who is himself fresh from a triumphant Ripple Sole-selling tour of Europe and the Middle East, and is about to undertake the conquest of Australia. A big, trimly turned-out man of seventy-four, Mr. Hack hard-sells his sole with the energy of a man half his age and the conviction of a major prophet. "The whole world is going crazy over the Ripple Sole," he told us. "It's the greatest thing that's happened to footgear since Caesar put heels on his soldiers' boots." We asked Hack to elucidate the physics of the Ripple Sole, and he instantly bent down, whipped off a well-polished brown brogan, and thrust it before our dazzled eyes. "The Ripple Sole is based on the spring principle," he said. "See how the rubber corrugations along the sole are angled from front to back? When you take a step, the spring action of the corrugations, as they bend, serves to propel you forward. Your feet require less effort to get off the ground. Moreover, the equal distribution of your weight along the ripples makes you feel as if you were walking on air. Surgeons, dentists, salesmen—people who have to be on their feet all day—can't praise the Ripple Sole enough. We made a study of some Canadian miners and found that they could even *mine* better with Ripple Soles. We're putting the sole on shoes for men, women, and children. I own eleven pairs of Ripple Sole shoes and a pair of plain-sole shoes for dress wear. So far, we haven't figured out a way to make the Ripple Sole dressy, but, by George, we will."

Mr. Hack slipped his brogan back on his foot, paced up and down in a vain attempt to cool his ardor, and went on, "Oh, my! I get excited about the Ripple Sole because it came to me so late in life. Child of my old age, you might say. A lot of shoe manufacturers thought I was dead wrong when I started showing it around, but I never take no for an answer—never have, never will. My life has been a slow, hard climb. I came to this country from Poland in 1900, and my first job was selling papers on the open trolleys running over Brooklyn Bridge. Went out to Detroit, drifted into the shoe business, and eventually got interested in prescription shoes. That was partly because my wife was having trouble with her feet and partly because there was a hospital for crippled children near my shop. My two sons and I still own three prescription-shoe shops in Detroit. During the Second World War, I developed the Hack Convalescent Boot, which can be contracted or expanded with the help of adjustable laces front and back, and is a great help to people who have just had a foot operated on. When I was sixty-two, I retired to California, but I didn't want to rock myself to death. Activity keeps you active, I always say, so I became a volunteer worker in a veterans' hospital out there. At the hospital, I developed the Hack Self-Reliant Walker, a device that enables a patient wearing artificial legs to rise without help. The first Ripple Soles were turned out in 1956—around three hundred thousand pairs that year. This year, we expect to sell three and a half million pairs." The face of the Ripple Sole King assumed the expression of one seeing a vision. "I predict that the day will come," he said, "when ninety-five per cent of all the


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"At the risk of being obvious, I'm a talking crow."

people in the world who wear shoes will be wearing Ripple Soles."

Shaken by the Ripple Sole King's glimpse into the future, we stopped in at a shoeshop near our office and asked a salesman his opinion of the Ripple Sole. "Between you and me, a fad," he said. "Some of our customers, they've picked up the impression that all they got to do is put on a pair of Ripple Sole shoes and flex their knees a little, and they'll be scooting along the sidewalk at five or ten miles an hour. The soles are bouncy, all right, and they help keep your feet dry in wet weather, but don't expect too much if you happen to buy a pair." We took the hint so gracefully offered, and will be putting on our first Ripple Soles tomorrow morning. If anything spectacular happens, we'll let you know.

High Finance

A FRIEND of ours, just returned from Bolivia, tells us that in a Hollywood movie on display there the subtitle for a line of dialogue running "Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith" was printed as "J. P. Morgan Compañía."

Getting Attention

OUR guide on an expedition through the hundred or so booths of the Health Department's New York Health Show, at the Coliseum, the other day was Homer Calver, the Coliseum's technical adviser for the exhibition, and probably the man best qualified to justify the assignment of a radioactive goldfish to a starring role in the production. "A show of this kind can't be just a mass of placards—vertical textbooks, I call them. It has to be alive and *interesting*," said Mr. Calver, explaining both the goldfish and the philosophy that established him as a leader in the field of medical showmanship when he ran the last health show in this area—the one that played the World's Fair at Flushing Meadow, in 1939 and 1940. Calver, who has the profile, white mustache, and benign air of the late Lewis Stone as Judge Hardy, added, "Especially where people first walk in, you don't want something dead." And with that he steered us in to the sponsoring department's lead-off exhibit, a stand bearing a small, rectangular fish tank and a card that read, "Goldie, the Radioactive Goldfish—The Geiger counter clicks when she swims by because she has been treated with radioactive material." Inside the tank, five wide-eyed little goldfish swam in single file around and around a metal cylinder that was wired to a nearby Geiger counter, which, in turn, was wired to an amplifier, which was emitting loud, grating static noises. On the floor, under the amplifier, half a dozen other fish paraded in another tank.

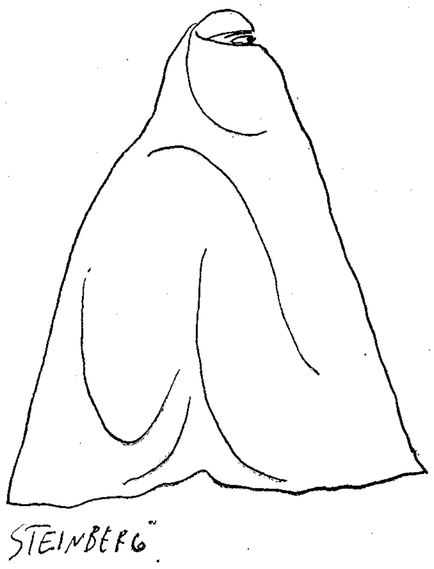
"Spares down there—all hot," explained a short, happy-looking attendant, whom Calver introduced as Julius Zarchin, a public-health sanitarian with the city's Radiation Hygiene Unit. "The plants in the spares' tank are hot as hell, too," Mr. Zarchin added. "We put Phosphorus 32 in the water. The tank up above has just one hot fish—Goldie. The other four are cold. The spares are so that when one Goldie dies out, there's always another hot one ready to go on."

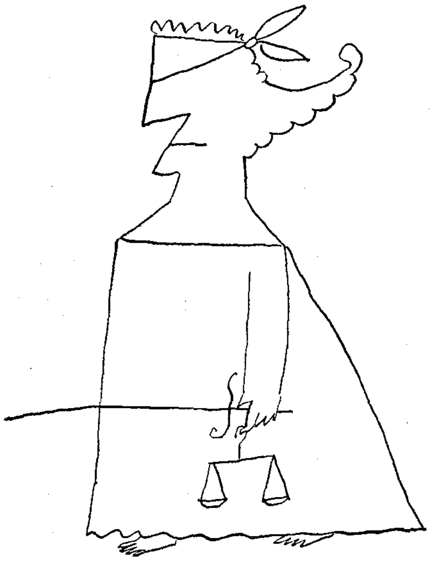
"The fish dies?" Mr. Calver inquired.

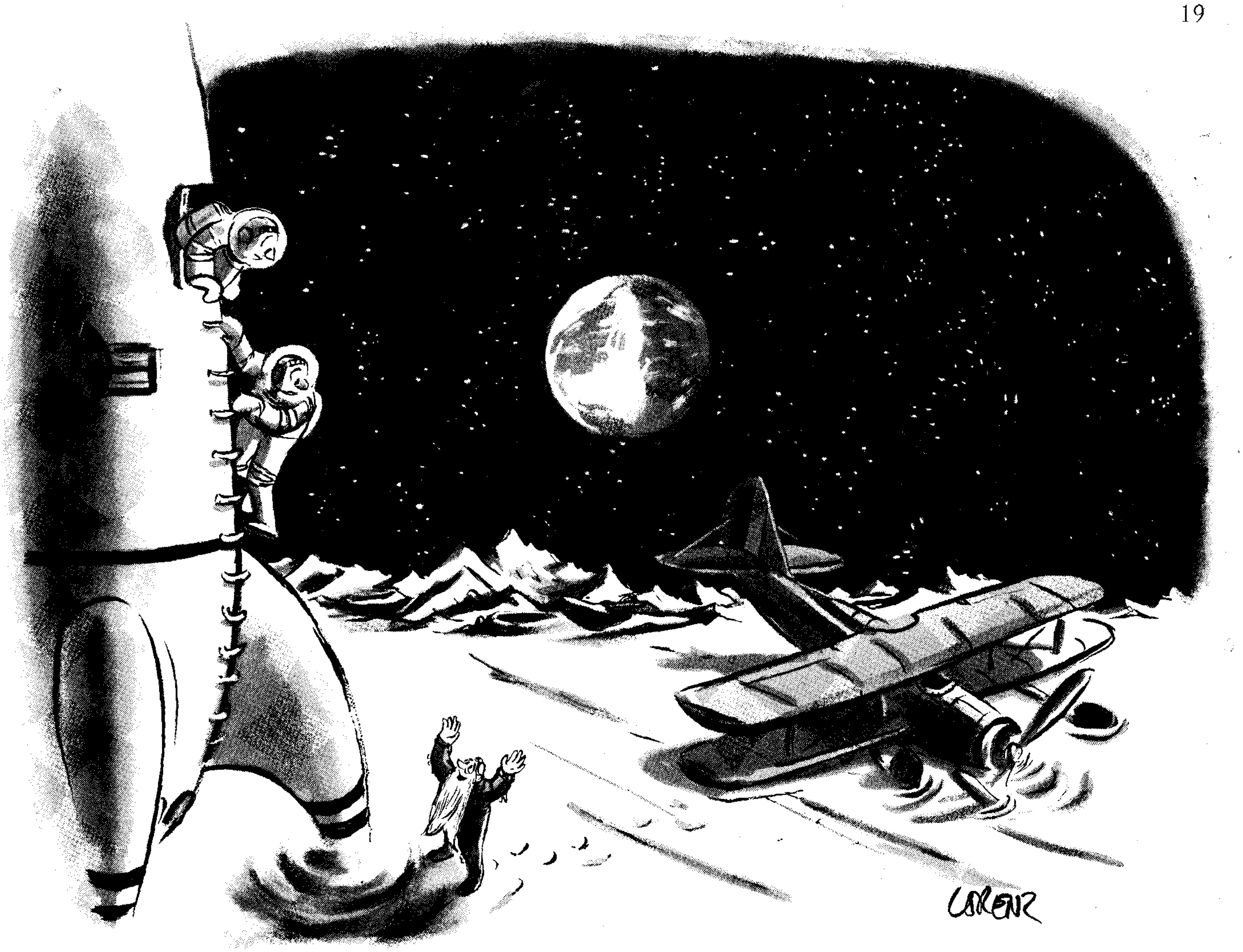
"Not the fish, the radioactivity," Mr. Zarchin said, and he nodded toward a panel of vertical textbook material that began, "You Can Be Protected from Excessive Radiation." "A fish doesn't die just because it's hot," he said. "That's the point."

"The health picture has changed so much since the days of the World's Fair health show that communicable diseases are licked to the point where it's practically abnormal for a child to have a normal childhood disease," Mr. Calver said, and led us past the goldfish and into a long corridor of booths abuzz with smiling ladies, who were pressing brochures on wandering multitudes. "As I see it, the idea of this show is to remind people to look for, and do something about, the chronic diseases and afflictions, which are the big thing now," he said, waving an arm generously to cover the sea of ills about us—alcoholism, cystic fibrosis, multiple sclerosis, hemophilia, muscular dystrophy, myasthenia gravis, deafness, mental illness, blindness—each lending its name to at least one non-profit organization and a booth, and, in the case of the last two, to six and eight booths, respectively. Calver paused at a booth featuring an old-fashioned carnival wheel, and gave the wheel a spin. When it stopped with its pointer on 13, he located the number on an adjacent chart, which listed a hundred and fifty-six job opportunities in public health, and found that Lady Luck had chosen him to train for practical nursing. "A bald attention-getter," he remarked, not without satisfaction.

"It takes twenty years to grow a foot," the New York State Podiatry Society's poster display began—sweepingly and arbitrarily, we thought—and then, in smaller print, it added, not once but twice, as though musing to itself, "As the twig is bent so grows the tree." We took this to be an attempt to recall Pope's lines from Epistle I of "Moral Essays" running, " 'Tis education forms the common mind:/Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," and we were thinking this over when attention-getting sounds from another quarter diverted us. "I'm *scratching* his head, but he doesn't like it," a handsome but evidently confused young woman, all curves and pearls and black silk, was telling a cameraman as, perched expertly on the Metropolitan Dairy Institute's corral fence, she gripped the head of a black-and-white Holstein calf with one hand and, with the other, tried to introduce a baby's bottle between the reluctant captive's jaws. "That's right, look like you're drinking—nice, stupid cow," the young woman cooed as we scanned the booth's literature, which advised us that the victimized calf, when full-grown, will produce twice as much milk as you'd expect, being one of a number of "prod-







"Thank God! I'd given up hope."

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ucts of planned breeding investigation" at Rutgers University's Agricultural Experiment Station, in Sussex, New Jersey. Nearby, but not too nearby, we came upon the booth of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, which prompted Mr. Calver to remark, without detectable rancor, "Nothing going *on* at this one. They just hand out literature."

"Now," Mr. Calver said, "for this one I went to Kalamazoo!" He took us around a corner and into view of the show's really bang-up attention-getter, a dome twenty-four feet across and twelve feet high, its outer surface an arbor of interlaced plastic tubes, its base a network of passageways and mirrors, its interior an avant-garde decorator's dream of translucent free-form mobiles, snowy tentacles, and persimmon-colored globules pulsating with red and blue light. "Upjohn's Cell," Mr. Calver said. "Upjohn, the Kalamazoo pharmaceutical house, spent eighty thousand dollars to build it, here in New York, for the American Medical Association convention last June, in San Francisco. When they unpacked it there, some of the crates it was in were crushed, but they flew out a crew that was able to put it together."

Spotting an Upjohn contingent inside the cell, Mr. Calver presented us.

"This is not, as people seem to think, a fantasy," Dr. A. Garrard Macleod, head of the firm's Department of Special Publications, told us. "It is a reasonably exact representation of a red blood cell whose linear diameter has been magnified a million times. This," he said, jabbing at a handy mobile, "is a vesicular element of the endoplasmic reticulum. Those contraptions are the mitochondria. This thing that looks like a sputnik is the centrosome. When food is reduced to energy . . . Pyruvate . . . Golgi apparatus . . . Nucleolus . . . Ribonucleo protein . . ."

Will Burtin, the man who designed the cell, broke in. "The problem of representing a cell in three dimensions, working from the flat micrograph cross-sections that cytologists study, was tricky pioneering," he said. "I had to shape the first mitochondrion out of chewing gum, and I was really proud of it, though I knew it would never get the approval of Dr. Keith Porter, of the Rockefeller Institute, our adviser on the project. It took everyone a while to get used to it."

Burtin's assistant, George Klauber, who had been gazing around with satisfaction, remarked, "It looks all right here, but where it really belongs is outdoors, with sunlight and moonlight coming through. In a garden, it would be beautiful."

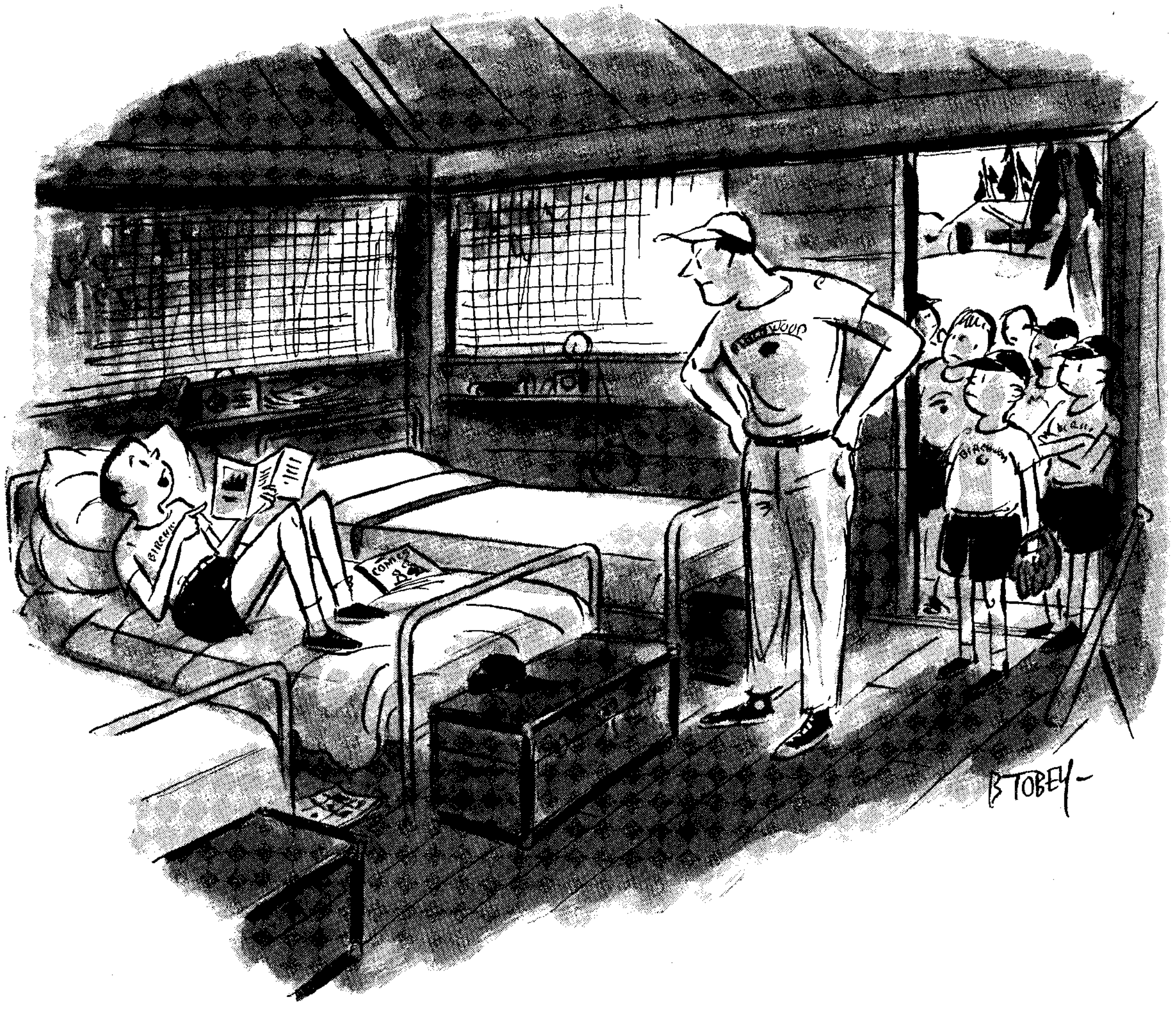
Busy Signal

A FELLOW we know, who's an outside man for a large Wall Street firm, had to make a rush phone call one morning last week to his company's vice-president. He succeeded in getting to the vice-president's secretary, and before he could identify himself, she asked him, "Do you know what time it is, sir?" Desperate, but in control, he looked at his watch. "It's ten-thirty," he said. "Yes," said the secretary, "my coffee-break time," and bang went the receiver and the outside man's dime.

CALL AND I FOLLOW, I FOLLOW!

FOR the casual visitor in London averse to ostentation and uncushioned by expense account, few hotels offer the advantages of Peacock's, in Clarges Street. Its rates are modest and its service amiable, its cuisine, by and large, free of the viscous sauces that agglutinate the English menu. The clientele, picturesque without being intrusive, consists in the main of dehydrated colonials with saffron faces, bishops in gaiters, and elderly spinsters who still cling to ruching and avian headgear. For me the chief attraction of Peacock's is its proximity to the shops around Piccadilly and St. James's. After a tonic interval of caressing cardigans and chess sets in the Burlington Arcade, pricing wafer-thin diaries at Mudie's, and rubbering at the Golconda of neckwear and sponges, boots and guns, along Jermyn Street, I love to saunter home leisurely through the twilit Green Park, preening myself on my asceticism. By the time I reach the hotel, my frustration is such that I compensate with a Gargantuan tea of watercress sandwiches, rock buns, and pastry that utterly ruins my digestion. It makes for a stimulating afternoon.

One early evening during my last stay there, I approached the porter's desk brimful of euphoria and bile to discover a whole sheaf of messages awaiting me. The majority, while flattering, were hardly of paramount importance. Hooper's, the renowned coachbuilders, had rung up to advise that they could supply a Rolls-Royce sedan-de-ville as per my specifications, with built-in writing desk and poudoir—the exact duplicate of one furnished to His Arabic Highness the Sheik of Kuwait—for £9,250 nett. A firm of hairdressers in Bury Street wished to inform me that its celebrated pomade, by appointment to the Duke of Rotherhithe, King Philip of Greece, and the Coldstream Guards, was available at three guineas the tin. Kittredge & Bolsover, Ltd., of Pall Mall, would be gratified to have me inspect their summer collection of canes, shooting sticks, riding crops, and whips. Should I require anything exotic in the last, they added, their special-order department was at my disposal.



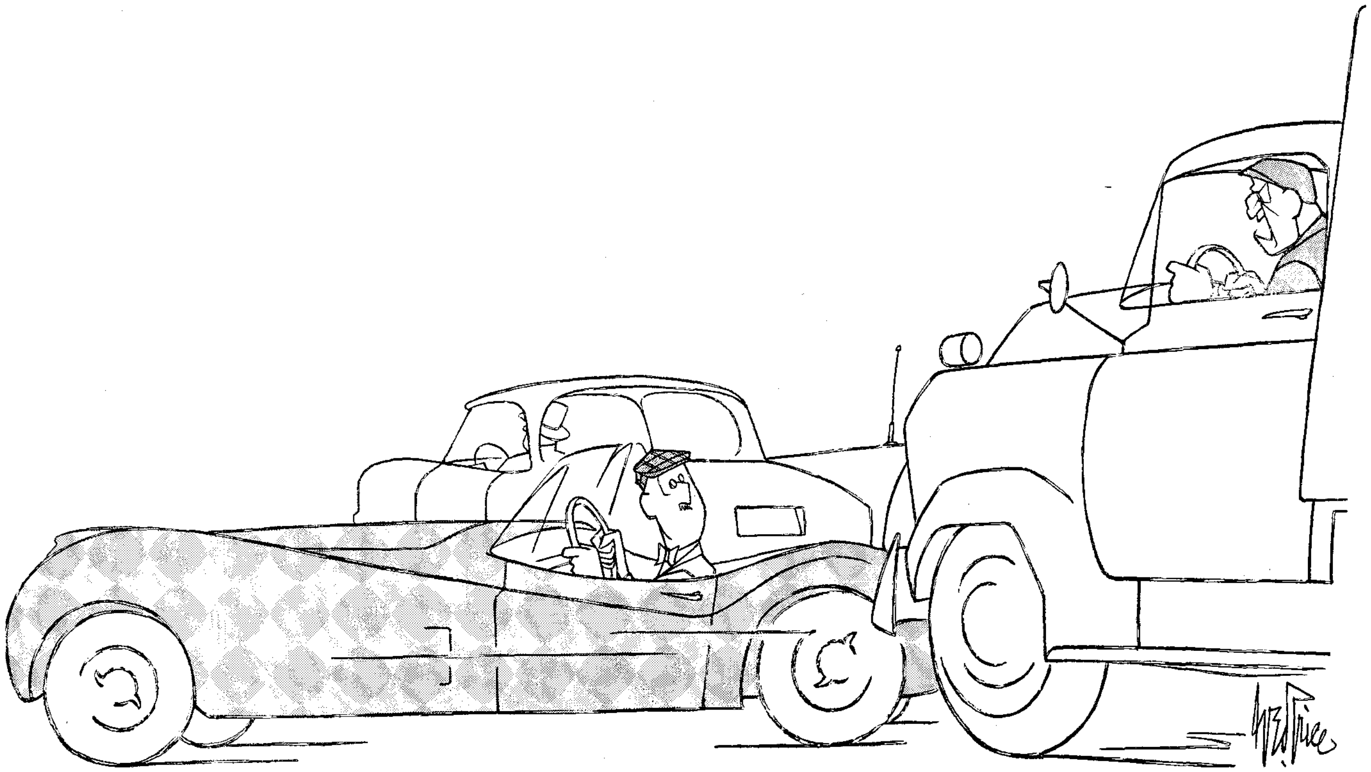
"It says right here in your brochure: 'The rights of the individual are respected.'"

The final message, though, had a distinct note of urgency. A woman I'll cheerfully call Mrs. Elaine Strangeways had phoned twice during the hour, identifying herself as an old friend and entreating me to ring her at Viburnum 3774 upon my return. The name awoke no immediate response, but the supplication, patently, was too crucial to ignore. Some poor soul—willowy, as I envisioned her, with ash-blond hair and violet eyes—was desperately awaiting succor in, as I further visualized it, a negligee of crêpe de Chine. Vacillation, misanthropy in the circumstances was unthinkable. I instantly bolted upstairs to phone or, rather, as it turned out, to get lost in the Kafkalike network of passages surrounding my room. When I ultimately found the door and forced it, I got an unexpected surprise. A strong whiff of curry assailed my nostrils, and I was confronted by a copper-colored brigadier with tufted white eyebrows, straight out of the pages of *Chatterbox*, lacing himself into a corset. A second later, the scent of brimstone replaced that of curry, and I slunk off peppered by some of the most lurid cavalry oaths in my experience.

Slightly unnerved by the contretemps, I was not at concert pitch when I managed to get through to Viburnum 3774, and my voice may have sounded a trifle brusque. Mrs. Strangeways, in contrast, was excessively kittenish, determined, so it seemed, to tax me for my failure to recognize her. "You faithless man," she simpered. "Have you forgotten me so soon? You used to call me your Lily Maid of Astolat."

"I did?" I stammered, vainly racking my brain for a clue. It was a good thirty years since I had used language like that, and even then I had used it with diffidence. "When was that?"

"Why, in 1926," she said in plummiest tones. "Down at that divine little studio of yours on West Tenth Street. Don't you remember Elaine Abercorn, the tawny-haired goddess you were always writing poems to?" I did not



"Back to Westport, you crumb!"

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recall myself in any bardic role, but her self-description was promising. "There was one you wrote about my eyes I still quote whenever I'm a bit squiffy. It went: 'Let me drown in the deeps of those luminous orbs/Where many a shipwrecked mariner lies—' "

Crimson at the scope of my youthful ardor, I halted her in mid-dactyl. "Well, well—Elaine Abercorn, as I live and breathe!" I exclaimed. "How in the world did you know I was here?" Some movie quidnunc, it appeared, was her informant, and nothing must stand in the way of our instant reunion. "But, of course, my dear," I said, probing warily. "I'd be charmed to meet your—ah—husband sometime—"

"You probably have already," she said frothily. "I've had four since I knew you." The present incumbent, a zoologist at Manchester University, was in Ostend that week, meeting a consignment of Belgian hares or some such jazz, and Elaine was patently avid for companionship. "Do let's have dinner tonight and chat over old times, shall we, lamb?" she bubbled. "Oh, I've thought about you *so* often over the years!"

I gallantly assured her that she, too, had never ceased to haunt me, and we arranged a rendezvous two hours thence, at a smart sea-food restaurant in Curzon Street. The problem of what to wear gave me pause; ordinarily, I prefer black tie for these sentimental occasions, as a cummerbund flattens the belly, but lacking one at the moment—the cummerbund, not the belly—I compromised on a vest, and flicked a bath towel over my shoes. The bar at Florio's was jammed when I arrived, and I spent a tempestuous half hour buffeted by theatregoers noisily downing triple whiskeys and shellfish. Just as I was dispatching Elaine to the special purgatory reserved for old sweethearts, a giantess in an emerald-green frock trimmed with salmon beads, a veritable grenadier of a woman, wove through the crush and pinioned me. Askew on her head she wore a fawn-colored duvetyn turban whose aigrette was secured by the Hope diamond or its rhinestone equivalent, and from the odor of malt pervading her embrace, I judged that she had fortified herself for our soirée.

"Dear boy, you haven't altered a whit!" she trilled. "Oh, yes, you've lost most of your hair and gained a few stone, but I'd know you anywhere!" She cocked her head archly. "I'm changed, though, aren't I? Go ahead—say it."

"Elaine," I began fervently. "I give you my word of honor—" Luckily, I was saved from perjury by the barman's request for her pleasure—a champagne cocktail, it proved, followed in lightning succession by two more. Elaine apologized; her constitution rebelled at anything but bubbly, and, moreover, she was completely spent from a Homeric day's shopping. Could she recount her purchases? I would be fascinated, I asserted, striking a pose like the physician in Sir Luke Fildes' Victorian masterpiece.

"Well," she said, signalling the barman for a refill, "every time Nevil's abroad, I steal into Fortnum's and buy up all the tidbits he won't permit me. You know, potted shrimps, and Malaga grapes, and honey from Mount Hymettus—that sort of thing. Anyway, today I just went absolutely berserker. I bought three pounds of caviar, and a jar of those luscious Smyrna figs, and some greengage preserve, and a brandied plum pudding—" She levelled a demure glance at me from under her lashes. "You think I'm hopelessly extravagant, don't you?"

"Not at all," I disclaimed. "I'm sure zoologists do very well."

"Nevil?" she said with contempt. "Poor sod, he hasn't a bean—ours was a love match. . . . Thank you, I will have another, but a touch more brandy. My dear," she breathed, enveloping my hand in her dinosaur paw, "it's angelic seeing you again. I can't wait for you to meet Nevil; he's the handsomest thing. People always mistake him for Rex Harrison." I timidly observed that the same folk were wont to confuse me with Warren William, but Elaine was off on a nostalgic tack of her own. "I'll tell you something weird," she confided. "I met Nevil in this very restaurant, while I was still married to Hilary, my third husband. But what makes it so uncanny, Nevil was corespondent when Hilary divorced me, just as Hilary was named by the man who preceded *him.*"

"I—I say, oughtn't we be considering food?" I blurted, overcome by dark premonitions. "We don't have to stay here necessarily—"

"But I want to," she pouted. "I adore this place, though, *entre nous*, darling, Nevil and I never come here any more—they're absolutely robbers."

"Then why don't we—ahem—skip dinner, as it were?" I suggested brightly. "You probably aren't hungry anyhow, after noshing on all those sweets at Fortnum's."

My supposition, unhappily, was incorrect; with the emphatic avowal that she was famished, Elaine bore me in to the expectant brigands. Their eyes sparkled and their pencils flew as she proceeded to eviscerate my wallet—pâté, Whitstable oysters, a sole, filet mignon, and a favorite salad of the Nizam of Hyderabad made of shredded five-pound notes. Only cobwebs remained in the wine cellar when she had finished rifling it, and even the sommelier stood awe-stricken. Meanwhile, her effervescence soaring with the intake of champagne, my Lily Maid continued her marital saga.

"You never knew my first husband, did you?" she asked. "Benno Vontz, the sculptor—he used to hang around the Jumble Shop and all those bohemian spots you adored. He did that hornbill in welded steel on top of Neiman-Marcus. A brilliant boy, but terribly erratic, and so jealous—he nearly drove me insane. For six years he kept spying on me and reading my mail everywhere we went—Woodstock, Santa Fe, Redondo Beach, even in Cuernavaca. I didn't have a moment's peace. He'd wake me up in the middle of the day and accuse me of affairs with all kinds of people, like osteopaths, carhops, bakers. I was practically on the verge of a breakdown when I met Ricky."

"What line was he in?" I murmured, making an irrevocable vow to join some Trappist order in the morning.

"He was an auctioneer," said Elaine. "One of those criminally good-looking, virile types—you know, like Dean Martin or Robert Alda. I happened into his place on the boardwalk in Atlantic City, to appraise this ring some woman had given Benno. Well, it proved to be a fake, just carbon, and when I broke down and cried, Ricky bought me a drink to console me. He was so attentive and sweet I just couldn't resist confiding in him, and, of course, one thing led to another. One night, as we were driving home in a downpour, the brakes on his Cord overheated near Arverne and we had to take refuge in a motel. The next thing anybody knew, Benno and this awful private eye were all over us with cameras and flash bulbs. The little skunk had been following me for days; my dear, it was too sordid. Naturally, he named Ricky, along with all those chiropractors and bakers, though he didn't have a smidgen of proof."

The realization that I was in the toils of a python far more lethal than any I had ever encountered in Malaya so constricted my throat that speech deserted me. "Wha—what happened then?" I croaked.

"Just what you'd expect," she said, scornfully draining her goblet. "Once the decree was final and we married, I got Ricky's measure *subito*. He was forever mousing around with some popsy, kiting checks and flogging my jewelry until I was frantic. His mother finally crashed through with a few bob so we could come over here. That was when I met Hilary—"

"In this very restaurant, no doubt," I conjectured. Subtly avoiding the pressure of her knee, I moved to extricate myself from our banquette. "Forgive me a second, Elai—" I froze at the sudden expression of terror on her face. "What's the matter?"

"Over there—by the entrance," she said in a low, agitated voice. "Don't look now. It's Nevil. He—he must have got back from Ostend sooner than I thought. . . . Oh, Lord, I can't imagine what he'll do when he finds me here with you."

For my own part, I could, and with blinding clarity. In a flash, I foresaw the whole scene in glorious Technicolor—the confrontation, Elaine's hysteria, the melee as Nevil struck me on the bugle and drew claret, the constabulary's arrival in full fig. Then our visages spread across the *News of the World*, implemented by succulent detail and climaxing in a divorce whose outcome was predetermined: I should have to do the gentlemanly thing and espouse Elaine. The injustice of my plight, so bitter an expiation for an altruistic phone call, hit me like a blow in the solar plexus. As Holmes observed of his death grapple with Professor Moriarty at the Reichenbach Fall, so rapidly does the brain act that I believe I had thought all this out and managed to emit a bleat of self-pity before Elaine tugged my sleeve.

"Wait," she said uncertainly. "I'm not sure it's Nevil after all; I can never tell people apart without my contact lenses. Is he tall and sort of devil-may-care?"

I swivelled about and took a good look at the man. Far from resembling Rex Harrison, he was somewhat under five feet tall, had olive skin and glittering black eyes, and wore an Existentialist beard. While he was definitely serpentine, there was nothing about him either debonair or domestic. I exhaled slowly and arose. The time had come to sever, as delicately as possible, the Cupid's bowknot that had fettered my heart for three decades. Gracefully excusing myself, I slipped out to the coatroom and had a quick tête-à-tête with the attendant—a rather appealing French girl, by the way, with a cameo profile and a willowy figure. Three minutes later, she approached our table with a message from my publisher enjoining me to meet him in Herzegovina at once. I pressed a fistful of notes on Elaine to square the check, kissed her hand in Bosnian free style, and made off down Curzon Street on the double. For the balance of my stay at Peacock's, I emerged only at night and ate exclusively in butteries. . . . Oh, yes, I emerged once by day to dine with a French person I know, but that's another story. And sufficiently droll, not that you could ever tempt me to tell it.

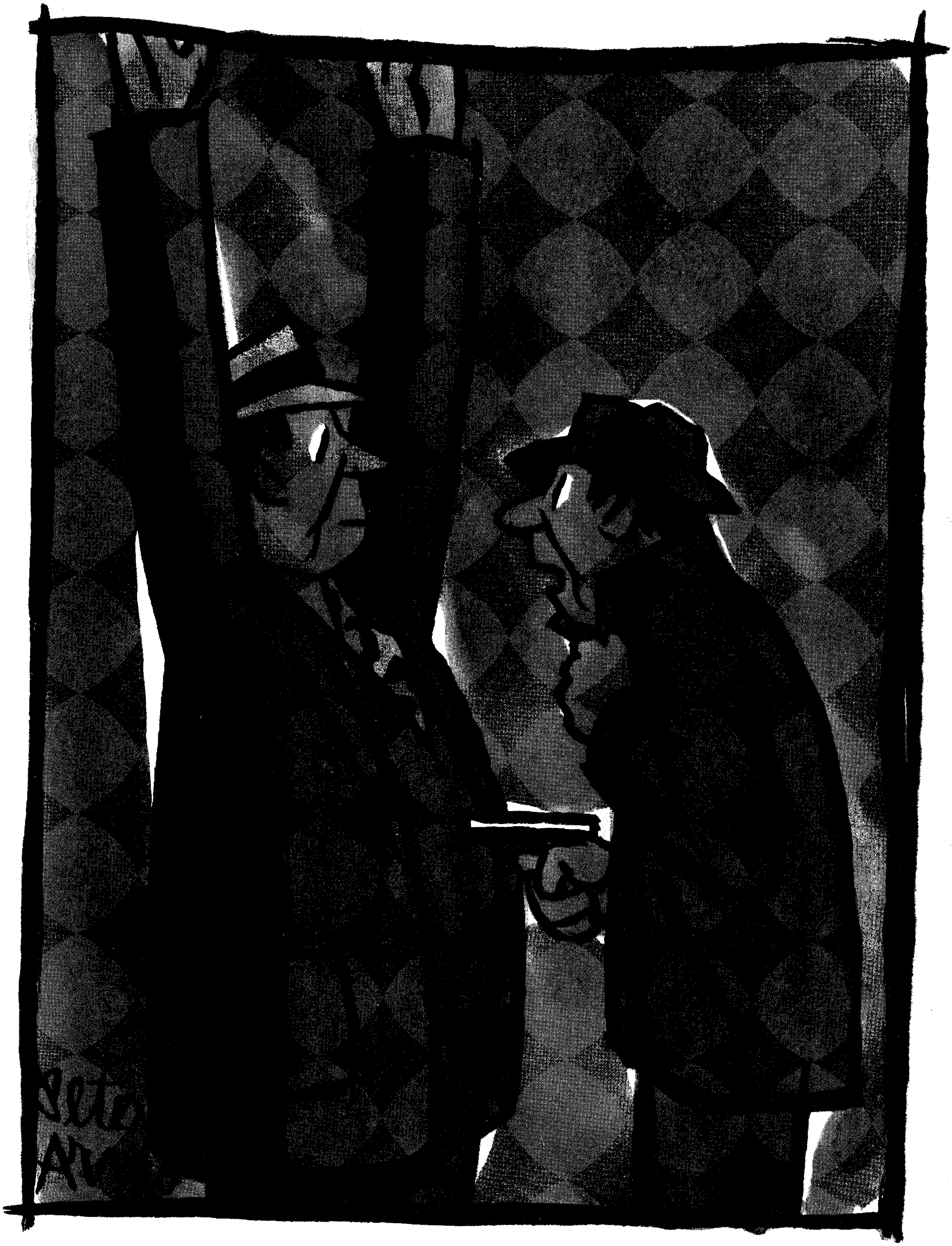
—S. J. PERELMAN

• •

A SYMPATHY, A WELCOME

Feel for your bad fall how could I fail,
poor Paul, who had it so good.
I can offer you only this world like a knife.
Yet you'll get to know your mother,
and, humorless as you do look, you will laugh,
and *all* the others
will not be fierce to you, and loverhood
will swing your soul like a broken bell
deep in a forsaken wood, poor Paul,
whose wild bad father loves you well.

—JOHN BERRYMAN



"This is a water pistol—I mean this is a stickup."

AFOOT AND AFLOAT IN NORMANDY

I MUST be one of the very few people who ever carried a canoe across a good part of Normandy; indeed, at the time I'm speaking of—the early nineteen-twenties—there were very few people in France who ever *had* a canoe, in the first place. (It wasn't until a few years later, and then rather cautiously, that the French began toying with the idea of canoeing as a part of the *vie sportive*. In that earlier day, a canoe was regarded exclusively as one of the appurtenances of the American Indian, and nothing for any sane white man to monkey with.) The canoe in this instance didn't belong to me, either. It belonged to a friend of mine—I'll call him Jim Turner—who lived in a little Seine-side town called Giverny, about fifty miles downriver from Paris, where I spent a couple of delightful years, working desultorily on a novel, when I was fresh out of college. It was with him, and in it, that I made the trip I've just referred to—which, incidentally, turned out to be one of the strangest journeys I've ever made, as well as one of the most arduous.

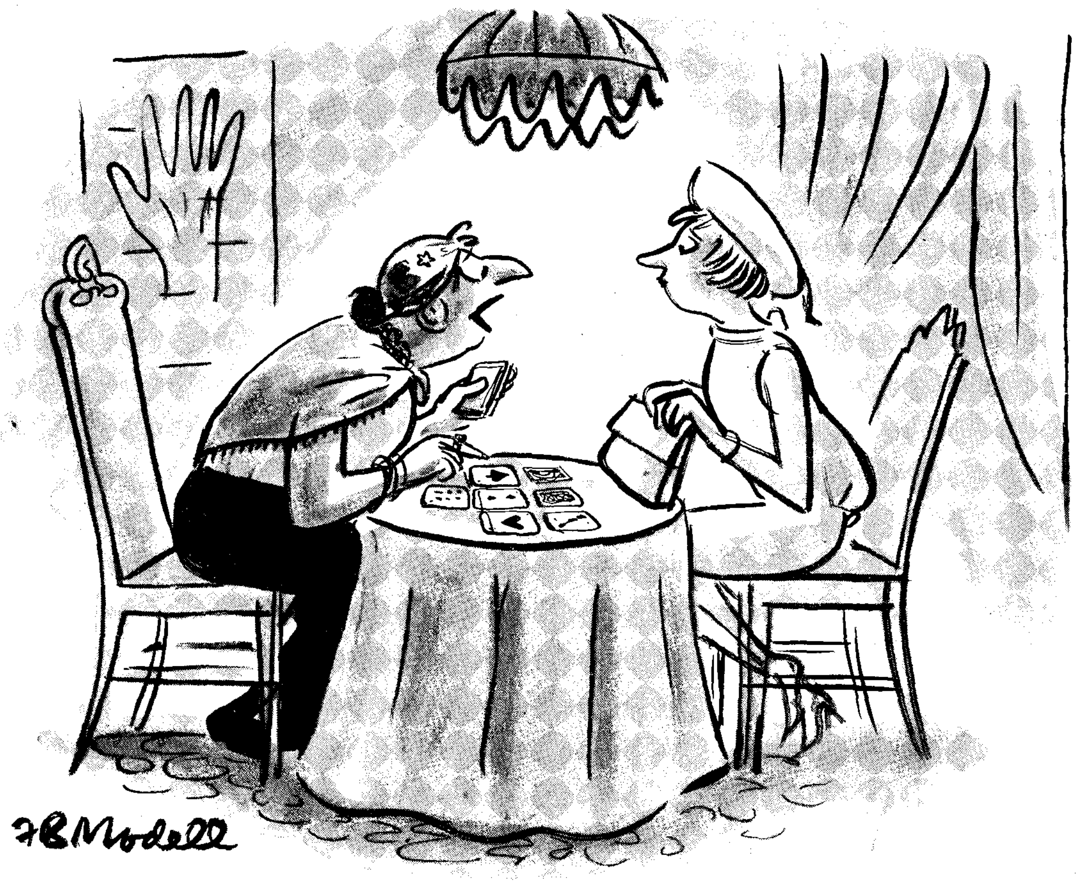
That last is odd, for I've always ranked canoeing, along with bicycling, as one of the easiest and pleasantest possible means of self-propulsion. Walking is all right, but it's slow, and it can be disheartening, too, when, as often happens—particularly in France, where even the secondary roads are laid out with military precision—you come over a rise fairly early in the morning and see your whole day laid out before you in a straight line across the valley beyond. In addition to a rowboat's being so heavy and unwieldy, you can't even see where you're going in the darn thing. But with a canoe, as with a bicycle, you get full return for the effort expended. You get your money's worth, so to speak, in both ease and responsiveness, and when Jim suggested, early one summer, that we make a combined canoeing and camping trip up through the interior of Normandy, I was delighted.

I couldn't have asked for a better companion. Jim was the son of an American artist who had come to France in his own youth and had settled in Giverny—then one of the headquarters of the Impressionist movement—and Jim, a painter himself, actually had spent the larger part of his life there. Yet, curiously, he had a good many purely American traits and predilections. Tall and rangy-looking, he was a great outdoorsman, which most Frenchmen at that time most definitely were not, while in the canoe (which, as I recall, he'd had to send all the way to the States for) he was as much at home as an Indian.

He and I had made other, shorter excursions: down the Seine to the locks near Les Andelys; up the Epte, the swift little stream that flowed into the Seine not far from Giverny itself; or just paddling about in the maze of winding channels that threaded the miniature delta at the confluence of the two. This excursion, though, was to be more ambitious. The Epte flowed down from the center of Normandy, some seventy kilometres or so to the north of us, and Jim had noted, looking at a map one day, that another stream, the Andelle, which entered the Seine a fair distance farther downstream, had its source not far from that of the Epte.

The three, then, made a sort of rough triangle, and one that seemed just made for a canoe trip. We'd go down the Seine from Giverny to the mouth of the Andelle; up the Andelle to its headwaters; across from there to the Epte (it looked like a fairly short carry, on the map); and then, gaily, down the Epte to the Seine and Giverny. We figured a total distance of about two hundred and fifty kilometres, or roughly one hundred and fifty miles, for the trip—five easy days in a canoe—and except for the trip up the Andelle, it would all be downstream. So we packed our camping equipment—I had just a ground sheet and a couple of blankets and a rucksack, but I was younger than I am now, and hardier, and they'd served me well enough on other occasions; Jim's was only slightly more elaborate—and, early one bright morning, we started off.

THE map we had consulted was a sectional one, for motorists, and it didn't actually show the headwaters of the Epte and the Andelle; the two streams ran off the top of it in thin blue threads, apparently just before they reached their sources. But that didn't bother us; from the looks of things, the streams should come still closer together farther on. And it didn't bother us, either, to discover, when we were well on our way, that between us we'd somehow neglected to bring the map along; after all, you can hardly get lost on a river, and in a way I suppose it even



"You are going to meet a tall, dark, angry young man."

added a little spice to the adventure—made it seem more of a pioneering exploit, done on our own. But those two things were to be our undoing later.

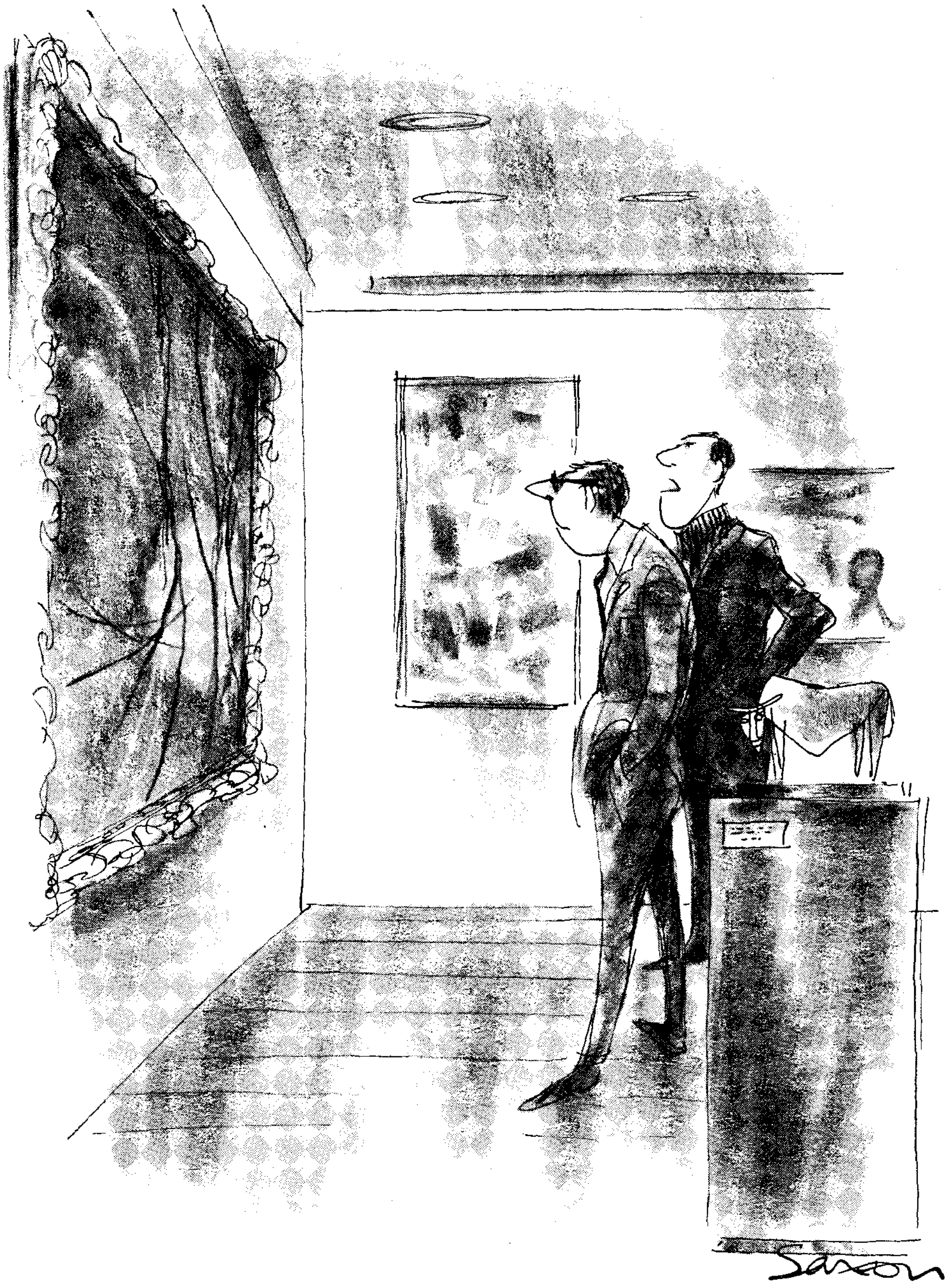
We didn't know that then, of course, and certainly all the earlier part of the journey was practically pure delight. To be sure, it was stiff going for a while, when we started up the Andelle, but we had expected that. The Seine Valley, in the part we were in, alternates between chalky limestone cliffs and sloping hillsides—all of them outposts of the great Normandy Plain that stretches out to the north, plateaulike, beyond them—and any river, such as the Andelle, entering the valley from that side, has a fairly steep drop to make before reaching the Seine's level.

So though the Andelle wasn't torrential, exactly, it was consistently swift, and we had to paddle hard for some hours—and at times even get out and carry, past small rapids—before, with almost startling suddenness, we emerged on the plain itself. All this, however, was on the second day, and the trip down the Seine, on the first, had been wonderful. The Seine isn't fast, but like all great rivers it is powerful. Not so broad as the Mississippi (though from the low vantage point of a canoe it almost seems so), it also moves in a series of great looping curves, carrying its brimming load of tugs, barges, and other traffic with it, and there was something almost exultant in the feeling of being swept along in that busy procession, riding the same current if not at the same speed, while on either side, on the banks, the little towns slipped by, alternating with the pale, gray-white cliffs and the green, sloping farmland.

We had decided not to try to do any cooking. Camping out, itself, at that time, was still a little suspect in France. Fundamentally, the French simply couldn't see why any sensible person should *want* to go to such lengths to make himself uncomfortable. They connected it with tramps, tinkers, gypsies, and similar riffraff, and we knew that if, in addition, we lit fires, we would probably have the whole countryside down on us. So we stopped here and there for our meals, or a drink or two in between, at the towns along the way or the occasional fishermen's cafés we found at the riverside. But I don't want to go into too much detail, and anyway all that part of the trip comes back to me only glancingly, in little separate episodes.

I remember a stretch, in the middle reaches of the Andelle, where we travelled for hours through a mighty forest—the Forêt de Lyons, a state forest, of course, with the trees as perfectly aligned and as immaculately tended as all such are, but otherwise as sombre and darkly impressive as the wilderness. We travelled late that day, I remember. Our practice was to stop fairly early for dinner at some town, and then paddle on till we found a quiet camping place. This time, though, the passage through the forest had delayed us, and we did our last paddling at precisely that final, precious hour of twilight that the French anglers most prize. The Andelle was lined with fishermen, all standing prayerfully silent along the banks, with their lines in the stream, and though we went past as stealthily as we could (Jim was a fisherman himself), we came in for a steady series of angry looks and muttered curses, all the same. We spoiled a lot of men's fishing *that* day, all right—but what else could we have done?

Once, too, we came to a place where the Andelle traversed a large estate—some very wealthy man's shooting box, no doubt—and a low wire fence had been strung across the stream, more or less barring it. We ducked under easily, only to be hailed soon after by a guard or gamekeeper, complete with Norfolk jacket, puttees, and shotgun, who ordered us off. We argued spiritedly (for it was obvious that to make a carry all the way around an estate of that size would be a fearful undertaking), our position being that it made no difference who owned the land—the waters themselves, everywhere, were public property. I don't know who was right,



"Maybe he's trying not to tell us something."

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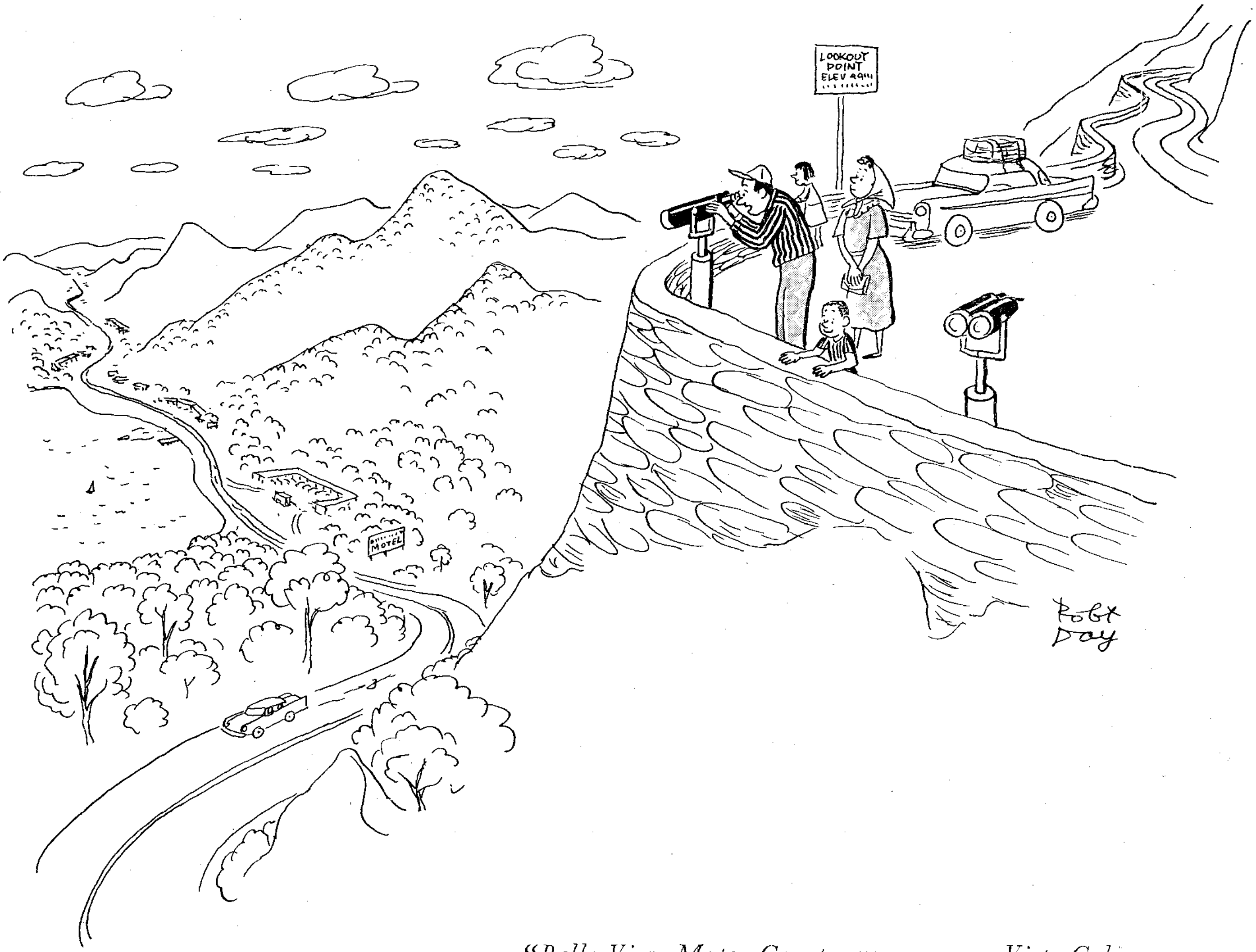


"Belle View Motor Court—no vacancy. Vista Cabins with TV—no vacancy. Mountain Prospect Motel—no vacancy . . ."

• •

really, about that. But there seemed to be a certain logic in our position, and the French are a logical people. In the end, the guard gave in. He waved us on. But the French—and the Norman French, especially—are suspicious, too, and he took the precaution of marching along the bank beside us, his shotgun at the ready, all the while we were passing through the property. It's the only time I've ever had an armed guard on a canoeing expedition.

Then, there were all the lovely little towns that we passed: Fleury-sur-Andelle, with an ancient fountain in the square; Périers, in the midst of the forest; and Elbeuf-sur-Andelle, where the café proprietor, despite his corduroy pants and espadrilles, turned out to be an American, from Brooklyn. (He was an Army veteran who had married a French girl and settled down.) Forges-les-Eaux, once a popular watering place but now grim and deserted, was farther up, and it was not far from there that the stream had run off our map. It was only a little beyond this point that we began to run into difficulties.

What we discovered—and even this not immediately—was that we hadn't taken fully into account the fact that our map was a road map. In other words, it had been drawn up with motorists in mind, not canoeists, and in consequence, though the roads and highways had been represented accurately, the courses of smaller streams, like the Andelle and the Epte, had been largely guessed at. Most particularly, whoever had drawn our section had continued the line of both beyond the point where either one bore any resemblance to a river at all. We had barely left Forges-les-Eaux, and were still well short of the place where we'd thought we'd be starting our carry, when the Andelle dropped to the size of a rivulet, and soon after that to a trickle. We were scraping bottom constantly, and in the end we were forced to concede that the canoeing part of our journey was over; the time for land travel had come.

THE question was—travel where, and in what direction? We didn't know, and, it turned out, no one else did, either. There was no language difficulty. Jim's French, of course, was fluent, and mine was good enough so that I was usually taken for a Belgian—no compliment, except linguistically, for the French at that time hated their "little allies" to the north, but still it gave me a certain Continental feeling. I was flattered. No, the trouble was that we were in real back country there, in the heart of Normandy—the land flat and rather barren, the towns isolated, the inhabitants poor, mostly, and indrawn.

Except for an occasional visit to the nearest market town, they had never been anywhere, really. They just didn't *know* where the Epte was, and in a way they had no reason to, for, as we later found, the Epte—the real Epte, at the point where it was big enough to be recognizable as a river—was a good forty or fifty kilometres south of where we'd seen the last of it on that map. Up where we were, it was probably only a rivulet, unnamed and unnoticed—one among many others running, apparently at random, through the fields.

I say "probably" because it wasn't till two days later, and much farther down, that we finally located it. Meanwhile, we walked. We had caused great interest before, among the washerwomen along the riverbanks and in the towns and cafés we'd stopped at. To guard against theft, or just mischief, we had always carried the canoe and our packs along with us when we went ashore for a meal, and crowds had always gathered, staring silently at first, and then edging forward to question us about our canoe.

They knew vaguely that it had something to do with the *Peaux-Rouges*—the Indians. But for the most part, they found it impossible to believe that so frail and small a craft could carry two men, and they invariably followed us down to the landing or the riverbank to see us off. Once, indeed, in a village whose name I forget, the mayor of the place came down, too. He was a typical Norman—stout, rugged and ruddy, wide-hatted and heavy-booted—and, exercising his official prerogative (and before we could stop him), he stepped right down into the canoe, flat-footed, just after we had put it into the water. It flipped him instantly, of course, and though he wasn't hurt when we dragged him out, he was undeniably wet, and we left that town in a hurry.

Now, though, waterless, we were even more of a cynosure, trudging through that sun-baked region, in and out of villages where no boat, probably, and certainly no canoe, had ever been seen before, stopping here and there to ask for a nonexistent river. People must have thought—and, I'm prepared to admit, with good reason—that we were lunatics. For our part, there were times when we thought that they were. I can see now that it must have been the canoe, more than anything else, that confused them. We carried it upside down in the conventional fashion, single file, one man forward and the other aft, with our packs slung over our backs, and it must have been something of a surprise to the passerby to see such a strange four-legged contraption approach him, and then to have it hail him.

"*Monsieur, connaissez-vous un fleuve, une petite rivière, qui s'appelle l'Epte?*" one of us might say, and he'd stop and stare at us.

"*Comment?*" he'd say, and the question would be repeated. But by now his eyes would be riveted irretrievably on the canoe.

"*L'Epte,*" Jim or I would say, trying to nudge him along mentally. "*Il se peut que c'est très petit de ce côté-çi. Mais ça descend à la Seine.*"

By this time, though, the passerby's attention would be thoroughly divided and his mind confused, and when a Frenchman finds himself in this condition, he usually blames it on your own inadequacy with his language.

"*Comprends pas,*" he would invariably say, shaking his head, and hurry on his way.

Meanwhile, as I say, we walked. Carrying a canoe isn't bad if the carry isn't too long and (more especially) if you know where you are going. But this was developing into what must have been the longest carry in all French history, and as for its direction, about all we could do was to head generally east and south, which was where we knew the Epte *must* be, and leave the rest to luck. Under such circumstances, the weight of a canoe combined with that of a rucksack can mount surprisingly.

I think the low point came on the second morning, when we woke to find a truck driver staring at us. We had camped by the roadside, of course—where else was there?—but had retreated modestly behind a hedgerow to do it. The hedge hadn't been high enough to conceal us from anybody on the seat of a truck, however, and now here the truck driver was, in the chill morning light, staring down at us in frank amazement.

"*Nom de Dieu, qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?*" he demanded, pointing at the canoe.

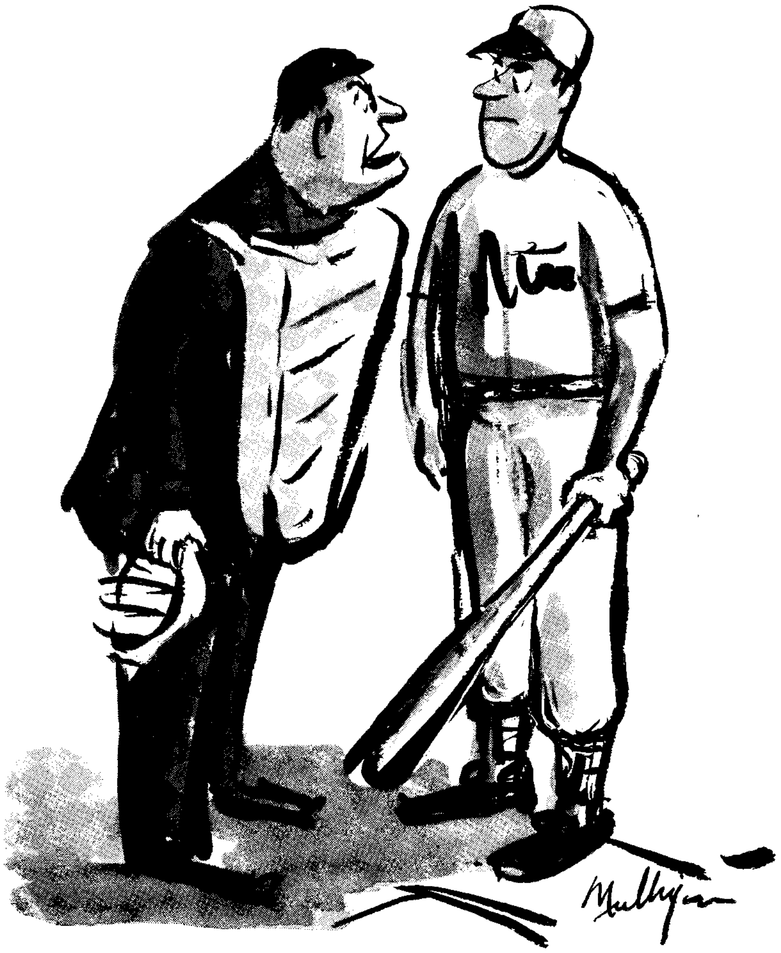
We told him, and then, hastily seizing this new opportunity (for he was a cocky-looking fellow, obviously a city type and hence, presumably, a well-travelled man), we added our query about the Epte.

"The Epte? What's that?"

"A river."

"A river!" he cried, and suddenly he burst out laughing. "You've got a boat, and now you're looking for a river to put it in! Seems to me you should have started the other way around!"

IN the end, we stumbled on the Epte ourselves, but once we did, the postman helped considerably. We found it along about noon of the second day of our tramping, and at the point where we came on it, it was a fairly meagre-looking little watercourse. But it did look, somehow, purposeful. It was bridged where the road crossed it, and the bridges looked old and well established; and since it meandered a good deal—again, a sign of an old stream—the road crossed it a lot. And it was headed more or less in the right direction. But it was still far too shallow to support a canoe with our weight added—all it would support was the canoe alone, with



"Call me a paranoiac once more and you're out of the game!"

our rucksacks piled in it—and we were cautious. Earlier in the course of our carry, thinking we'd found the Epte, we'd got started down what must have been the Béthune—and might well have landed in the English Channel if we hadn't got worried about the direction it was taking us, and hadn't yelled out to a woman doing her washing on the riverbank, and if she (wiser than most of her neighbors) hadn't yelled back, "*Non, non! Ça va à la mer!*"

We had had to backtrack then, so now we were taking no chances. Yet the chance to get the canoe and our baggage into the water and off our shoulders was far too attractive to resist. So we decided, for the time being, to divide forces—I taking to the road to make inquiries as I went along, and Jim wading alongside the canoe and waiting for my report at each place the road crossed the stream.

It was an emergency measure if there ever was one. But fortunately it turned out successfully, for about the first person I met was the postman I mentioned a while ago, making his deliveries and going the same way I was. He, too, was a typical Norman, with his uniform cap, brass-buttoned blue coat, ruddy face, and fierce mustache, and he had no more idea than anyone else that we'd met so far what the name of the stream was. But some sense of official obligation seemed to stir in him, or maybe it was simply that the problem fascinated him. Anyway, he took charge of me at once. "We'll find out. Don't you worry about that, young fellow. You just come along with me. This road follows it for quite a way. We'll find out," he told me—and it was only then, because of a kind of owlish solemnity in his manner as he said it, that I realized he was fairly drunk.

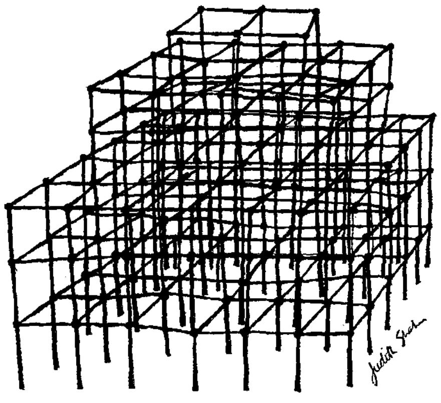
That, in a way, was an attribute of his calling. The Norman, dour, cranky, and suspicious as he is, nevertheless has a tradition of hospitality, and one of its tenets is that any visitor, particularly one doing him a service, such as bringing him a letter, must be welcomed with a drink. The drink is usually just a small shot of Calvados, poured straight from the bottle and tossed off neat, but the effect is cumulative.

The postman, clearly, had made a number of deliveries already, but he was used to Norman hospitality, and I wasn't. So, alcoholically, I soon caught up with him. We would stop at a farmhouse (in that region, many farmers live on their own property instead of in the villages, as is usual in the rest of France), and he'd deliver a letter or a newspaper, or a package. The bottle of Calvados would come out. "Listen, my friend," the postman would ask. "That little brook across the fields there—how does it call itself? The Epte?"

We would be standing in the farmyard—in France, a rectangular area, with the house, the granary or barn, and the stables enclosing three sides of it, and a high iron gate against the road—and the place would be swarming with chickens and children, and the air thick with the mingled odors of cheese, wine, cookery, and manure. Invariably, there would be a chained police dog, snarling and snapping, in one corner of the yard, and, also invariably, the farmer, in his sabots and corduroys, would stare at us heavily.

"*Connais pas,*" he'd say. "From what I know, it has no name. It's only"—and he'd shrug his shoulders—"the brook."

"But it goes to the Seine? My friend here is an American, making the tour of France in a canoe—*un canoë, mon vieux*, the same type of boat the redskins use—and he seeks its destination."



"*Connais pas,*" the farmer would say.

And we would sweep on, delivering a letter here and a parcel there, and at the next bridge we'd find Jim waiting, as we had arranged. Jim, before long, had enough depth of water to travel in the canoe instead of wading along beside it. By that time, my postman and I were arm in arm.

As I recall, it wasn't till after the third such meeting, and some five or six more shots of Calvados, that the postman and I met with success. We came to a farm more sizable than the others had been; the courtyard was cobblestone-paved instead of just mud, and it seems to me that there was even a brass-bound old Renault touring car parked outside it. The farmer, for all his country clothes, was obviously a man of substance, and he had the brisk, confident air of a man who has voyaged widely, who has seen the world.

"If *he* doesn't know, no one will," the postman had told me as we approached the place. And sure enough, he did.

"*L'Epte? Bien sûr, c'est l'Epte!* You didn't know that, you?" the farmer said to the postman. "I know it well," he went on, speaking now to me, in the manner of one well-travelled man to another. "And it's true. It descends to the Seine, and as it goes, it grows larger. There are narrows farther on, but at

EVE'S EDEN

(A Paraphrase of Mark Twain's "Eve's Diary")

The birds are friendly. In hurricanes of wings,
In softest storms, they come. And when the sun
Unclouds and strikes that feathery commotion,
It blazes to all the colorings
You ever dreamed.

The animals are in constant quiet converse,
And with me. I miss, though, what they say.
But they are very kind. The leopard offers
Me her back for promenades—my gay-
ly riding horse.

Or the elephant lifts me high, and acres,
Four or five, of variblown velours
Stretch before me. A lake, you'd say, of fur—
Such frisking sheen of grays and ochres
My beast friends show.

There's one I cannot name, it keeps so far.
Reptile? Beast? Or maybe architecture?
Cruel, I know, and ignorant of fear.
From this, this strangest of the creatures,
I have learned loneliness.

—Katherine Hoskins

• •

Gisors there is room even for barges, and when it reaches the Seine, the big river . . .”

But by now the postman had clapped me on the back and was shaking my hand.

“Well, my friend, your troubles are ended!” he cried. “You can go on with your hearts at ease.” He turned to the farmer. “He—he and his friend in the canoe beyond . . .” he said, and paused for emphasis.

I had told the postman the simple story of Jim’s and my adventure as we’d walked along the road. But I’d noticed already that it had been growing perceptibly in minor details as we’d gone along. Now it really bloomed. “They have come from America *en canoë, mon vieux*. They were making the tour of the world in that fashion, till they got lost here! And now, thanks to you, they can go on—to the Seine, to Paris, to everywhere!”

There was no point in contradicting him, and anyway his enthusiasm was contagious; I felt that if we could only get out of this benighted region, we really *could* go anywhere. Meanwhile, though, the farmer was eying me.

“Across the ocean?” he asked. After all, the Normans are a hardheaded people.

“Ah, no,” I said.

“But across La Manche—the Channel?”

“Ah, yes!” the postman interposed. He wasn’t going to have his story spoiled, and I saw the farmer’s hand move toward the bottle. It occurred to me that maybe that was where the postman had been urging it all along.

“That calls for something extra,” the farmer said. “It is not every day that one encounters men like this.”

CALVADOS, raw as it is, is powerful. I don’t remember much about what happened after that. The postman and I made our way to the canoe, somehow, and once Jim and I had got well on our way—down near Gisors, say—our route was through familiar territory, and so a bit anticlimactic. What I mostly recall is our last glimpse of the postman.

He was leaning on a bridge, watching us as we shoved off. “*Vivent les Peaux-Rouges!*” he yelled—and then, centering his sights a little, “*Vivent les Américains!*”

“*Vive la France!*” we yelled back, and dug our paddles in for a racing start. He was still standing there, waving—and weaving, a little—as we looked back from the first bend.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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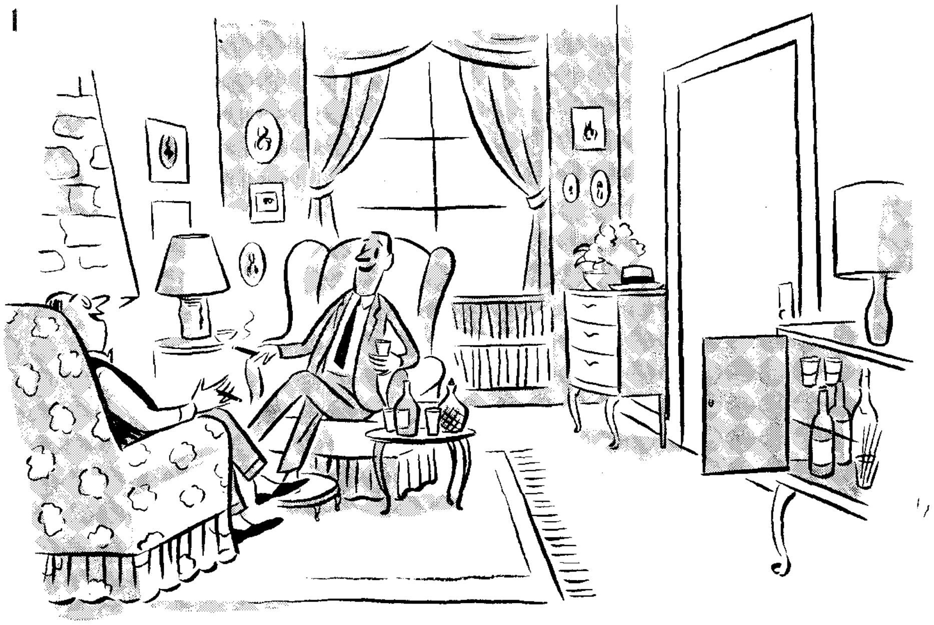

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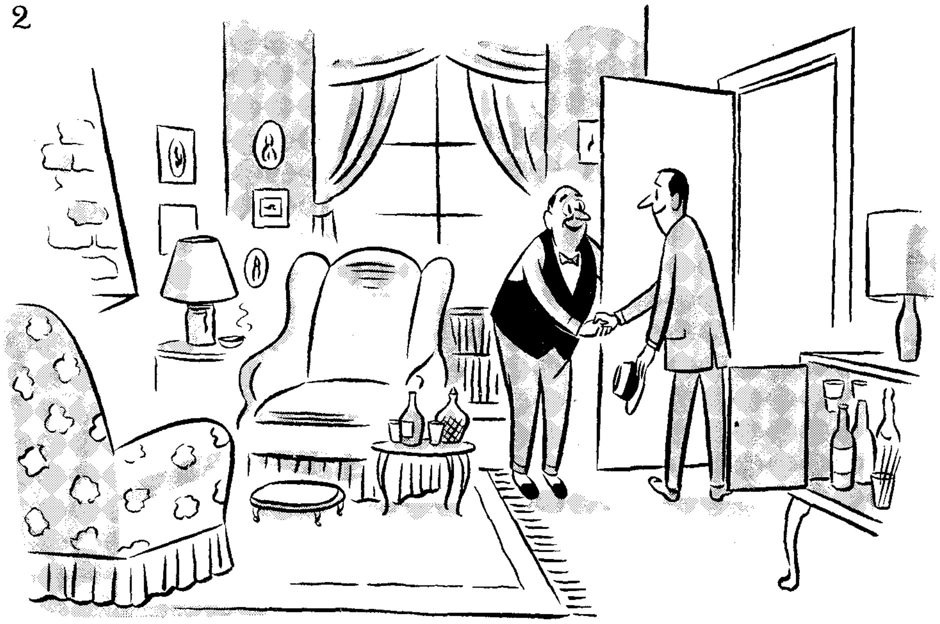

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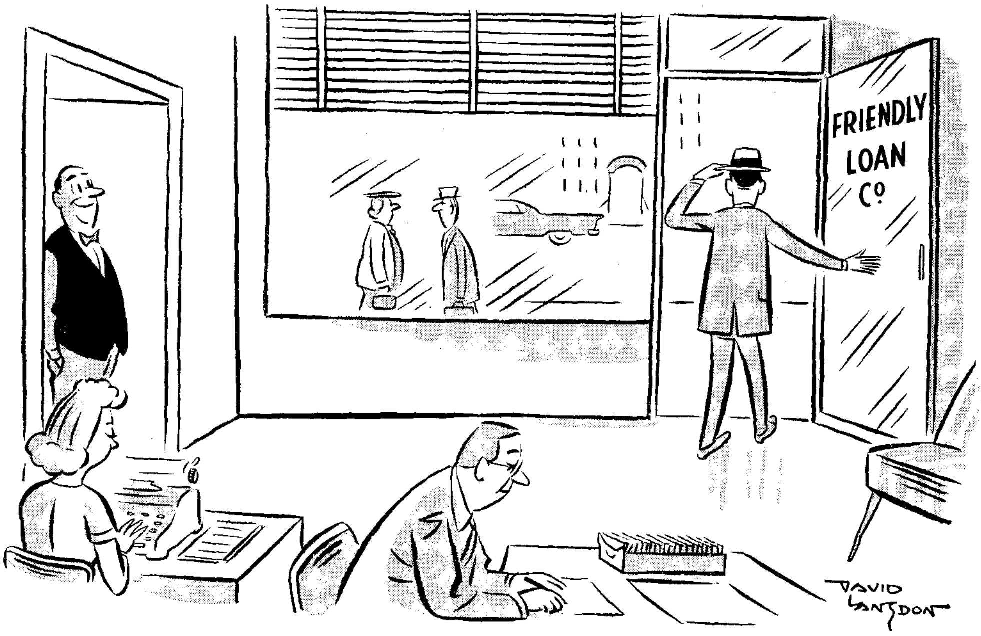


A REPORTER AT LARGE

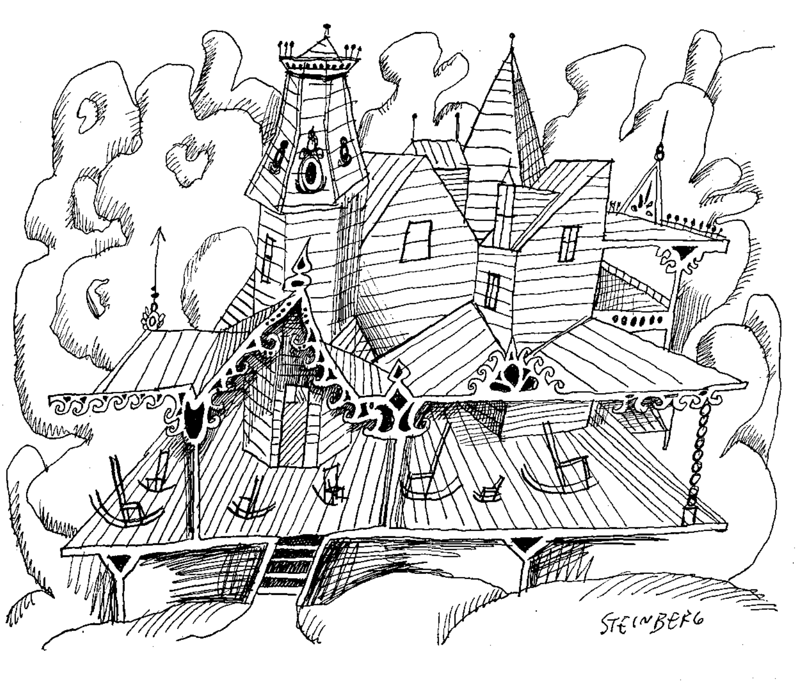
ALONG THE VISA VIA

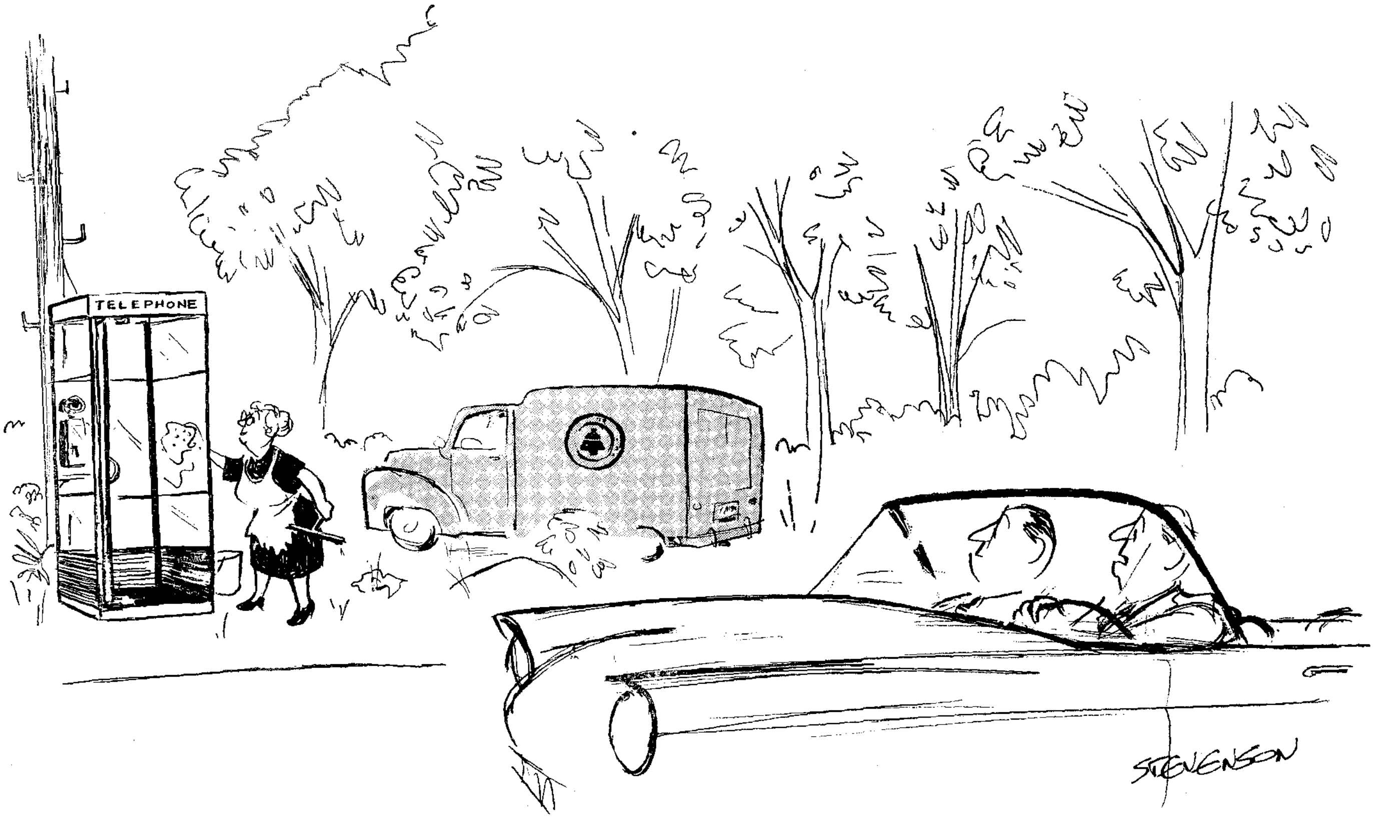
II—A SEAT ON THE RUMOR EXCHANGE

SETTING out one morning on the second leg of a projected journey from Israel to Jordan—part of a trip I took to the Middle East several months ago—I sailed from Piraeus, the port of Athens, on the six-thousand-ton Greek ship Agamemnon, bound for the Lebanese capital and way station of Beirut by a triangular course that led first southwest across the Mediterranean to Alexandria, then east to Port Said, and then north-northeast to the Phoenician coast below the bulge of Asia Minor. From my room in the King David Hotel, in the Israeli half of Jerusalem, Jordan had been only a couple of hundred yards away, but the yards were untraversable. It is impossible to secure a visa for any of the Arab countries in Israel, which is technically in a state of war with all of them. In recent times, the visa has replaced drinking water as the chief preoccupation of the adventurer in the Arab world. In the heroic days of autobiography, travellers advanced from oasis to oasis. Now they advance from visa to visa, slaking their thirsts and poulticing their principles with Bloody Marys as they go along. In Athens I had acquired a Lebanese visa good for one month from the date of my arrival in Beirut, and long before the month was up I hoped to have a visa for Jordan. My total circuit, by the time I arrived in Beirut, would amount to twenty-two hundred miles. Beirut is the headquarters of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine refugees, and its officials, I thought, might be able to help me get into Jordan. The reason I wanted to go to Jordan was that it contained more than half of the million Palestinian Arab refugees who were deprived of their homes and means of livelihood by the Arab-Israeli war of 1948. One of the enduring obstacles to friendship between the West and the Western Moslem world is the plight of these castaways, flung outside the perimeter of Israel to subsist on seven cents' worth of food a day. The pittance is provided by the United States, Great Britain, and other members of the United Nations who desire to avert an explosion in the Middle East. (The donors include neither the Arab states nor Israel, and the U.S.S.R. and its satellite countries keep their hands in their pockets when the hat goes around on East Forty-second Street.) The Arab-Israeli war will not be over until this problem is settled, and I wanted to see whether there was any hope for the rehabilitation of the half-million refugees in Jordan.

One offshoot of Arab-Israeli hostility is that Americans who seek visas for Arab countries must attach to their applications a statement by a United States consular officer declaring them to be members of the Maple Tree Baptist Church of Charlestown, Rhode Island, or to have been christened in the Catholic faith at Pottstown, Pennsylvania, or whatever else in that line they can prove to him by credentials. Newspapermen and other corporation employees posted to the region provide themselves with what suitable documents they can before leaving the United States. One fellow I know has never been in a church in his life except on assignment from the city desk; his parents were freethinkers, he says, and he never saw any reason to disagree with them. When he was sent to the Middle East by his paper, he put in for Presbyterian, because his wife had been christened in that persuasion. She wrote the pastor of her girlhood church that her husband was now coming to see the light but that there was no time for formal induction. Her husband got Presbyterian registry, all right, and then happened to mention his new standing to his mother. This reminded his mother of an incident that had occurred when he was about three; there was a maid in the house who kept saying it was a shame that such a sweet little boy had never been baptized, and finally—since the family didn't want to lose the girl—she had been told to go ahead and have it done. So the maid had taken him off to some church, but his mother could not remember what kind of church. She could remember the street corner it stood on, though, and when the son checked he found he had a double religious identity—Presbyterian and Episcopalian. He is the only man I know who is flying on two wings.

My visa for Lebanon had been obtained without benefit of clergy, and under conditions that, I feared, made it *sui generis*. The Middle Eastern mind cannot accept the statistical fact that only sixty per cent of all Americans are members of religious sects, and that the others, like me, stay unbranded either because of indifference or because they have thought it out that way. Abraham Lincoln, who belonged to no church, could not get a visa for Saudi Arabia today without first obtaining a certificate from a badge-holding holy man. (He could not even get elected, according to current political seers, but I notice no improvement in the quality of Presidents.) While I am no Abraham Lincoln, I have a strong prejudice against professing to believe in something I don't believe in. On the other hand, I was once told by an Arab diplomat, "We are what we are born," and in that sense I am a Jew. I had so stated when I applied for my Lebanese visa in Athens, but the Lebanese Ambassador's secretary had had the idea—which I considered inspired at the time—of erasing the disbarring word and substituting, accurately,





“I’ve often wondered how they dealt with that problem.”

• •

“*Sans Religion.*” She was a Greek, though, and I had my misgivings about how this would go down with the authorities of the Republic of Lebanon, despite the reputation it had for being the greatest force for calm in the Arab world. (As I say, this was all months ago.)

THE Agamemnon is a spectacular young white ship, with racy Italian lines, a high, concave bow, and a single trapezoidal funnel banded with Greek blue. She has an identical twin, the Achilleus, in the same service, both ships having been built in Italy after the war and handed over to the Greek government as reparations—about all that the Greeks ever got from Italy under that heading. In 1954, King Paul and Queen Frederika loaded their new Agamemnon to her gunwales with guests of royal blood, most of them at liberty, and threw an *Almanach de Gotha* clambake among the islands of the Greek archipelago. The party cost the royal hosts nothing, since it had the official purpose of promoting the tourist business. All the cabins now contain plaques identifying their occupants during that excursion; the plaque in mine informed me that it had been tenanted by His Royal Highness the Prince of the Netherlands, one of the few passengers who had a job to go home to. The *virée royale* was a great success, resulting in the publication of almost as many photographs as if the principals had been movie actors, but it was presently followed by, successively, the massacre of Greeks by Turks in Istanbul, the sanguinary insubordination of the Cypriotes against the British, the invasion of Sinai by the Israelis, and the aborted British and French grab at Suez. This sequence of events discouraged pleasure travel in the Eastern Mediterranean. When I boarded the Agamemnon, therefore, her passenger list was short. In first class there were a score of Germans (of whom a dozen were travelling together as an organized *Kulturfressergruppe*), two Levantine businessmen, and a Greek cotton broker returning to his home in Alexandria.

Although there were enough tables in the dining saloon for five times our number, at lunch, our first meal on board, the Hellenic maître d’hôtel led me swiftly to a table for two at which sat a German woman pushing seventy. I assumed that he did so because the Greeks are a loquacious people and think it cruel to leave anybody to his own devices, but still this was one of the moments that try the soul. If I recoiled, I would wound the woman and feel remorse during the rest of the passage. If I sat down, I was doomed to a tête-à-tête that promised little. Whichever I did, the voyage was marred. Accepting the latter fate, I ducked my head, indicating that I knew I should make a bow, effected a grimace that I hoped concealed my annoyance, and said, “Liebling.” She looked startled—it was probably a word she had not heard for decades—then realized that I was telling her my last name, and said, “Fafnir.” I was relieved to find that Frau Fafnir knew but little English, since this spared me the obligation of conversing with her; my German can produce nothing more than simple declarative sentences at long intervals if I try hard, which I was determined not to do. The waiter brought some good Greek *medzes*, or hors d’oeuvres, and then a floury “European” cream-of-faint-suggestion-of-asparagus soup. When the Greeks refer to European cooking, they mean the sort without taste that the English and Germans, in Greek experience, prefer. Frau Fafnir had ignored the *medzes*, but she went heavy on the soup and said with appreciation, after her second helping, “We shall not starve on this ship.” I ordered a bottle of rough Greek wine and offered her some. She accepted with avidity and an apologetic gabble about having no money or only traveller’s checks of large denomination—I couldn’t make out which. However, if she had declined I would have been depressed. Abstemiousness is a form of generalized hostility; niggardliness is relatively benign. The niggard at least wants pleasure, and that is the beginning of grace. He merely doesn't like to pay for it.

Frau Fafnir had hair the color of the mustache of a white-haired old man who chews tobacco, and her eyes were of a blue so light they seemed to have no irises. She said she was a *Malerin*, or painter, and managed to explain that she was leaving the ship at Alexandria to go up the Nile and paint pictures. I told her I was a *Kriegsberichtschriftsteller*, or war correspondent, because I couldn't think of the word for a non-war correspondent. "War is a frightful thing," she said. I agreed. This, in addition to the wine, established a bond between us.

I shared three meals with Frau Fafnir before we reached Alexandria—lunch, dinner, and lunch the next day. At our valedictory repast, after the pale, soft Greek spaghetti that followed the European tomato soup that followed the Greek *medzes*, I knew Frau Fafnir was displaying intense emotion when it appeared that something like a mouse was running up and down behind the arras of her jowl.

"You are a chournalist," she said. "You must write, to America, to NEVER give Chermany the a-TOME."

This jarred me into my longest attempted German sentence of the voyage: "*Sie denken dann, dass sie wieder Krieg machen werden?*" ("You think they will make war again?")

"*Natürlich*," she replied, and her monstrous face became so sad that it gained dignity. "You must not give them the a-TOME," she repeated, as the waiter brought us steamed, tasteless European veal, naked of the sweet-and-sour onions and sauce that make a Greek stefado of veal an excellent dish. (The crew, I am sure, had a stefado.) We ate on through the veal, and through a runny rice pudding with cinnamon, and then Frau Fafnir took her leave of me—a tall old woman, bloated in some areas and gaunt in others, shambling off to paint water colors of Nile boats and sunsets.

THE purser's bulletin board bore a notice that we would dock at Alexandria at five that afternoon and sail at eleven, allowing a comfortable six hours to go ashore and look around, but I was not sure I would be permitted to land without an Egyptian visa. (I had possessed one several months before, but it had been limited to two weeks.) I therefore asked the Alexandrian cotton broker, whom I encountered at the bar, whether he would take a couple of letters ashore and mail them for me. He said that he would be glad to, but that since I was going on to Beirut, I would do better to take the letters with me and mail them there. "Here they will be held up by the censor, who will make a report to the security police, who will look you up, and when they find you do not exist in Egypt, will suspect espionage and perhaps keep them," he told me. The broker, who said he had been born in Egypt but had retained his Greek citizenship, was returning from a trip he had made to arrange for the reception of his family by relatives in Greece if it became necessary to leave Alexandria.

"The first three at least tried *to make good wives, but this one isn't even trying."*

There are between fifty and a hundred thousand Greeks in Alexandria, a city founded by and named for a Macedonian. Immediately after the fighting in Port Said, many Greeks left, fearing a wave of resentment that would extend to all Christian non-Egyptians. The situation had quieted since, my broker said, but he thought it inevitable that the Greeks—mostly merchants, clerks, and professional men with families—would have to quit Egypt in the years to come. "To get a government job or preferment in business, you must be named Ali or Mohammed," he said. "They cannot dispense with us right away, but they think they can in the future. They are determined to Egyptianize the country, and sooner or later the Greeks, along with the Italians, the Armenians, and the Christian Lebanese, will have to follow the Jews and the English." The broker's views on the Egyptian Egyptians were much like the views I used to hear in Algiers while listening to European Algerians discussing Algerian Algerians. Egypt was overpopulated with "people who don't count," he said—people born to starve after begetting children, just like their ancestors. They would never attain a Western standard of living, and they wouldn't miss it if left to themselves. It was wrong to stimulate false hopes, he said; Alexandria had been a pleasant city for the people who counted, but now it was ruined for all.

I stood on the upper deck as the Agamemnon paused to let the launches of the Alexandria harbor officials come alongside. A Turkish passenger ship,

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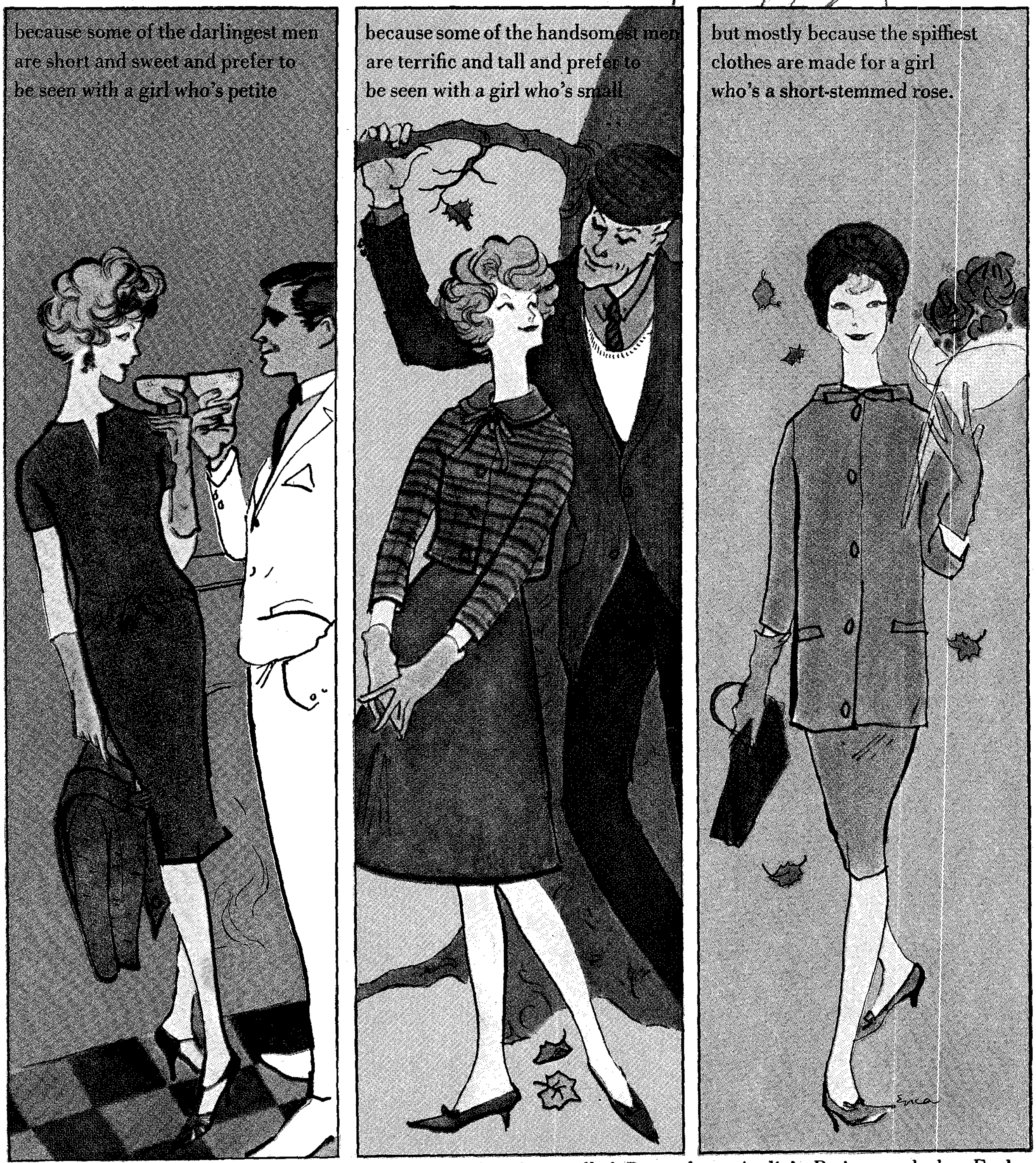
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the Iskenderun, passed us to port, outward bound, her band playing. She had the air of an excursion boat. Her white paint was a trifle dingy, a long Turkish pennant floated from her stern, and passengers and crew alike were no doubt delighted to be on such a large and buoyant ship navigated by Moslems. We lay immobile for minutes, and I was beginning to wonder whether the passengers for Alexandria were going to be taken off in lighters when we started forward again, headed for a quay jutting far out into the water. There, unaided by a tug and relying solely on her own engines and two cables made fast to bitts on the quay, the six-thousand-ton ship came alongside her berth as softly as a river boat. I went below and learned that all transient passengers would be welcome ashore, except one young couple in second class who happened to be English. I had to surrender my passport to the security police at the top of the accommodation ladder, as a guarantee that I would return. Then I descended it, stepped off onto the quay, and was again in Egypt.

IT was a different Egypt from Cairo, where I had been on my previous visit. A seaport, and therefore a part of the same world as Tunis and Tripoli and Haifa and Naples, Alexandria does not give the disturbing displaced feeling that affects newcomers to the capital, a city founded by inland Arabs on a river. If all national capitals were seaports, governments would understand one another better. The players of the essential roles in seaports are as interchangeable as watch parts; a crane operator from Haifa could be transposed to Rotherhithe, a pimp from Marseille to Alexandria, a tugboat deckhand from Larnaca to Le Havre, while an *entraîneuse* from Algiers would be at home outside the Brooklyn Navy Yard in five minutes. A great knot of venders, touts, steerers, dragomen, and moochers had assembled near the foot of the accommodation ladder. The steerer who led me away from the conflicting insistencies of his colleagues wore European clothes, to show that he knew what travellers wanted; a tarboosh, to show that he was a native and therefore knew where it could be found; and several metal badges, to convey an impression of official status. He was aged and withered, but authoritative, and he extricated me from the competing clutches of men much younger and bigger than he, cursing them magisterially, to judge by the sound. Often, when I despair of ever finding the time to learn Arabic, I think I would be content to settle for

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the cursing. I was sufficiently taken in by my steerer's badges to suppose that he might be from the State Bureau of Tourism, or something on that order, and made the mistake of asking him where I could change money. There were taxis about, but the old man would have none of them; the drivers might steal his prey from him. "Only very short walk to offeecial money-changer," he assured me. The walk was over riprap, under a sun that, even in the late afternoon, I found hot. As we trudged along, the German *Gruppe* passed us in a special *Kommandogruppeschnellfahrtwagen* that had called for them at the boat. All carried their cameras at the ready, like machine pistols, and inspected the dockside eagerly for traces of *Kultur*.

The old man fitted my theory of interchangeable parts. He was one with the steerer who met the immigrant father of a friend of mine when he landed at the Battery in 1900. "What's your name, sonny?" the New York steerer asked him, in Yiddish. The immigrant, who was eighteen, said "Nierenstein." The steerer shook his head gloomily. "With a long name like that, you'll never get anywhere in this country," he said. "I'll sell you a good one for five dollars—Stone." Young Nierenstein forked over the fin, and the family name is still Stone.

The name vender's Alexandrian counterpart walked me to the customhouse, at the entrance to dockland, and called over a salesman of nasty postcards, a dealer in antiquities stolen from the tombs of old keengs, and a *maquereau*—all equally offeecial, I imagine. Only when I shouted like a man assailed by wasps would he consent to introduce me to the money-changer—a furtive type who paid off from a valise and did me for the equivalent of a dollar-forty on a ten-dollar bill. I weakly tipped the steerer twenty-five piastres, though I knew he would insist on splitting his accomplice's profit, which amounted to about three days' pay for the average Egyptian under Nasser. I then bolted in the direction of a taxi of infinite decrepitude; the old man, I could see, was determined to stick to me, and I was as determined to get rid of him. I climbed into the cab. He was close behind and tried to climb in with me, and I had to wrench the door free of his grip. If I had let him in, he would have demanded a percentage from the driver, too, and together they would have devised a program on which both could wangle further commissions. By himself, the driver, having no English, was in a poor position. We drove

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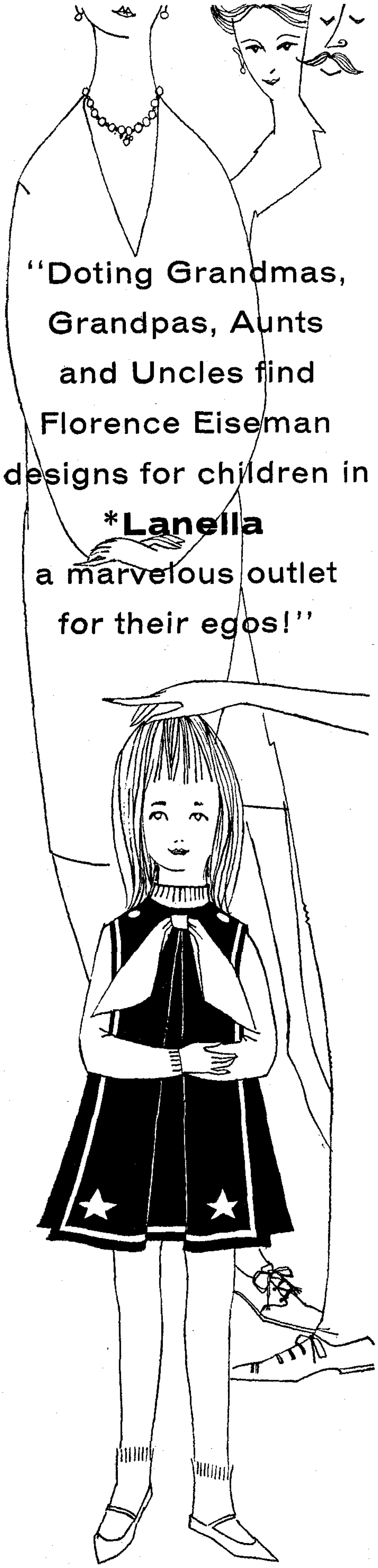

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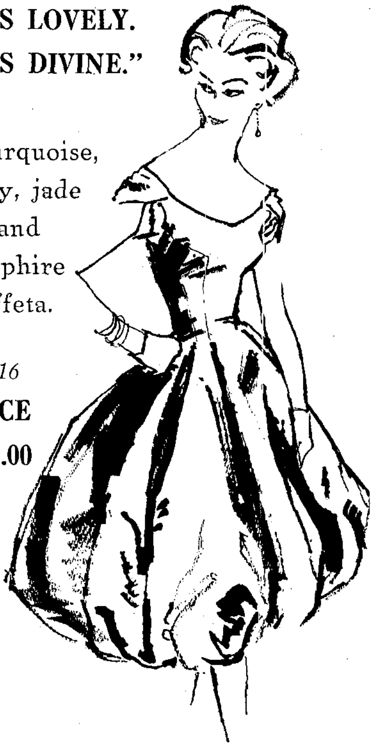
off, leaving the old man howling imprecations but on the whole well pleased, I feel sure.

Studying a map of Alexandria in the *Guide Bleu*, my faithful companion, I noticed at the east end of the page, on the shorefront six miles east of the customs, a district labelled Ramleh. I thought I would like to go out there, because I could see that the cab would have to take the *corniche* road along the waterside; when I arrived, I could choose what I wanted to return to. By now we were at a safe distance from the old man, so I called to the cabby "Stop!," which is an international word, pointed to the map, and said "Ramleh!" two or three times in a loud voice. He nodded, and got under way, driving like his fellow-cabbies in Cairo—as if the Israeli Army were after him. The *corniche* stretched before us, the sun was setting behind us. At intervals, amusement piers protruded out into the Mediterranean, at our left. It was like Ciudad Trujillo or Brighton.

"Ramleh?" I would ask each time we came abreast of a pier, and the driver would reply "*La*," meaning "No" in Arabic, and follow this with a lot more, elaborative or irrelevant, which I did not understand. At the end of six minutes flat, it was he who said "Ramleh!" I shouted "Stop!" and he did. It was clear that his ululations after I paid the figure on the meter, plus twenty per cent, were intended mendaciously to convey that I owed him more, but I was under no obligation to understand him. Translation is the enemy of amity.

I turned away and walked out to a café on the far end of the nearest pier. A flight of steps led up to its first floor, and the *grande salle*, glassed in like a conservatory, was one flight higher. This room, where I found a table, was well filled with customers, nearly all of whom I judged to be business or professional men on their way home from the office, for they were almost uniformly dressed in European clothes, and there were odd chairs laden with briefcases near each cluster of them. They were bareheaded, and had the slightly thickened Nilotic features that predominate in Ciudad Trujillo; indeed, the café at that hour had a Ciudad Trujillo feeling of shabby dictatorship with no future. There was not a classic Arab face in the lot, and it occurred to me that Egypt had as much place in the Arab League as the Dodgers did. No animation enlivened the place; the men drank coffee or pop, while the few women I saw favored Eskimo pies. Ramleh is a white-collar suburb, I read in the *Guide Bleu*, and such communities—like ports,



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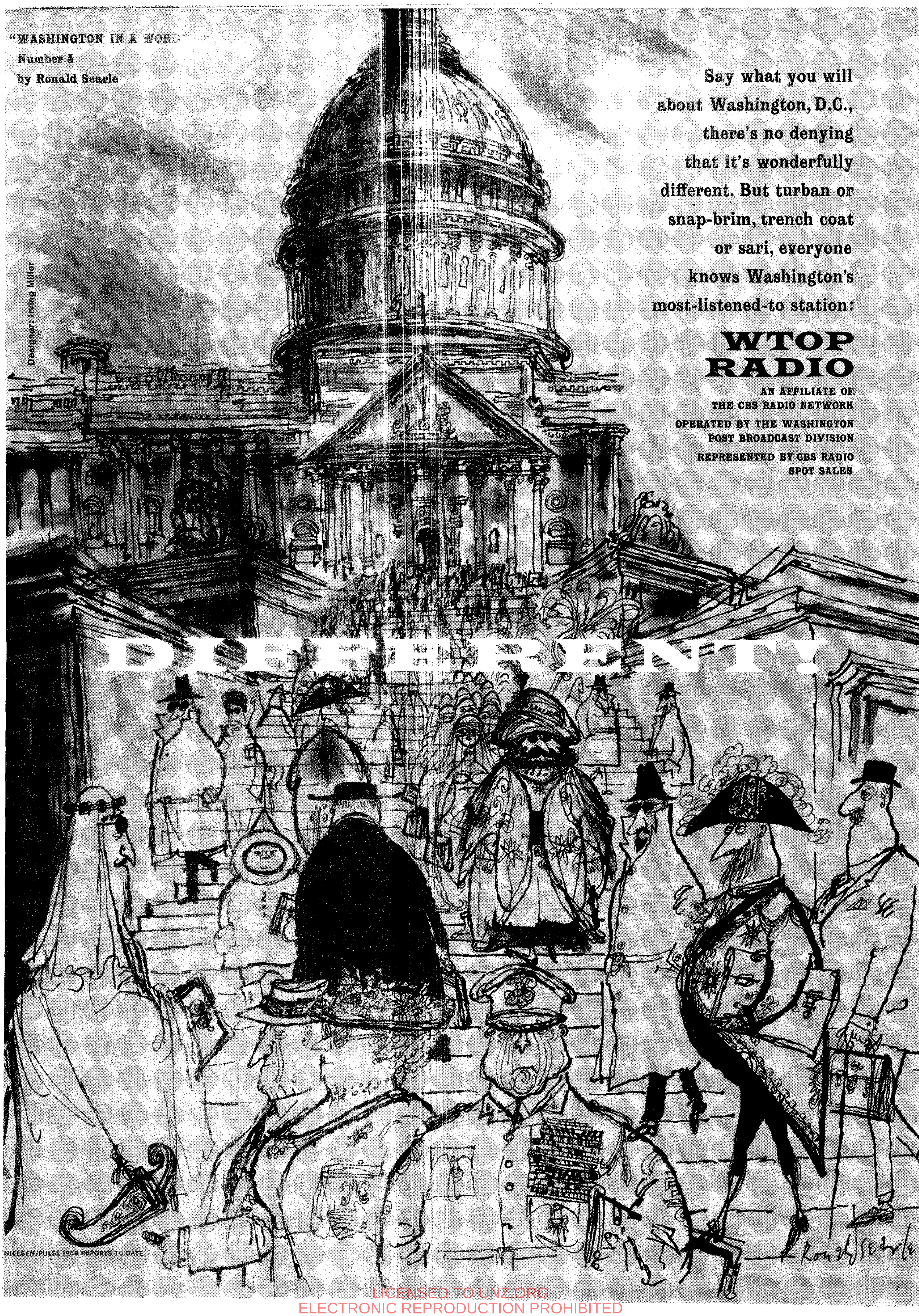

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though in a less noble fashion—have an international sameness. These poor devils in the *grande salle*, like their fellow-commuters in other lands, were in transit from the day's disappointments to the night's dullness. I looked into the sunset along the shoreline of Alexandria, drank two small cups of thick, slightly sweetened coffee, and decided to head back to the center of the city, in traversing which I had noted indications of a flashier life.

I found a cab rank near the pier and, selecting a driver who could speak a little English, told him I wanted to go to the Midan Zaghloul Pasha, an ill-paved square laid out around a statue of a man on horseback that looks like a discard from Waterloo Place, in London. The square is the center of the mock-European part of Alexandria. Along its sides are cafés with sidewalk tables, patronized by a more mixed clientele than the place at Ramleh. Many of the customers here were drinking arrack, and most of the rest Dutch and German beers—a preference verging on ostentation, since Stella, a beer brewed in Cairo, is excellent and cheaper. They were of a type less Egyptian than Levantine, and they appeared to take a brighter view of their chances to persist than the broker on the Agamemnon did, or else they were consummate fatalists. In any case, they looked cheerful, and their talk, I would have wagered, bore on imports, exports, and those near approaches to larceny permitted by law that concern their kind everywhere. They would have been fools to talk politics. The businessmen of Alexandria have been much the same since Cleopatra's time, I imagine, putting up with Ptolemies and Roman governors and Arabian caliphs and Turkish khedives and Mameluke sultans and the British. Nasser is not likely to change them. Their townsmen in Pierre Louÿs' "Aphrodite," a titillator in my youth, had a girl to sell, but there is more money in cotton now.

The narrow commercial streets leading off the square were crowded, for the most part with the same sort of people. The zany nightgown types I had noted in Cairo were absent, and, with them, the sense of incongruity and bewilderment that makes the capital such a nightmare place. Alexandria is not sinister but sleazy. The lights of the movie houses on Zaghloul Street announced, in Roman and Arabic characters, the titles of American Westerns and Italian films of passion; Egypt exports films to other Arabic-language countries, but the export article is not prized on its home ground. French books on flagellation and English vol-

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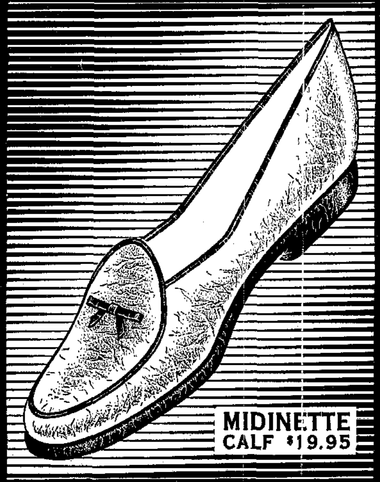

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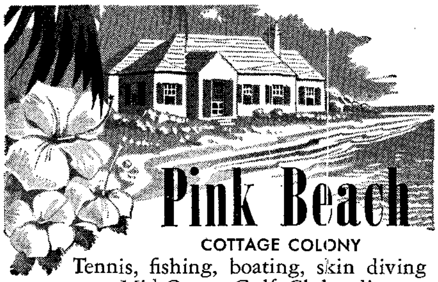

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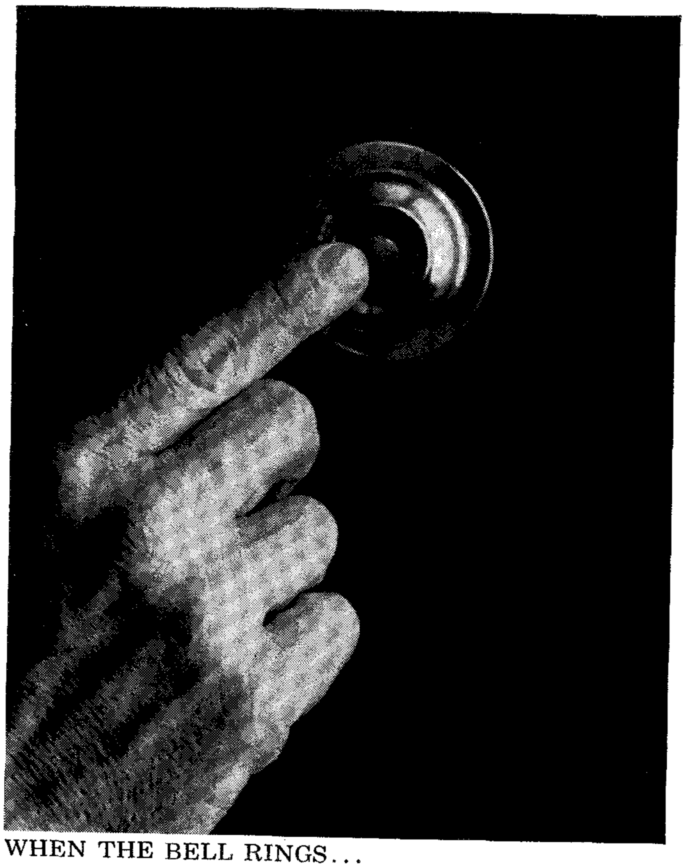

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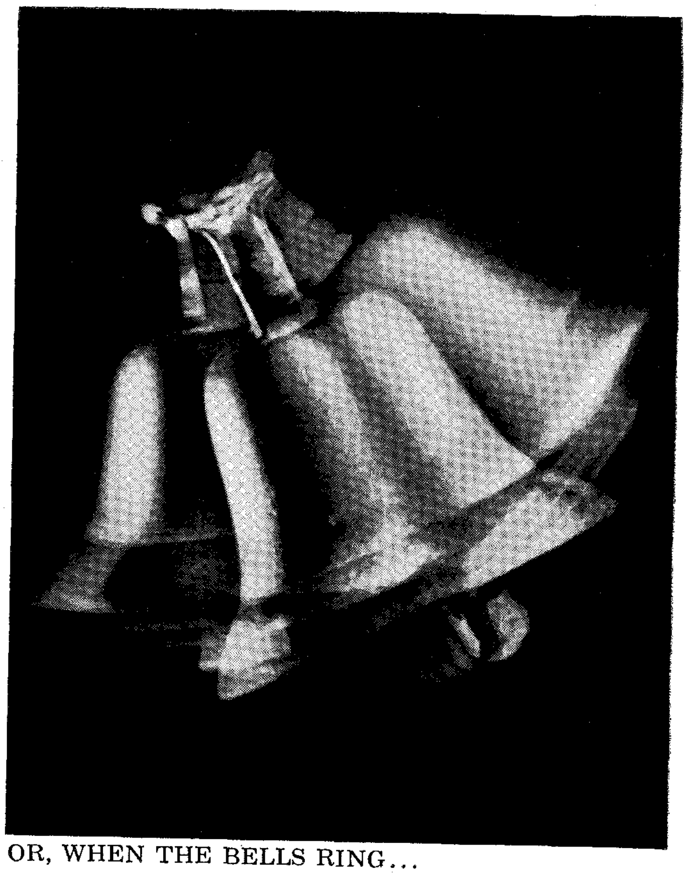

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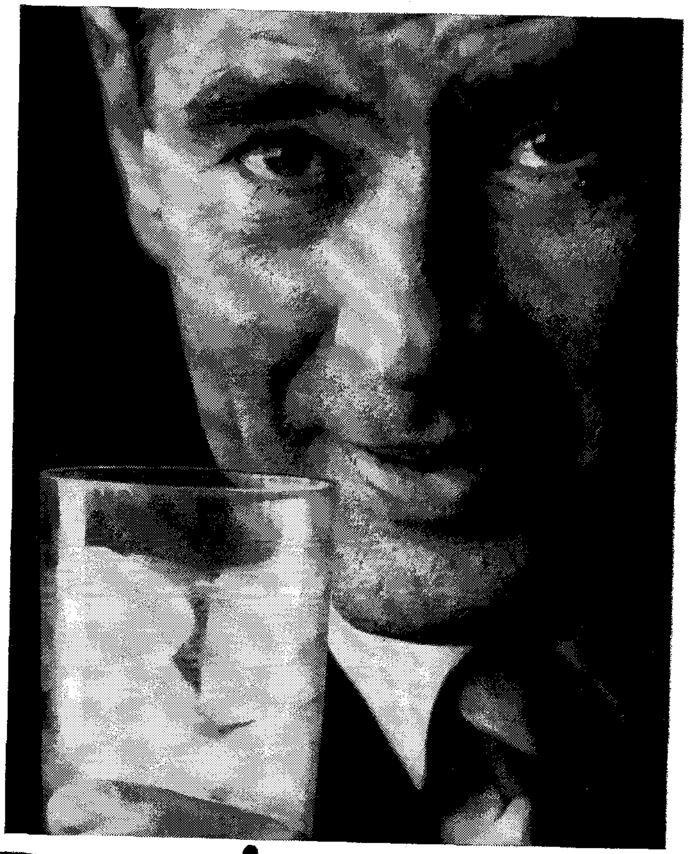

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umes of pornography published in Paris were on display in stationers' windows; the six-day war had not interrupted the *entente cordiale* of *goûts particuliers.* I walked to the end of the bright-light district and returned to a beer joint with an English name and an Arab-music orchestra. The waiter, wearing a shiny alpaca jacket, addressed me in French. I asked him his nationality, and he said Greek. When he brought me my quart bottle of Stella, I asked him how commerce marched, and he said he could not complain. Business was not so brisk as before the Suez trouble, but there were still plenty of customers.

As I was leaving, I asked the waiter the name of the best restaurant in town, and he recommended the Santa Lucia. I went around there, to find it packed out. The manager, a south Italian, told me he would not be able to fit me in for at least half an hour, and since the restaurant's prices were high, I had ocular proof that a number of Alexandrians could treat themselves to a good feed despite the depression in which, according to Nasser's hopeful critics, the country was foundering. (A corresponding phenomenon was to be observed in Nazi Germany during the late thirties, while optimists of the same brand were predicting its collapse from economic causes. Actually, a dictator has only to keep his friends eating, and they will keep the non-eaters at heel for him.)

I decided not to wait, and dined instead in a restaurant with Arab cuisine nearer the square, where I got the last vacant table. The proprietor, whom I took for a Lebanese (the Lebanese and Syrians are the best cooks of the Arab world), was affable, and the patrons were all of the same Levantine-Alexandrian type as those in the cafés. I judged from their gestures and grimaces that many were Jews, who must have felt themselves insufficiently persecuted to exchange their restaurant comforts for communal soup in an Israeli immigrant camp. I dined off a soup of lamb's feet in their broth, blended with sour milk and chopped mint, followed by a plate of lamb's sweetbreads and pilaf. After dinner, I bought a great bag of green almonds in a narrow street leading off Zaghloul, and then hired a taxi back to the ship.

The Agamemnon did not dock at Port Said, where we arrived in the late afternoon of the following day, but lay offshore taking on a few passengers, who were ferried out by lighter. (One of them, I heard from my cabin steward, was the Saudi Ambassador to Egypt. Like a good inland Arab, he

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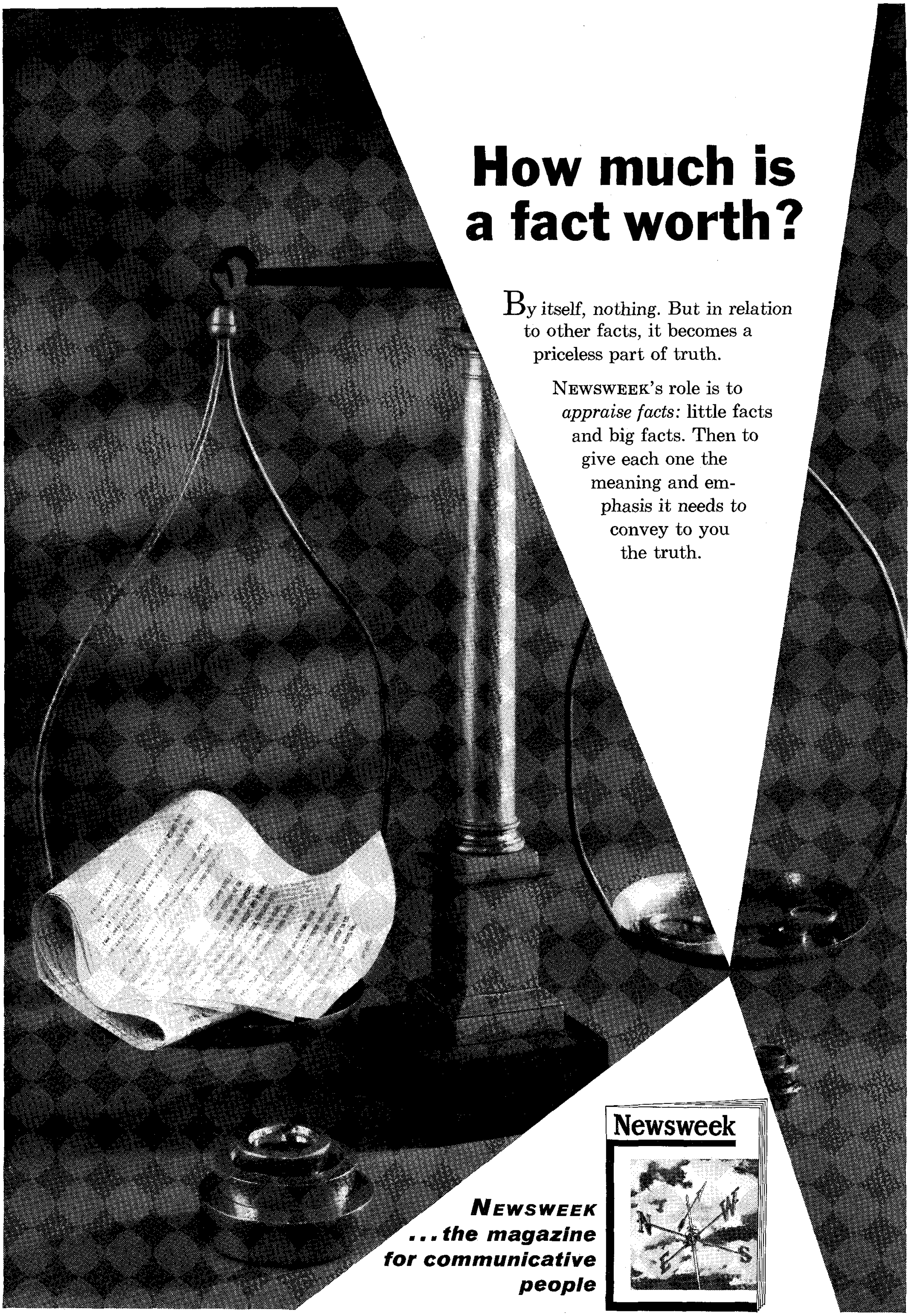

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went straight to his stateroom and stayed there until we got to Beirut, when he appeared on deck as completely draped as a traveller in an old-fashioned Pullman upper berth poking his face through the curtains.) There was a queue of empty southbound tankers at the entrance of the Canal, which was again open to commerce. Men in bumboats rowed out to our ship with cargoes of toy camels, goatskin hassocks or slippers, and limber, mauve harbor crabs, and lay alongside, encircling her. The crabmen advertised their wares with cries, and now and then a sailor would drop a line to a crabman, who would tie a pail full of the necrophagous beasts to the end of it. The sailor would haul the pail aboard and return it with the price of the crabs in it. The hassock men and the others, whose natural prey is tourists, did less well, since there were so few aboard.

IT was not until the Agamemnon arrived in the harbor of Beirut next morning—four days out of Athens—that I began to wonder in earnest whether, as a man *sans religion*, I would be allowed to land. Lebanon, a state constitutionally dedicated to communalism, is divided for administrative and electoral purposes into eight sects (Maronite Catholics, Sunni Moslems, Shiite Moslems, Greek Orthodoxists, Greek Catholics, Druses, Armenian Orthodoxists, and Armenian Catholics), as well as five splinter denominations grouped under the heading of "*Minoritaires*" (Jacobites, Nestorians, Assyrians, Protestant-missionary converts, and Jews). In France, which ruled Lebanon and Syria between the two World Wars, you are presumed not to exist unless you have an identity card, and, similarly, in Lebanon—where, as part of the tradition of *paperasserie* the French left behind them, an identity card includes a statement of religious affiliation—to be "without religion" is to be without political existence. A nonexistent visitor, it occurred to me, might be nonwelcome. I was relieved, therefore, when a Lebanese immigration officer, in a yellow-tan uniform and leather leggings, made it plain that I was welcome and hoped my sojourn would be agreeable. He had an uncle and some cousins in Bridgeport, he said. I was past the first barrier.

From the water, Beirut has the female beauty of so many Mediterranean ports, such as Mers-el-Kebir and Oran and Algiers and Haifa—the long, shallow curve of the shore, where breakwaters offer the only true shelter; the city itself, lovely from afar (but

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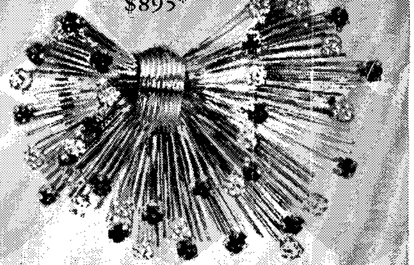

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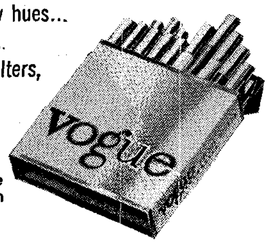

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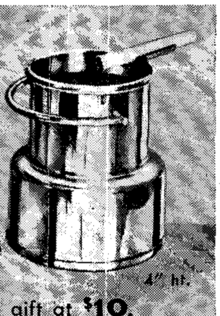

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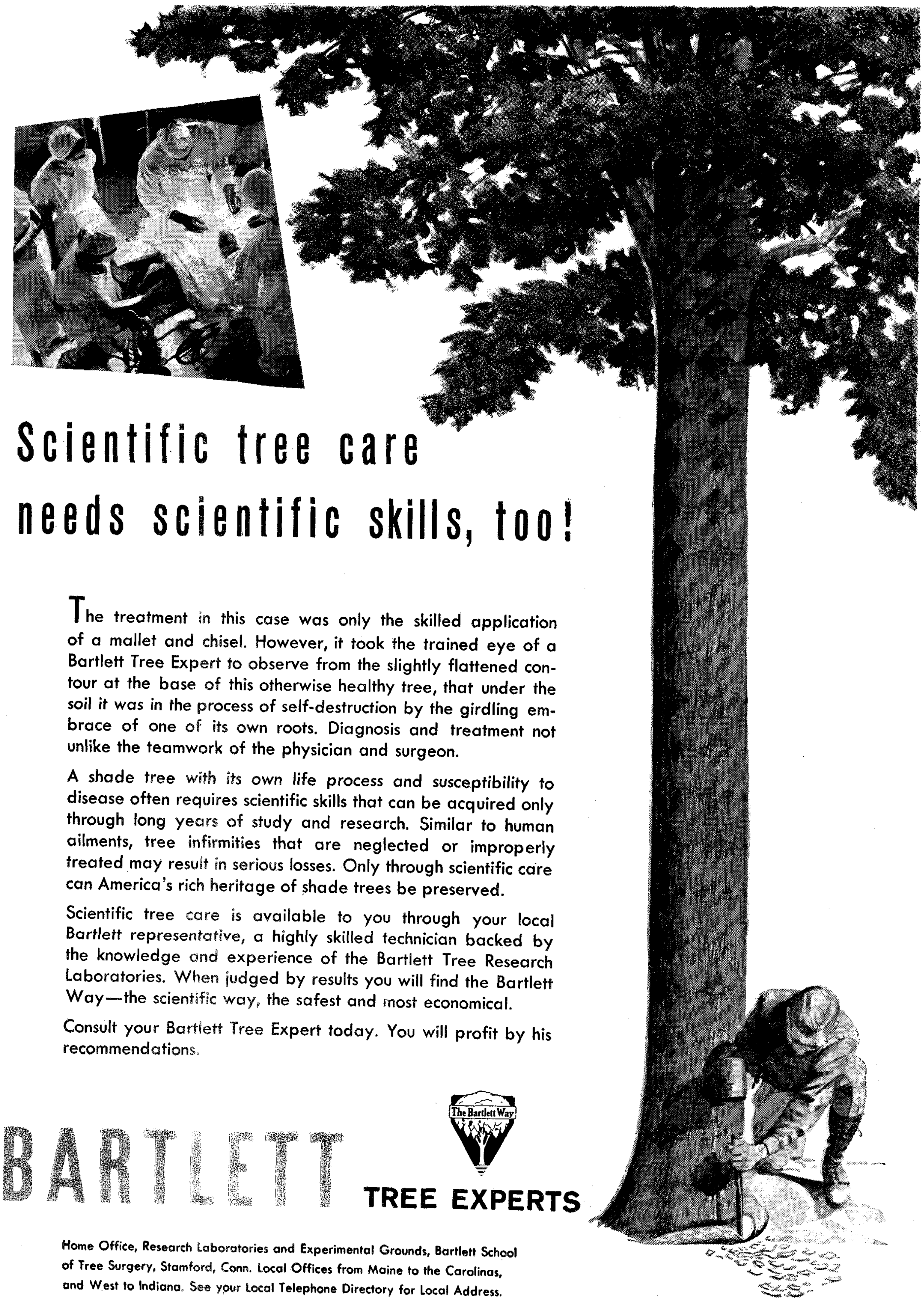

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nondescript after you land) as it rises swiftly on a hill. These ports, whose harbors are now considered the best of a bad lot, were not the great ports that served the ancient world around them. Those, like Tyre and Carthage, were secure, but they were the size of yacht basins, for the "great ships" of the ancient world required no more.

In Beirut, the first thing I had to do in the way of business was to establish contact with the administration of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency, but I learned with astonished pleasure from my driver that it was Saturday. (Aboard ship, I lose track.) Few things delight more than the enforced pause before the plunge into purposeful activity; it is a dividend, like the last drops of a Ramos gin fizz that sometimes remain in the cocktail shaker for future reference after the bartender has filled your glass. Those drops are always the best, to be savored slowly while you ponder on whether you want another whole drink enough to get up another dollar. In peacetime, a correspondent in transit is considered constantly available to everyone. Once he has announced his presence in a town, people start making appointments for him. A weekend is the ideal time to arrive anywhere.

At its southwestern extremity, the Rue du Port becomes the Avenue des Français, a straight, narrow street lined with night clubs and bars, often two or three to a building. In the brilliant morning light, it looked like downtown Las Vegas. The electric signs hung blind in the sun. A few women and men, with eyes almost as extinguished, were taking coffee at sidewalk *bistros;* the women wore slacks and sweaters, the men Florida shirts and shorts. I supposed they were entertainers and their managers. The joints had Western names—Le Lido, Le Kit-Kat, Le Chat Noir, and the like. Night life has long been a major Beirut industry, and I suppose it still is; oil-rich Saudi and Kuwaiti sheiks often journey up from their own rigidly dull countries to relax and disburse, and so do Americans who have had to conform for months at a time to the customs of those pietistic places. Such transients help to make Beirut a boom town, but it has its indigenous spenders, too; a wide range between extreme wealth and extreme poverty is characteristic of the country. It is also host to Syrian and Jordanian landowners, French businessmen who own chunks of the Lebanese economy, and drummers with expense accounts who represent corporations in every manufacturing country from Japan to Sweden. (At the time of my

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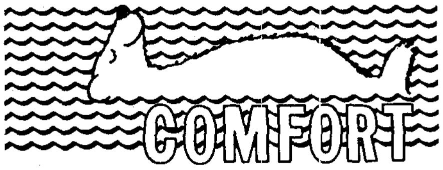

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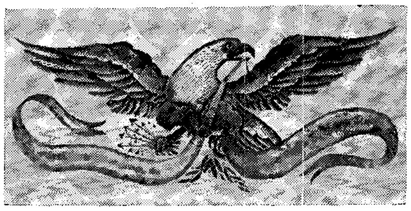

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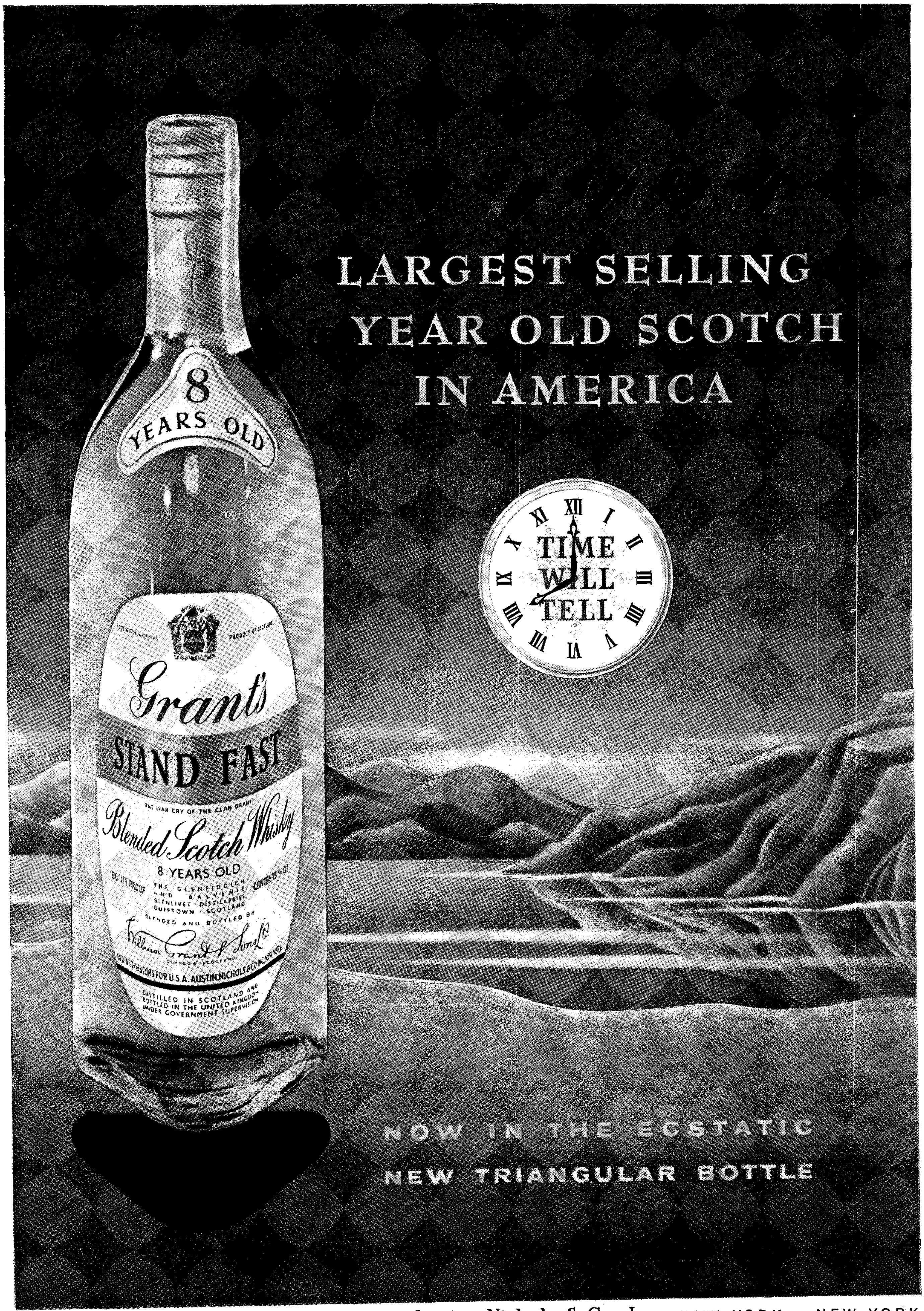
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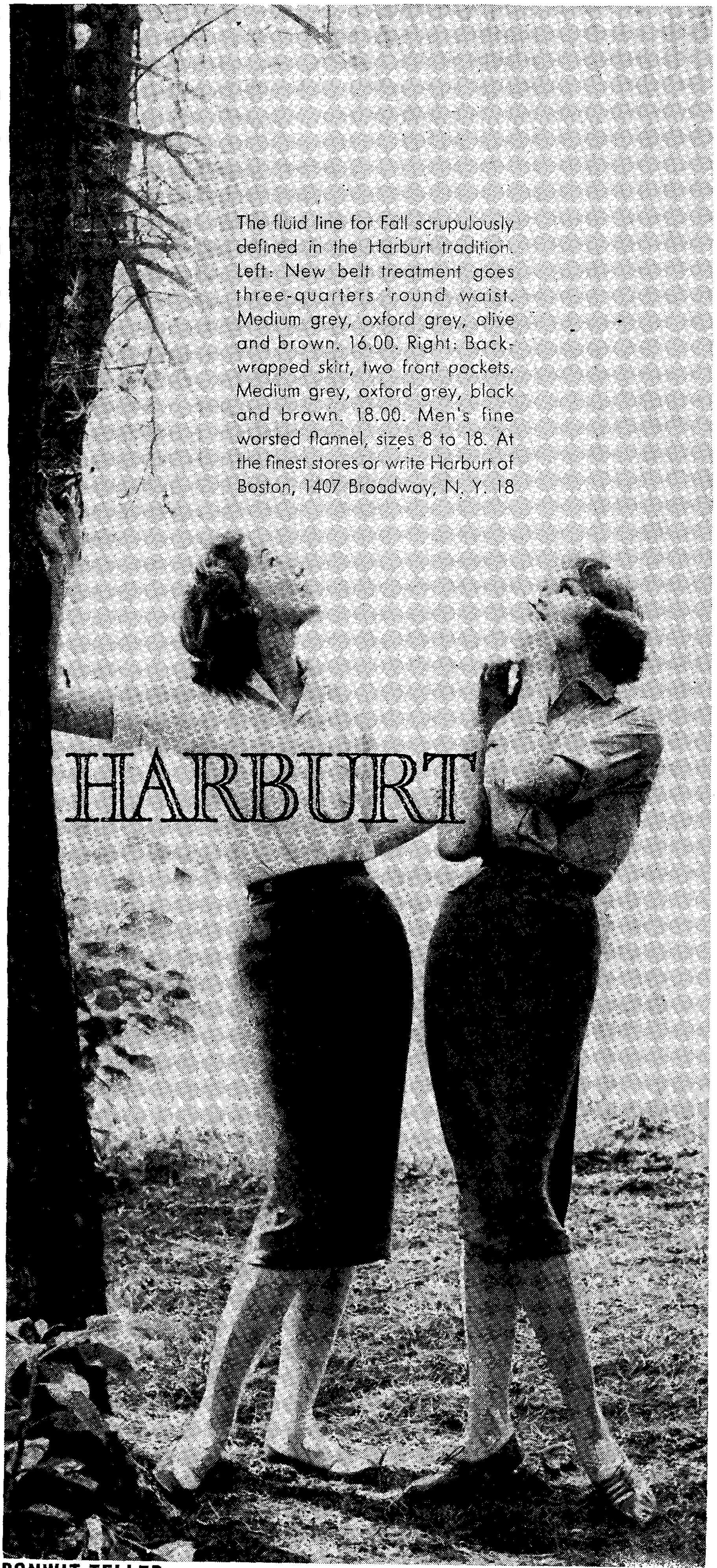
visit, there were a hundred and twenty different makes of radio on the market in Beirut, all foreign.) In the Western half of the city, the principal commercial language is French, the architecture Franco-Miamian modern. It is hard to believe—if you live between the harbor, the airport, and your hotel—that Beirut was the cradle of the theory of Arab nationalism.

The Avenue des Français parallels the shore, but the buildings housing the bars and night clubs shut off my view of the water. When I reached the end of them, I rediscovered the sea, and there, on a promontory to my right, was the Hôtel Saint-Georges, with its terraces and bathing beach. The striped umbrellas over the tables on the terrace facing the water were the nearest things to Bedouin tents in sight, and there are correspondents who, through no fault of their own, seldom get out of their shadow. I was to become one of them.

When the hotel burst on my view, however, I was full of optimism; it looked to me like an extremely inviting Gateway to the East. When I went inside, my distant visual impression was confirmed. The Saint-Georges was no mirage; it is as pleasant a hotel as I have ever known. My room, on the third floor, was much longer than it was wide—a chartreuse corridor from the door to a single French window that opened on a fenced-off section of a gallery overlooking the sea. The window faced the sunset, into which outbound ships disappeared, and I sometimes felt, in my later days there, as if I were at the extremity of a much longer corridor sighted right through the Straits of Gibraltar.

I telephoned UNRWA headquarters, confident that there would be only a duty officer there on Saturday. I was right, but when I asked for the deputy director, Leslie Carver, the duty officer insisted on giving me Carver's home telephone number. Carver, whom I obediently called and found most cordial, informed me that the higher officials of UNRWA and their wives were lunching that afternoon at the Saint-Georges. He could not invite me to join them, because he was not the host, but he and Henry Labouisse, the director of the organization (since resigned), and their wives would meet me on the café terrace at four o'clock. There I was, trapped.

I went downstairs and had coffee and a *croissant* on the terrace. It was between ten and eleven, I think. The sun was by then quite warm, and women, some with children, were beginning to stroll down to a lower ter-



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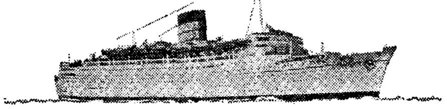

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race, facing the beach of a small bay, where a couple of floats were anchored forty or fifty yards from shore. The women were pretty, and had covered minimal areas of themselves; the children ran into the water and gave their mothers an opportunity to pursue them in a manner at once athletic and maternal. Four sailors from the American Sixth Fleet sat at a table near me—long-legged, small-headed, and each festooned with a landing net of camera straps. They drank only beer, and did not look at the bathers. One of them said, "I wonder how long it'd take to get to Baalbek. I'd sure like to try some color pictures of those ruins." I was lulled by the racket of two speedboats, evenly rising and diminishing with their distance as they circled the little bay—a sound disturbing at first, but then soporific, like the buzzing of insects or a speech by a Midwestern Republican. The boats towed water skiers, singly or in pairs—a bronzed and powerful breed that it is no fun to watch, since they so obviously want you to. There was little hope that they would hurt themselves, but each time they circled near one of the floats, they threatened to redden the blue sea with the blood of a decapitated swimmer; whenever this appeared imminent, a lifeguard on shore would blow a whistle. The volume and succession of sounds were as regular as the refrain of a song. The same terrace has served as an observation point for all the correspondents assigned to report this season's semi-violent revolt, the amphibious operations of the Marine Corps and Mr. Murphy, and the triumphant, quintessentially Lebanese election of General Chehab, as candidate of the Opposition, the Government, the State Department, the Army (his), and the United Arab Republic. It is a spot conducive to the impulse of sociability, and I soon found myself engaged in conversation with a man at the next table—a heavyset, gray-haired, and sleek type, well dressed in silky mohair and a panama hat. "*Quel beau pays!*" I exclaimed, and he said, "You could say that again, that's for soor."

"Have you lived here long?" I asked, switching to the American he spoke so idiomatically.

"For thirty-five years," he said, "except when I am travelling by air. And in spite of I'm a Greek, I must admit that Lebanon is the best country in the world, all right."

He was a shipowner, he told me, holding shares of vessels sailing under the Nicaraguan, Uruguayan, Panamanian, Honduran, Costa Rican, and

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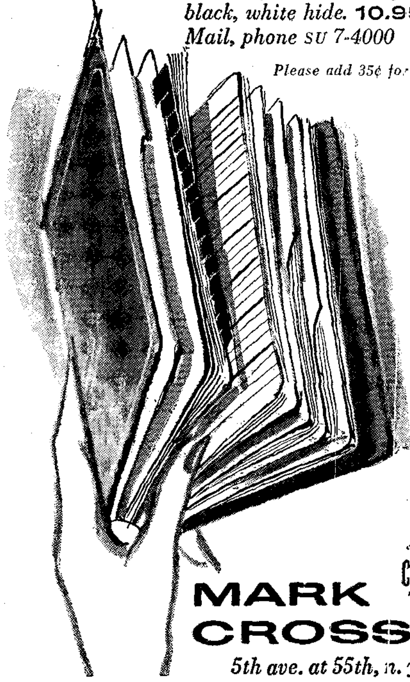

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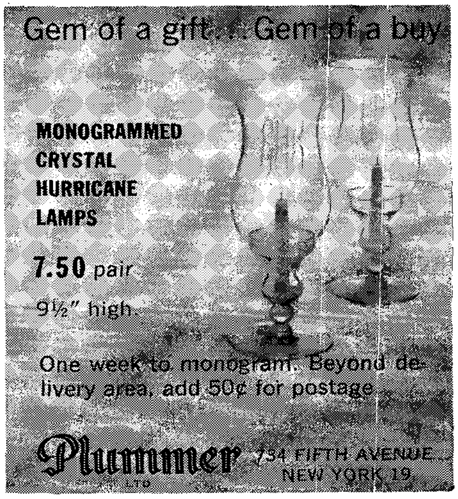

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Liberian flags, and, for sentimental reasons, even a couple under Greek registry. Lebanon, he said, was starting out to rival the great Central American and West African maritime powers he had enumerated, but was having difficulty in devising a maritime code sufficiently lax to attract recruits from the other flags of convenience. "They already got registration very tzeap," he said, "and restrictions nothing. Lebanon is late coming in the field, is the problem." What Lebanon had that these other countries didn't, he went on, was a free port with a marvellously strategic position for commerce. It was the point of transshipment for all parts of the Arab world—merchants could ship cargoes in and store them without payment of duty until the price was right in Muscat or Bahrein, in Aleppo or Amman, in Benghasi or Alexandria. And there was a lot to be made in honest intermediation; after Suez, for example, there was no way for Egypt to buy British and French products directly, but the thirst of the Egyptian upper class for Scotch whiskey remained. So the distillers shipped it to Beirut against Lebanese funds. The Lebanese buyers reloaded it into a non-British ship—Nicaraguan or Italian or whatever—and sold it to the Egyptian in Alexandria who had ordered it in the first place. "A nice profit for everybody," my man said. "And the Egyptian cotton that couldn't be sold to the French mills what needed it was sold to Yugoslavs, who sold it to the French mills. But cheaper to ship it from Egypt to Beirut than to Yugoslavia, and the French could come here and get it. So even though we don't originate a great amount of cargo—five hundred thousand cases of oranges and some apples and cereals is all—we're a busy port. And we have the *secret bancaire*, like Switzerland. No matter what country you are, you can send your money here, and if the bank employee tells somebody how much you got, *he* gets three years. No wonder money is cheap here. It's ten or twenty per cent in Greece, but here you pay five and a half per cent for money—all you want. And we have the ski, the mountains, the sea—everything. Soon there will be gambling casinos like Las Vegas, Nevada.

"And they are good people," he continued. "They work. They have a Greek mentality. The men go to the United States, to South America, to West Africa, they start businesses. But when they can marry, they come home each to marry one's girl from his mountains. Where they are smarter than the Greeks is they have no *service mili-*

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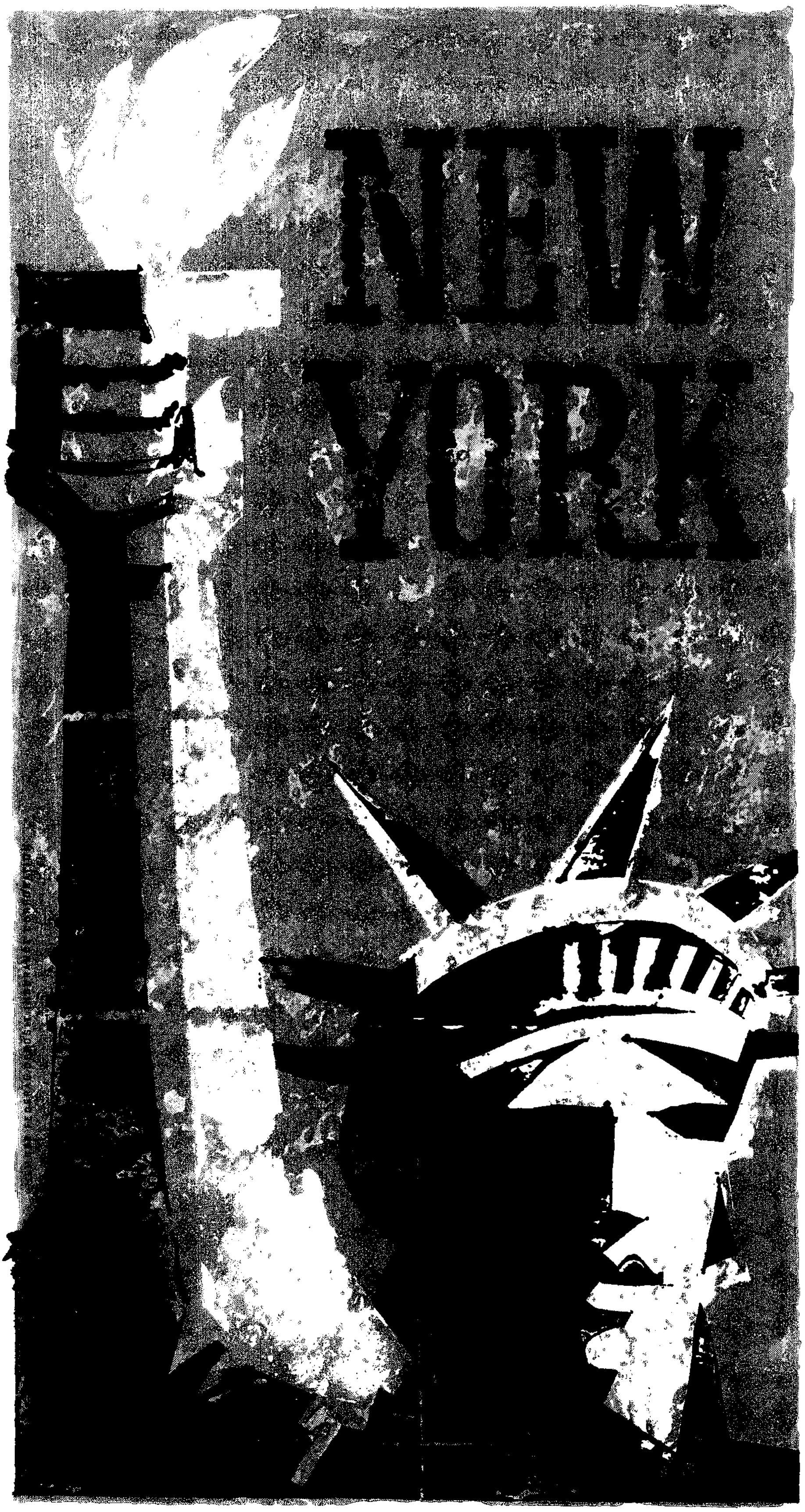

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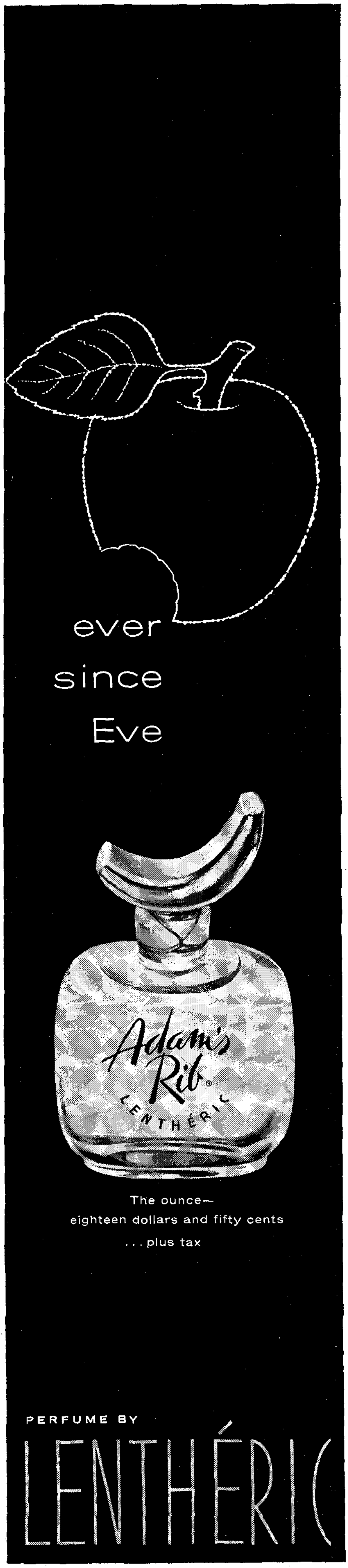
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taire, as we have. No defense forces, *pour ainsi dire.* Why do they need them? They have the Sixth Fleet. The Army is a police force only—no trouble there, like in other Arab states, where the Army makes revolts. A soldier is a good job—a hundred and thirty Lebanese pounds [forty dollars] a month. He wants to keep it. No defense forces makes taxes reasonable. See how rich became Germany after the war! And no corporation tax here—to attract foreign companies. Their revenues are exempt. *Citizenship all you want*—*five* hundred Lebanese pounds for an identity card, in legal order, and only six hundred if you are in a hurry. You can get in five days."

It all sounded so snug that I felt an urge to settle in myself and join him in making a fortune, but he didn't invite me. He bought me another glass of coffee, though. So might a Greek of the Hellenistic age have talked of the commercial amenities of Asia, far from the aridities and pettinesses of the parochial city-states. "In Greece, if you want to see a Minister," he said, "he keeps you waiting for hours outside his office. Here you telephone and he comes to your *house. These people are inhabited to* business."

WHEN I met the Labouisses and the Carvers on the same terrace late that afternoon, the air was cool. The swimmers and water skiers were gone, and trading on the Intra-Arabian Rumor Exchange had begun. The Exchange is informally unorganized. At the outer tables, ranged near a parapet facing the sea, small groups of correspondents—seldom more than enough for a pickup baseball game—sit around individual Reliable Sources, whose capacity for free Martinis is as limitless as the desert horizon they have not recently looked upon. The Reliable Sources are Chaps from Embassies, Chaps Who Have Been Somewhere, and English-speaking Arabs who have Connections outside the borders of Lebanon. Sources have to be consulted one at a time, because they are frequently in direct competition among themselves. A Syrian Reliable Source, for example, and an Iraqi Reliable Source, if placed at the same table, would become equally inscrutable, while two Chaps Who Have Been to the Same Place would be either a duplication or a standoff—and Martinis cost quite a bit. (Syria and Iraq were at opposite ends of the Arab political spectrum then. Now a Syrian Source and an Iraqi Source would be inscrutable on the same side.) Correspondents for whom there is no room around the

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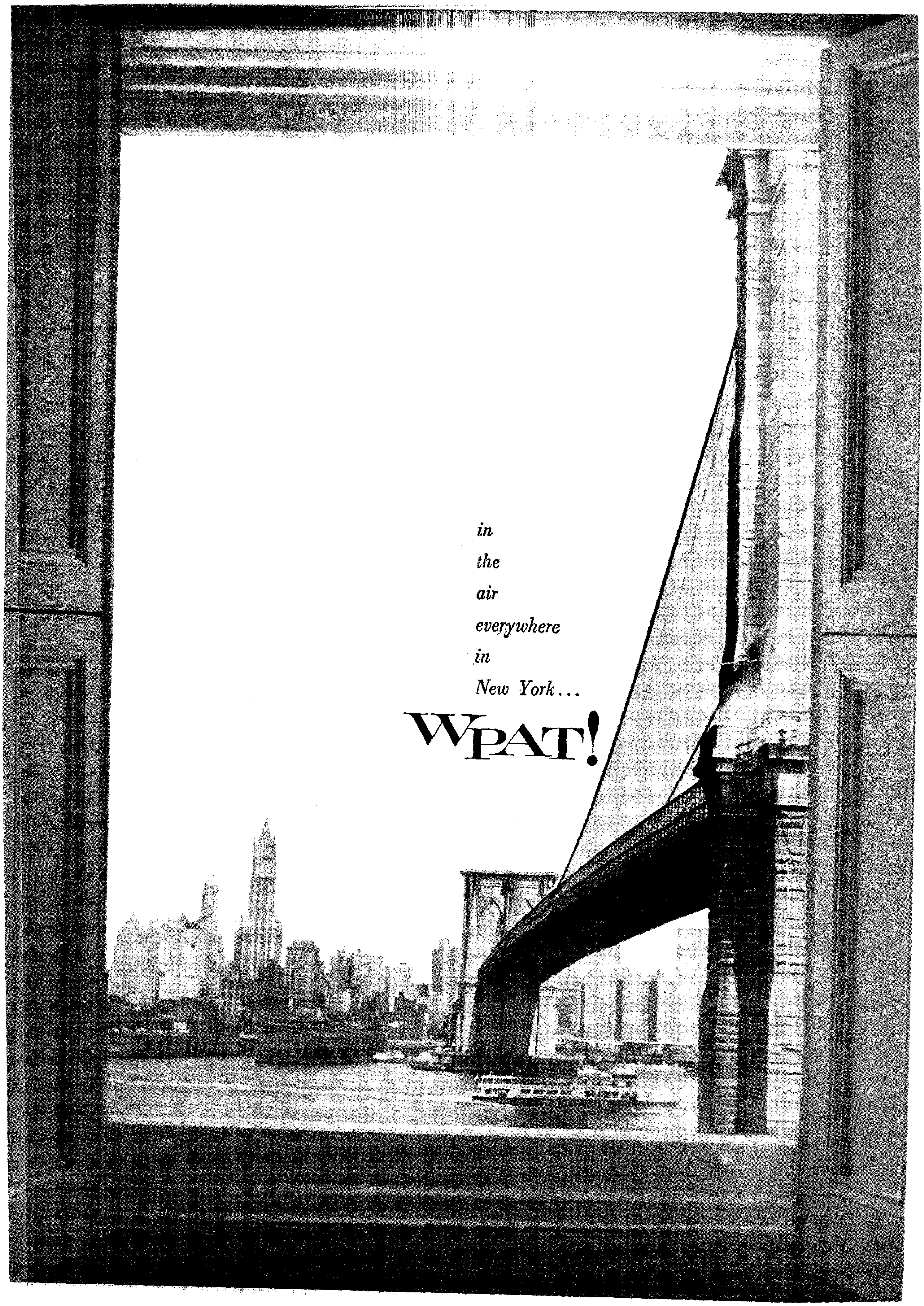
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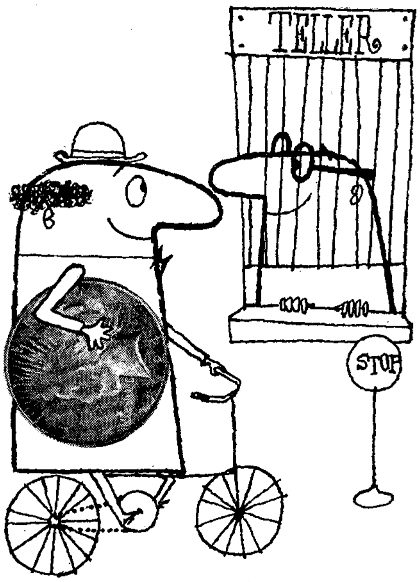

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rims of the Source tables form a seated stag line, or reservoir of redundant manpower, at tables pushed together at either side of the door that leads from the terrace to the bar. Here they pump one another, living by a process of circulatory cerebral transfusion until one of the fellows at a Source table, leaving it on the pretext of going to the men's room, pauses by the *Stammtisch* and contributes what he has gathered. It then becomes part of the common pool of *arcana Arabica*, to be drawn upon later by anybody who has a typewriter. That first afternoon, being a newcomer and failing to recognize any of my colleagues, I did not know what was going on but assumed that I was witnessing a convention of narcotics peddlers.

In Mrs. Labouisse I encountered an old acquaintance—Eve Curie. I had first met her when she was working in the American Section of the French Information Service in Paris during the first year of the war—the *drôle de guerre*, in which the whole world seemed safe behind the Maginot Line, and from which, in retrospect, all our disasters have stemmed. And I remembered her later, in the spring of 1941, on the platform at Town Hall in New York speaking for Free France and de Gaulle. Now the high forehead, the straight figure, and the animation were the same; it should not have surprised me that she was still a young woman, but it did. I liked her husband on sight—a Louisianian, red-faced, deliberate, gentlemanly. The Carvers were equally congenial. The fate of the Palestinian refugees, all agreed, was the key to peace, and the amelioration of their life in the meanwhile was the prime condition of stability.

On the strength of some things I had written about the refugees in Gaza, Labouisse was sure that he could get me into Jordan. In addition to the commercial services, an UNRWA plane, he said, made a round trip every Monday and Thursday to the Jordanian capital of Amman; it was too late for me to get the Monday plane, since no visas could be had on Sunday, but Thursday, Labouisse and Carver thought, would be a certainty. What with one thing and another, they felt that it would be best if I waited until Tuesday to apply for a visa.

I spent a good deal of Sunday with Labouisse, talking of the problems of UNRWA, which are many. Transplanted from Louisiana to New York via Princeton and the Harvard Law School, he became one of the amateurs of the Stevenson-Acheson vintage who were drawn into the State Department

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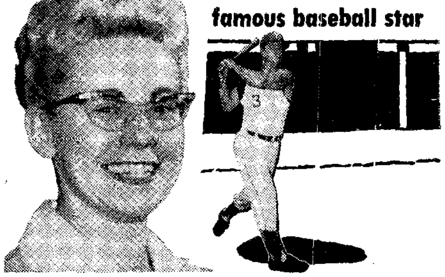

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during the war, and he stayed in so long that he was an old pro by the time he resigned, in 1954, to become director of UNRWA. Despite his French name, his French ancestry, his French wife, and a big, aquiline French nose, he speaks only a rudimentary French. This he attributes to a childhood spirit of opposition to a family of Labouisse cousins in New Orleans, who spoke French among themselves and with whom he did not wish to be confused. He told me that his organization faced the prospect of having to get through the next twelve months on a total of twenty-seven million dollars, "pledged" by a relatively few members of the United Nations. The bare-subsistence ration—mostly flour—for a refugee cost UNRWA twenty dollars a year, he said, so even if all the pledges came through, he would have only seven million to spend on trying to better the plight of his charges by providing them with improved shelter, vocational schools where the younger ones could learn skills that would assure them of jobs, and so on. The refugees were concentrated in four places—five hundred and sixty-five thousand of them in Jordan, a hundred and twenty-five thousand in Lebanon, a hundred and five thousand in Syria, and the rest in Gaza, which is under Egyptian control—and in each of these places UNRWA had set up a branch agency, headed by a representative of the parent body, who held ambassadorial rank. As director of the whole outfit, Labouisse, while keeping a supervisory eye on the operation of all four branches, concerned himself primarily with matters of general policy and procurement, and with the grinding burden of official mendicancy—such a persistent burden that he was obliged to devote more time to worrying about getting money for the bare essentials than to developing a constructive program.

Like the refugees in Syria, Labouisse said, those in Lebanon—a country four-fifths the size of Connecticut, with an indigenous population estimated at a million and a half—were not citizens of the country. Formerly citizens of Palestine, they were no longer citizens of anywhere. Most of the Lebanese contingent were quartered in a score of dreary camps dotted about the countryside, but there were some refugees in Beirut, too, although they were not apparent there, being indistinguishable from the shabbiest element of the natives. Having no Lebanese identity cards, none of them, in the camps or elsewhere, could be legally employed; they were in the position of Mexican wetbacks in Texas—exploitable at will by employers, and of-

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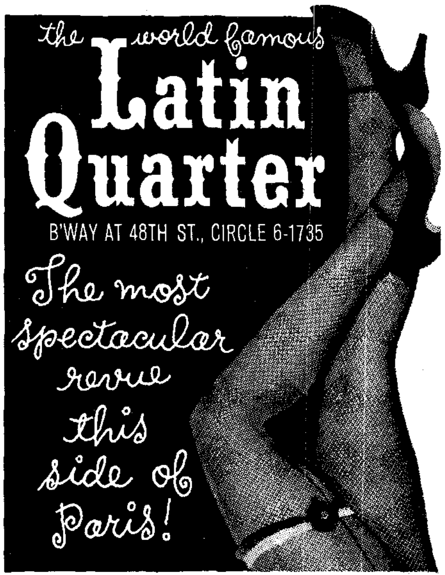

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fering a constant threat to the wage scale of the most miserable class of native workers. On the other hand, Labouisse went on, all the refugees in Jordan were Jordanian citizens, a status granted them as a magnificent one-man gesture of civic hospitality by the late King Abdullah of Trans-Jordan. Ruler of a nation of half a million before the Arab-Israeli war, at its end he acquired by treaty new territory, west of the Jordan, with another half million inhabitants. Roughly that number of refugees from Palestine entered the enlarged state, and Abdullah adopted the lot, tripling the number of his loyal subjects, one of whom ungratefully shot him dead.

THE next day, I accepted an invitation from Robert Prevot, the public-relations officer for UNRWA's Lebanon operation, to drive up to Tripoli, at the country's northern tip. A tall, handsome, affable man of thirty-five, Prevot was born in the Levant of a French father and a Lebanese mother; despite this background, he is completely northern French in type and Parisian in manner.

Tripoli in Lebanon is not to be confounded with Tripoli in Libya. The Levantine Tripoli is now the second largest city in Lebanon, and the terminal point of the pipeline of the Iraq Petroleum Company—the one that the Syrian Army cut during the Franco-British attack on Suez. The town is famous as the residence of that Princess, descended from Crusaders, for whom the troubadour Jaufré Rudel is reputed to have died of a love he contracted by hearsay before he saw her. Jaufré, however, returned briefly from rigor mortis when she appeared at his hotel, a predecessor of the present-day Tripoli Palace. "*E fo fait a saber a la comtessa, et ella venc ad el, al sieu leit, e pres lo entre sos bratz.*" ("And it was made known to the countess, and she came to him at his bed, and took him between her arms.") "*Et el saup qu'ella era la comtessa, si recobret l'auzir e.l flairar; e lauzet Dieu e.l grazi que l'avia la via sostenguda tro qu'el l'agues vista.*" ("And he knew that she was the countess, so he recovered hearing and touch; and praised God and thanked Him that he had sustained his life until he had seen her.") All this was deduced after Rudel's presumably second death by a biographer who based it entirely on a poem the troubadour wrote.

Prevot and I had the Mediterranean on our left all the way to Tripoli, driving along a section of the ribbon of plain that starts in Egypt and runs by way of

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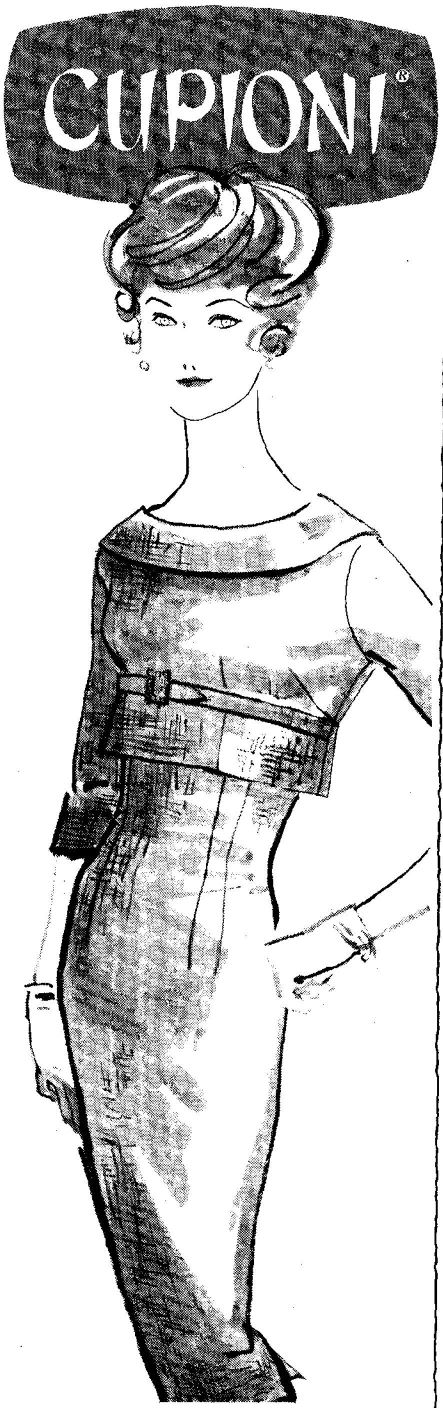
Gaza and Ascalon and Jaffa and Tel Aviv and Haifa and Acre and Sur (formerly Tyre) and Saida (formerly Sidon) and Beirut up to the feet of the Taurus Mountains, at the onset of Asia Minor. It is a geographical unity that has long been politically divided, although there was a historic moment, toward the end of the twelfth century and the beginning of the thirteenth, when the Crusaders held every bit of it. The ruins of their castles, from Ascalon to beyond Tripoli, are the monuments to their military failure. Their thrust inland never took Damascus, and so their position, three hundred miles long without depth anywhere, was lost. The Israelis study intensively the history of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem in order to avoid their prototypes' mistakes.

Here and there on the maritime side of the road, we passed wind-driven contrivances resembling Ferris wheels except that, instead of cages on their rims for passengers, they have buckets for drying sea salt. The wheels operate on the same principle as the water wheels used for irrigation in Egypt, only here the owners rely on the wind, rather than on a harnessed beast, to supply the motive power. There is no hurry. The nature of the work is not urgent. The buckets are filled with damp salt, and the wind evaporates the moisture as it turns the wheels. The Egyptian wheels date back to the Pharaohs, but I do not know how long ago the salt-drying wheels were invented. There is something immemorial in their appearance, though, and I had no doubt that their salt constituted part of the freight of the first Phoenician ships, working their way along the coasts of the Mediterranean three thousand years before the Crusaders and putting in each night at one of the trading posts that ringed the sea.

As we rolled along, I mentioned the talk I had had with Labouisse the day before, and asked Prevot why it was that Lebanon did not follow Abdullah's example and make its refugees citizens. "If they were citizens, they could vote," he replied. "The Lebanese political system is based on religious affiliation—so many seats in parliament and so many places in the government for each cult—and on the supposition that there is a slight majority of Christians in the country. The supposition is already disputed, because there is reason to believe that the Moslem population is increasing more swiftly than the Christian. [In a newspaper recently, I read that one of the most radical demands of the Lebanese rebels was for a census.] In any case, there is at present an approximate balance between Christians and Mos-



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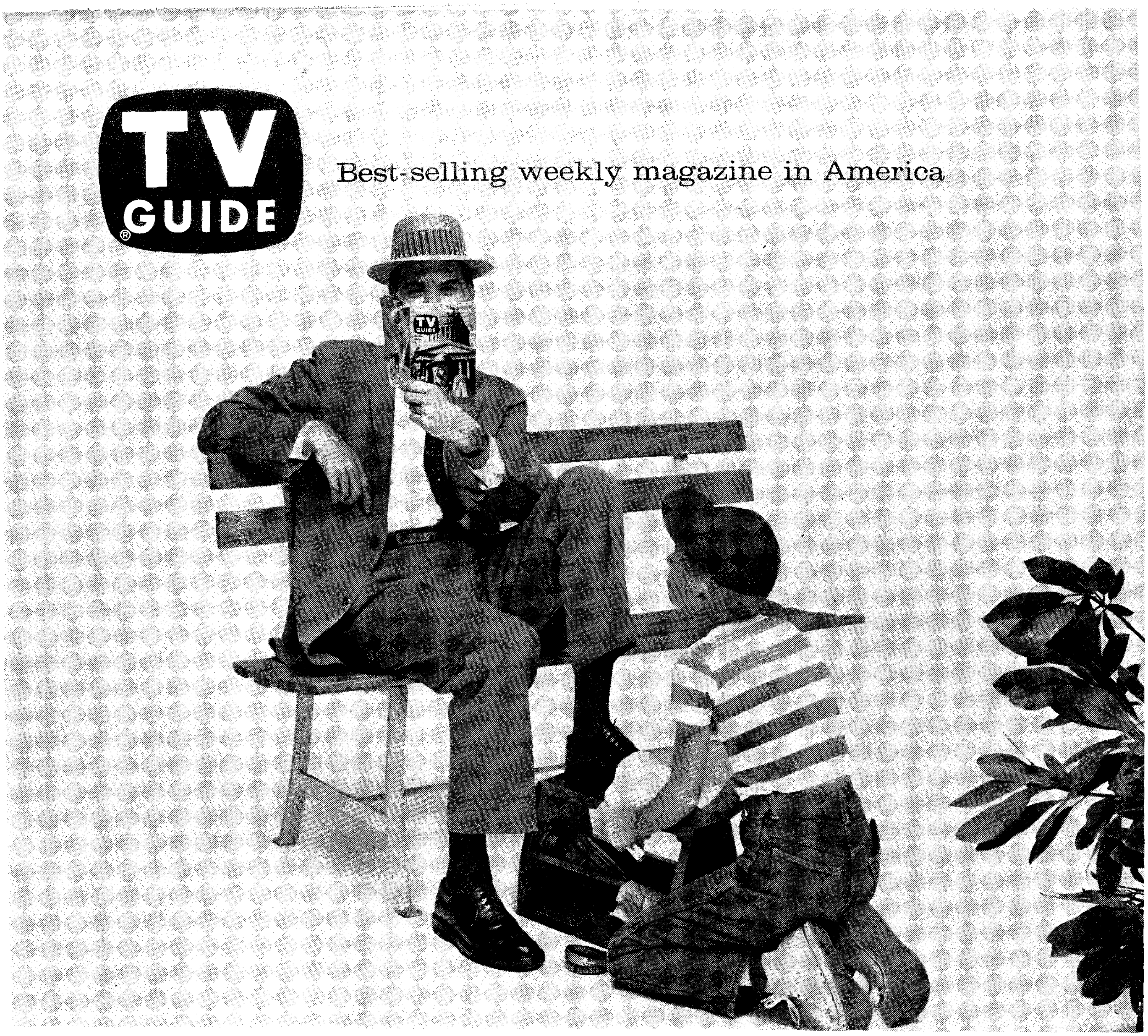
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Elizabeth Arden

lems. Almost all the refugees still on the rolls here are Moslems. If they were allowed to become citizens, the state could no longer blink the fact of a Moslem majority."

At Djébail (the ancient Byblos), about halfway to Tripoli, we came upon excavations that pock a long slope running down to the sea. The slope is a palimpsest of cultures, one under another. Lebanon is an antique country. The kind of ruin that Londoners stop traffic to look at rates merely as an obstruction to real digging at Djébail, where archeologists speak of "clearing away" Roman remains from the second century A.D. to get at the real stuff, such as colonial Egyptian of the third millennium B.C. Oldest of all is a walled neolithic necropolis, built by a race that folded the skeletons of its dead into earthenware pots and then sealed the lids on. The excavators, naturally, take the lids off, and there are hundreds of these *squelettes en casserole* all over the place. One of the sights of the place is a shaft leading down to the tomb of King Ahiram, a Phoenician who ruled the city-state of Byblos in the thirteenth century B.C. The old boy's sarcophagus—in the National Museum at Beirut, which in his day was a rival city, Beruta—is prized by archeologists for a "Do Not Disturb" sign on its lid, which was caused to be inscribed in Ahiram's name by his son and successor. The sign writer is said to have executed the commission in about 1250 B.C., in which case he used the Phoenician alphabet a full century earlier than any other example of it yet discovered. In a later phase of my frustration, I visited the National Museum to call on King Ahiram, and was entranced by the belly-dancers, nude to the waist, that were carved at his head and feet. They were representatives of a physical type that has not changed through the centuries—professionally voluminous, like Japanese Sumo wrestlers, and, also like them, marvels of muscular control. Four of the dancers stand at each end of the King—a comfortable number of companions for a long journey—all rotating on the familiar axis, their plump faces wreathed in smiles. Two at each end hold their arms high over their heads, the other two at each end hold their hands on their breasts—both gestures as contemporary as eternity. They, too, were ordered for the sarcophagus by Ahiram's successor, a dutiful son, who provided diversion as well as privacy for the departed. A French archeologist named Dussaud has identified these *danseuses du ventre* as "*pleureuses qui se frappent la poitrine*

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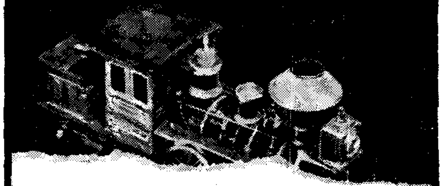

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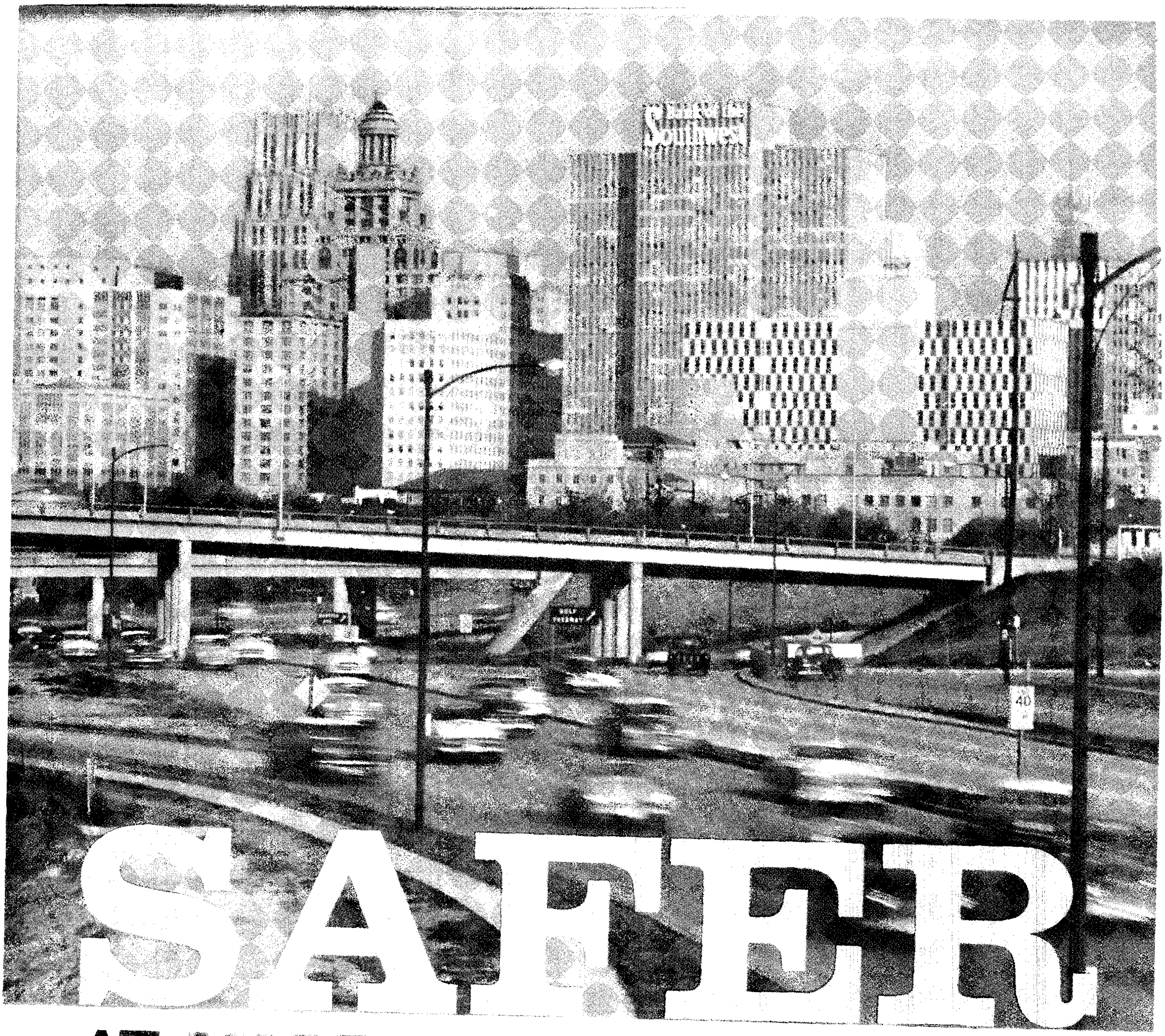

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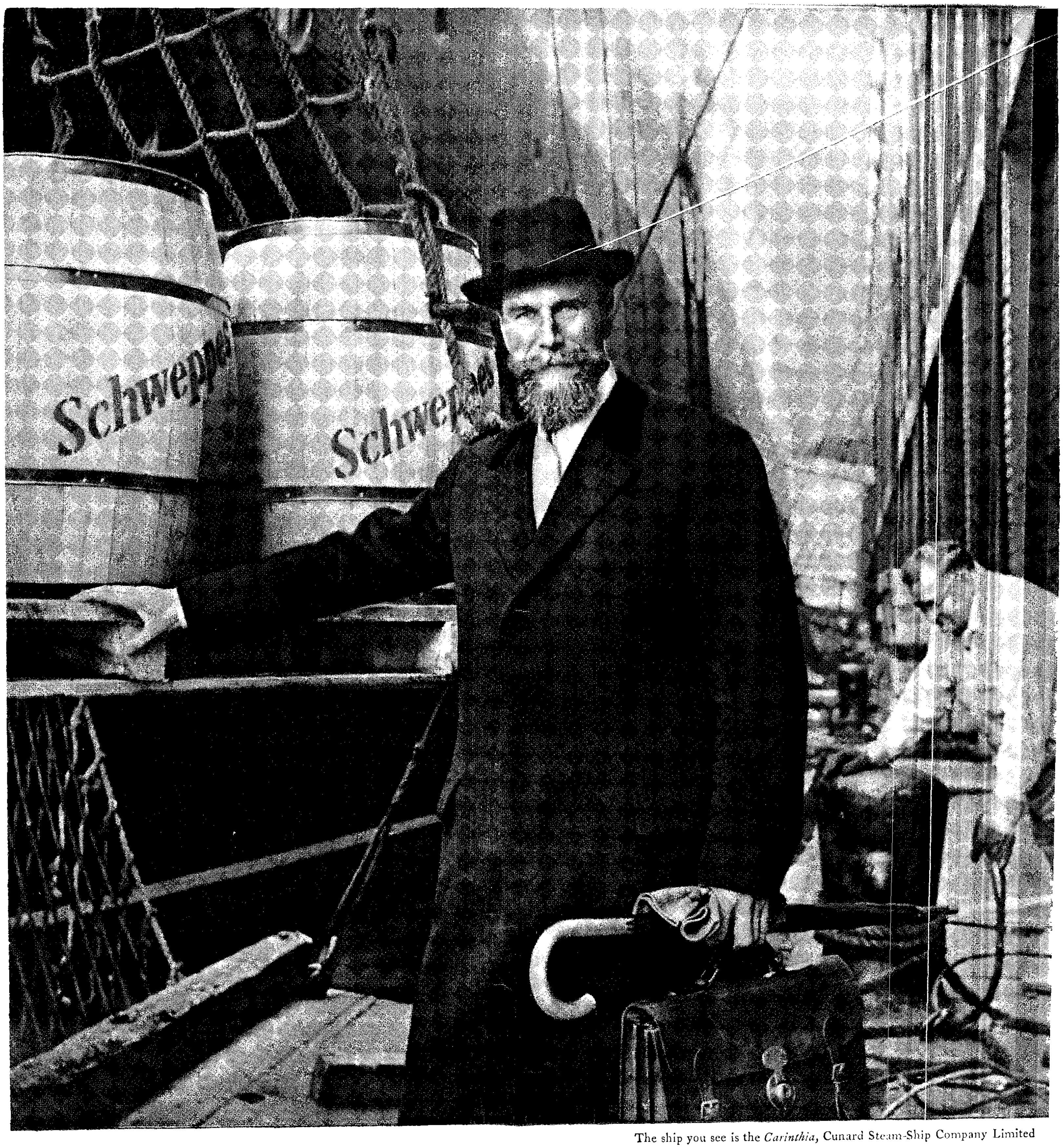

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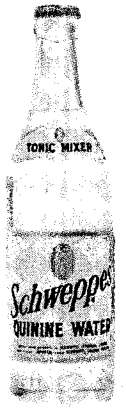
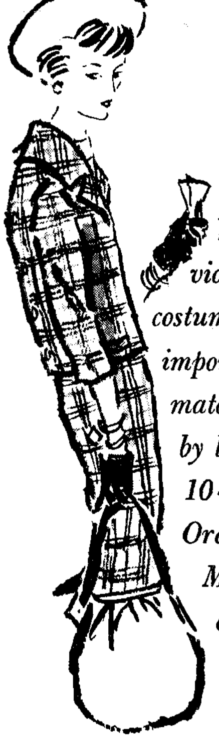


et arrachent leurs cheveux," making it clear that he failed to profit by evenings spent in the Middle East.

Driving on through this countryside so conducive to retrospection, Prevot and I soon arrived in Tripoli, where we rejoined the present. Tripoli, in contrast to Beirut, has had hard times. The Iraq Petroleum Company's refinery there was still shut down, because, its pipeline having been cut, it had no oil to refine. The port was stagnant, because no tankers arrived to take aboard the oil that was not there. Tripoli has no other port business, all its hinterland being in Syria. Old fiacres with coachmen wearing Turkish fezzes and Arab kaffiyehs ply the sleepy streets of the dusty city. Turning off the European-style main thoroughfare, we investigated a magnificently tangled Arab *souk*, with the usual network of covered alleys and the clangorous quarters of tinsmiths, pewterers, brassworkers, and the rest. "One would think oneself in a different country, and perhaps it wants to be one," Prevot said. The excitement of Beirut offers nothing to the loungers stuck in Tripoli, and the boom-town prosperity of the capital puts no money in their pockets. Prevot wanted to buy some cakes to take home to his wife, so we went into a pastry cook's shop (Tripoli produces the finest pastry in all Lebanon, a country of confectioners), where pictures of Nasser hung on the walls, as in every other shop we looked into, and where the proprietor told us, "If you let it be known that you have a job open for a laborer at fifty Lebanese pounds [seventeen dollars] a month, there will be a long waiting line in the morning."

We got back in the car, and Prevot drove a mile or so north of the city to show me one of Lebanon's best refugee camps—the Beddawi. Here, on the brow of a hill from which the sea was visible, UNRWA had managed to provide the occupants with building materials and plans, from which they had fashioned individual huts of brick and plaster—some, for large families, with two or three rooms, and some with walls around minute back yards and (Prevot called my attention especially to this refinement) private latrines. Women kept fowl and had their own bake ovens behind their houses. Prevot pointed out that, unlike refugees in some of the more isolated camps, these people had not lost contact with their kind; the men went out to work when work was available, and earned enough so that the women could go in to town to shop and sometimes even take in a movie. Some of the Beddawi refugees had mar-



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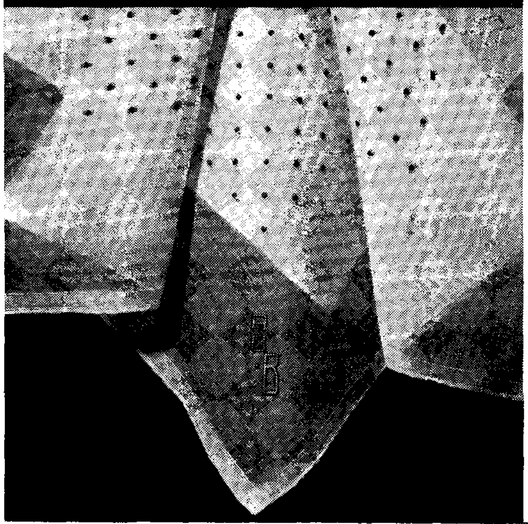

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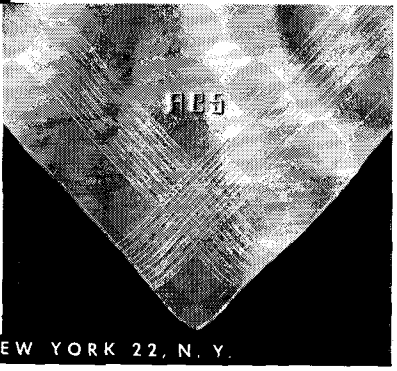

He helped shrink the earth

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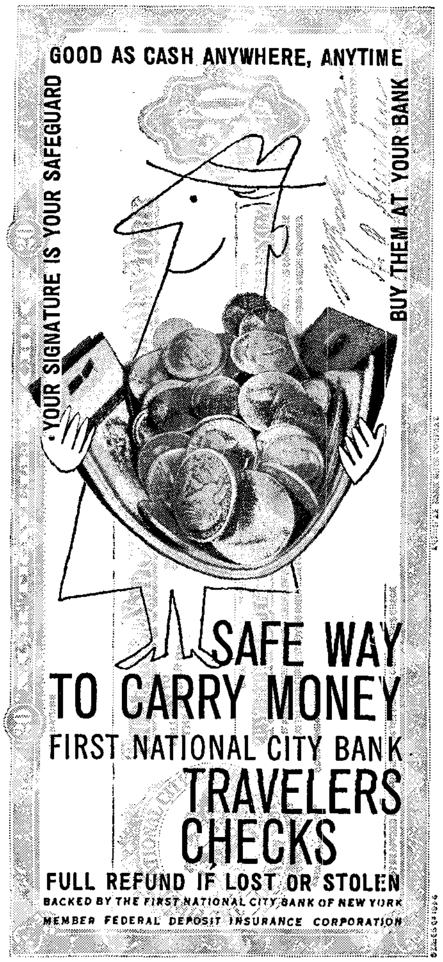
ried into Lebanese families. One we spoke with said that he thought the greater part of the people in the camp would be content to settle down in Lebanon for good, since they had heard that the Israelis had changed the character of the country they came from. "For our children's sake, we would do it," he told us. "They must have a chance to make something of their lives. Ours are finished. But we must be paid for our losses in Palestine. How else could men with naked hands make their way in a country like this, which is already overpopulated? If we were given payment for the lands and the shops and houses we have lost, we could start over again. In Lebanon, a man with money is welcome. But without money, or kin who can help him, what hope?"

ON Tuesday, Michael Hacking, the chief UNRWA press officer, took me to see the American consul, Frederick Bohne, to get the same species of form letter that the Lebanese had made me obtain from our consul in Athens. There it had been just a note to the effect that the United States government approved of my journey, but when we reached Bohne's office, he said that the Jordanians also required an affidavit of church affiliation. So there I was with the old dilemma. I had once got by the Egyptian Consulate at Naples and, more recently, the Lebanese Embassy at Athens without saying I was a Christian. I determined to remain in the tradition of the great English traveller Charles Montagu Doughty, who tried to get to Mecca without saying he wasn't. I should have remembered that Doughty hadn't got there.

I asked Bohne what he thought my chances would be if I gave my oath that I was an agnostic. He said he was sure it wouldn't work; the Jordanians would interpret it as meaning that I was a Jew. I was beginning to think that I was making too much of an issue of the whole thing—after all, a wiser man than I had found Paris worth a Mass—and that I might as well swear to being a cross between a Mormon and a Brahma rooster, when Hacking proposed a new approach. Hacking is a Lancashireman *and* a Marlborough Old Boy, a blend that produces a rare combination of doggedness and hauteur. A bond already existed between us, for I had told him of a visit I made in 1941 to two bleak Lancashire towns named Ramsbottom and Rawtenstall, which he assured me nobody else outside Lancashire had ever mentioned in his hearing. Now he advised me to forget about the routine procedure while he went off to see



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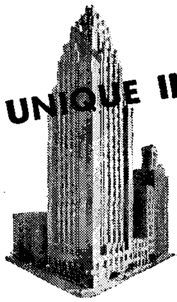

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NEXT TO CARNEGIE HALL

the Jordanian chargé d'affaires, who was a charming chap, and explain the whole situation. "Don't give it a thought," he said. "We'll have you on the plane Thursday."

That same evening, Hacking telephoned me at the Saint-Georges, where I by then had a recognized seat on the Rumor Exchange, and said that he had had a long and extravagantly genial *pourparler* with Abdul Hamid Siraj, Chargé d'Affaires at the Embassy in Lebanon of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, and that the diplomat had cordially rejected Hacking's *démarche* in my favor. The Chargé had said that he could not possibly grant me a visa without consulting the Foreign Office in Amman. It might be months before he received a reply, since Amman would have to request its Embassy in Washington to make inquiries into my past activities. Siraj had deplored the situation, and suggested that it would be less time-consuming for me to go to Washington and begin at the beginning. The Chargé begged permission to point out, however, that even in the event that the Jordanian Embassy there found my history satisfactorily innocuous (or that I embraced an acceptable form of religion in the meanwhile), a visa might not be issued without the consent of the Minister of the Interior, since my admission to the country presented a question of internal security.

"So it looks rather as if you'd had it," Hacking added, off his own bat. "It's too bad, because you're the only American I've ever met who's been to Rawtenstall." —A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the second of a series of three articles.*)

◆

KINGSTON, N. J., July 16 (UPI). —A marriage counsellor speaking at Kingston, the New Jersey Conference of Seventh Day Adventists released some "basic laws for the wife" as drawn up by a school teacher in the Fiji Islands. The laws were:

1. "Don't tell wife some story about some girls in past time. time, then growl.

3. Love her in always.

4. When she saying bad things, don't hear that. Keep away from her.

5. If she tell you something what she like, give it to her.

6. If she disobedient for three times, then give punishment."

Quoting the Fijian laws was 2. Don't growl at her when she done something wrong. Wait for Clifford Reeves, of Washington. He addressed the 55th summer conference.—*The News.*

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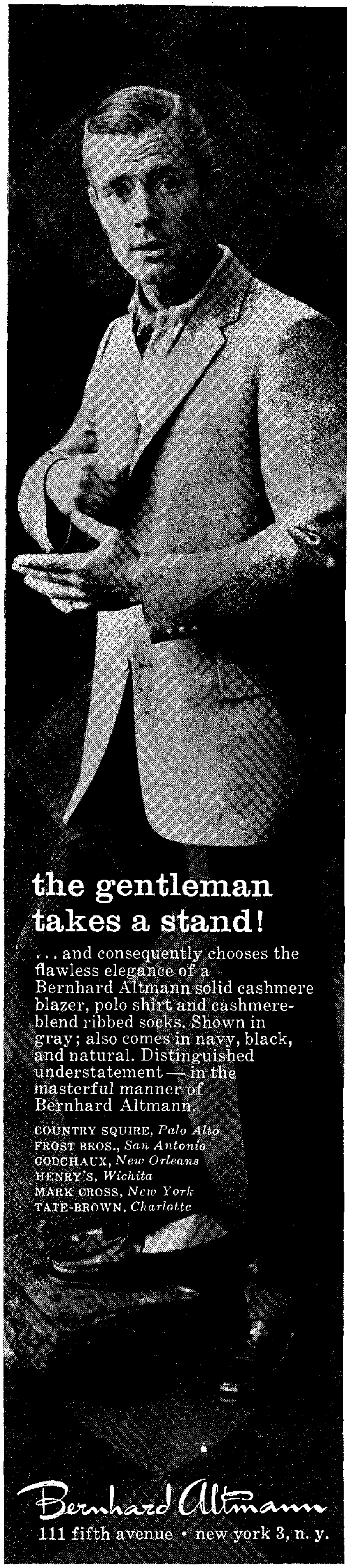

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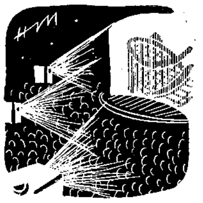
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Types, Types, Types



A VAST and sprawling movie has been fashioned from Norman Mailer's vast and sprawling novel "The Naked and the Dead." Obviously, no expense has been spared, no technical trick neglected, in this attempt to translate Mr. Mailer's thousands of hard and bitter words about war into thousands of feet of celluloid. Pictorially, "The Naked and the Dead" is a knockout. Wave after wave of assault craft land fully equipped armies on tropical beaches. The jungles are thick and steamy. Rivers that must be forded are seemingly impassable. When a snake bites a soldier and, almost at once, the soldier dies, screaming and in fits, none but the most insensitive can help feeling a sharp and anguished pang. When an American patrol sets out to reconnoitre behind the Japanese lines, grenade bursts turn the screen into an inferno. What, then, is missing? People are missing—real people, whose thoughts cannot be neatly divided into good thoughts and bad thoughts, noble thoughts and base thoughts. Denis and Terry Sanders, who wrote the screenplay, have presented us with a dull procession of stereotypes, and even the wiles and great skill of Raoul Walsh, the director, cannot bring them alive, except for a few scattered moments.

They're all here. We have Croft, the tough, cruel, almost maniacal sergeant (Aldo Ray), whose special delight is stealing gold from the teeth of dead Japanese, and whose advanced joy in killing stems from the infidelity of his wife, down on the farm back where he came from. Croft isn't really a killer, see, he's just a monumentally frustrated chap, and beneath the surface anyone with the inclination or the courage to scratch him would find a natural-born leader, who would never ask his men to perform a task he would not himself perform. There's the ninety-day wonder Lieutenant Hearn (Cliff Robertson), whose philosophy is wholly noble: love for one's fellow-man will conquer all, including war itself. There is Brigadier General Cummings (Raymond Massey), whose one bright star is the symbol of his dedication to the Army system. "Make the men hate and fear

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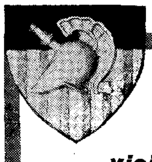

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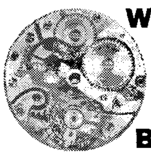

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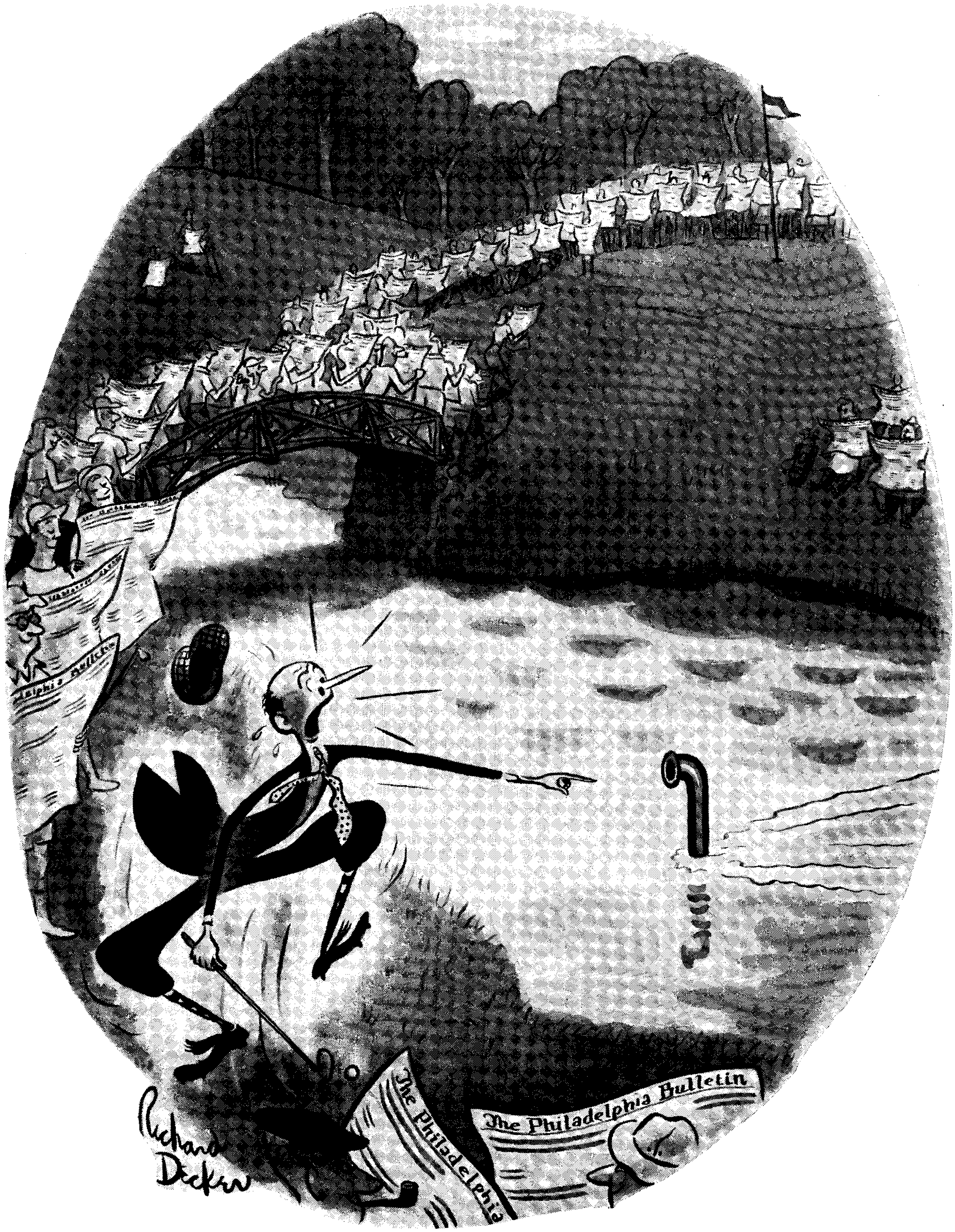
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TRAVEL QUIZ

Monkeys are used as laborers in:

☐ *Malaya* ☐ *Australia* ☐ *Morocco*

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☐ *Eire* ☐ *Peru* ☐ *Mexico*

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you. There is no other way," he says in one of his endless colloquies with Lieutenant Hearn, his aide. "The men must love you," says Hearn, his starched blouse as unwrinkled as his mind. And then, of course, there are other characters, equally two-dimensional, among them a succession of young women (brought to us via flashbacks) in various tantalizing poses, calculated to inflame the minds of the boys at the front. The actors do the best they can with the gluey roles assigned them, and the film bumps along interminably to a noisy final battle.

STILL another version of Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities" has been produced, this time by the J. Arthur Rank Organization. It is faithful to the Master. It shows us the required quota of mad revolutionaries streaming through the blood-soaked streets of Paris; the cruel aristocracy, with its fine lace and its Cro-Magnon outlook; Lucie Manette, in all her sweet, sad reasonableness; Sydney Carton, with his ever-present bottle and his tragic nobility of spirit; Mme. Defarge, with her wicked knitting and vengeful, cuckoo eyes. And yet the film never truly rouses itself until the very end, when poor old Sydney mounts the platform of the guillotine to tell all the world that it is a far, far better thing he is doing . . .

Dirk Bogarde is a casual, attractive Carton, in a boozily abstracted way; Dorothy Tutin is an unobtrusive, fetching Lucie; Rosalie Crutchley plays Mme. Defarge as though her very life depended on it; and Cecil Parker is outstanding as Jarvis Lorry, the ubiquitous banker.

IN "Law and Disorder," Robert Morley, as a judge (representing order), and Michael Redgrave, as a *summa cum laude* con man (representing disorder), have turned their considerable talents to a slight and inconsequential British comedy. The plot manages to be both painfully simple and painfully obtuse, and the jokes, for my money, fail to come off. Still, Redgrave and Morley are fun in almost *anything*, and you may find a few scattered moments of gaiety. . . . "Lovers and Thieves" is Sacha Guitry's ultimate work, but, sadly, it is no lasting monument to the great cynic, being a bit of Gallic fluff that, except for the performance of Michel Serrault as a dedicated career thief, offers little but wooden characterizations and labored situations.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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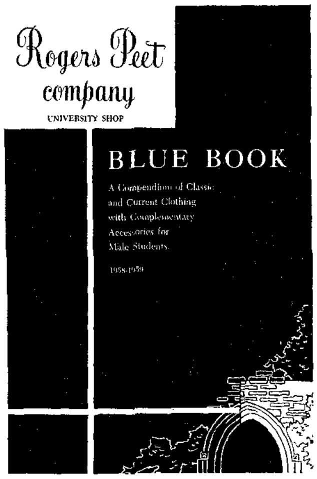
MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz

ALMOST without exception, the second annual Great South Bay Jazz Festival, which consisted of five evening concerts, held in an open-sided sailing ship of a tent in Great River, Long Island, over the last weekend of July and the first of August, was, for a combination of who knows what reasons—fitful production, bad weather, the doldrums of a gray, wet summer, a general lack of musical inspiration—a desultory, aimless affair that made last year's Festival, which included extraordinarily sustained, often impassioned work by Coleman Hawkins, Yank Lawson, Jimmy Giuffre, and Charlie Mingus, seem a legendary event. This year, performance after performance turned out to be either uncooked or exasperatingly dull.

The South Bay Seven (with Rex Stewart on cornet, Jerome Richardson on flute and baritone saxophone, and Benny Morton on trombone), which opened the Festival, played eight numbers that alternated between vague, rather dumpy Ellingtonish selections and stuttering, rackety free-for-alls (every one of them hobbled by a spiritless rhythm section) that were briefly improved by Richardson, who, making his way vigorously upstream, contributed to a slow "Tin Roof Blues" a solo with a yearning, hallooing climax that was, in the circumstances, stunning. The following weekend, a quartet led by the baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams (Kenny Burrell was on guitar, George Duvivier on bass, and Elvin Jones on drums) did half a dozen numbers that went on and on in a heated monotone, like an enormous freight train. Adams has a curiously muffled, oblique tone, as if his notes evaporated when they hit open air, and he plays in the manner of the hard-boppers (fast, skidding runs, thick but staccato phrases, and an almost indiscernible rhythm), who are apt to float around for twenty choruses whether they have something in mind or not. The Fletcher Henderson All-Stars (eighteen strong, with Joe Thomas and Taft Jordan on trumpets, Morton and Dickie Wells on trombones, Hilton Jefferson and Buddy Tate on saxophones, and Stewart as leader) played with a volume that was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This is a random passage from an exciting new book called *Television News Reporting*, prepared by the CBS News organization, illustrated (lightly) by Robert Osborn, and published by McGraw-Hill. It describes the breathtaking business of electronic journalism, the only form of journalism which can catapult you visually into the midst of an event at the moment it is taking place. To find out the kind of nervous system, intelligence and enterprise required of the CBS News staff to bring today's turbulent world into your home, run, don't walk, to your nearest bookstore.

If, like Edward R. Murrow on *Person to Person*, you have 20 million people watching every gesture and hanging on every word, you better be mighty careful about what you say. A few Friday nights ago Murrow, as is his custom, said "I'll be back in *exactly* 30 seconds." Well, he wasn't. He was back in 40. And the CBS switchboard was jammed with people waiting to tell him so. That's the thing about television: when you get the nation's attention, you get it *undivided*.

CBS

equalled only by its raggedness. The saxophones kept stepping on each other, the trumpet section wavered and bleated, and most of the rhythm section was inaudible beneath the slamming, abrasive drumming of Mousie Alexander, all of which converted a spacious and pleasant new work by Stewart and Dick Cary, called "Georgia Sketches," into a shambles.

On the final night of the Festival, Charlie Mingus, heading a group made up of Shafi Hadi on alto and tenor saxophones, Horace Parlan on piano, Jimmie Knepper on trombone, and Danny Richmond on drums, worked his way through three superior numbers, which included a blues ingeniously hooked up to an extremely attractive melody, several rhythms, breaks, and some first-rate solos. (A fourth number was centered on an actor, Melvin Stewart, who, accompanied by Mingus on piano, read some bad poems.) And then, the pot on the lip of boiling, the group packed up and left. The evening was closed by Duke Ellington, who delivered a new four-part piece, "The Great South Bay Jazz Festival Suite," consisting of an Afro-Cuban number, a reshaping of "Rosetta," and a long blues in two sections. This had some flowing trombone figures pitted against the solo horn of Harry Carney, two excellent choruses of muted, wah-wah trombone by Quentin Jackson, and a solo by Paul Gonsalves. Gonsalves, like Pepper Adams, got caught in his own momentum, but he was eventually carried along by the band, which began developing, with a series of arch, tight brass figures, an irresistible rocking motion, and then, just as the tent seemed about to be puffed away, stopped. For the next dozen numbers, Ellington fell back on such things as an absurd Spanish pirouette featuring the trumpet of Cat Anderson, who squeaked mightily; a couple of numbers from his "A Drum Is a Woman;" a number called "Hi Fi Fo Fum" and built around an interminable basso-profundo tomtom solo by Sam Woodyard (who handled every number as if he were breaking rocks); and, finally, in the fashion of Guy Lombardo, a long medley of Ellington numbers, all of them celebrated and lovely songs that were barely stated before being swept beneath the carpet to make way for the next number. The band, undismayed as always, played impeccably.

The major exceptions during the two weekends were forceful. On the opening night, the dancers named Al Minns and Leon James strutted, slid, stomped,

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and spun their way through eighteen jazz numbers, accompanied by recordings that included a Fletcher Henderson side, dating back to the thirties, with a piercing, majestic Roy Eldridge solo that, unfortunately, was the best thing of its kind during the whole Festival. They were followed by the Modern Jazz Quartet, which during half of its ten numbers battled a thunderstorm that pushed the rain right through the canvas. The results were tonic, for the group performed with a brashness and lift that brought each of its pieces—particularly the "D. & E. Blues," "I'll Remember April," "The Golden Striker," and the new "Festival Sketch"—into perfect balance, so that Conny Kay's meticulous drumming (he is probably the most precise jazz drummer of all time), Milt Jackson's long, quavering lines, and John Lewis's hesitant, lyric piano formed a liquid, moving counterpoint that in time seemed to effortlessly still the din. On the second night of the final weekend, the pianist Cecil Taylor, accompanied by Sylvester Gandy on bass and Dennis Charles on drums, played four of his own compositions. It was a remarkable performance. Taylor's music is, in the main, unclassifiable. It is an improvised atonal music that has jazz rhythms more often implied than stated, and forms that appear to be strictly his own. An expert, classically trained pianist, he plays with a hammering intensity that never lets the listener rest for a moment. The result is a passionate, often grinding mixture of sounds, occasionally reminiscent of a bulging sample case of modern classical music, which, chockablock, range from graceful, lyric Debussy arpeggios to angry staccato chords that leap back and forth two or three octaves at a time. Yet his work invariably *suggests* jazz through its rhythms and attack, and appears, excitingly and furiously, to be trying to force its way to a level that has only been hinted at in the work of such modernists as Charlie Mingus and George Russell. Throughout Taylor's performance, the audience fidgeted, whispered, and wandered nervously in and out of the tent, as if the ground beneath had suddenly become unbearably hot.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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People-to-People Foundation, formed in 1956 at request of President Eisenhower to promote international understanding, dissolves having served its purpose.—*Philanthropic Digest.*

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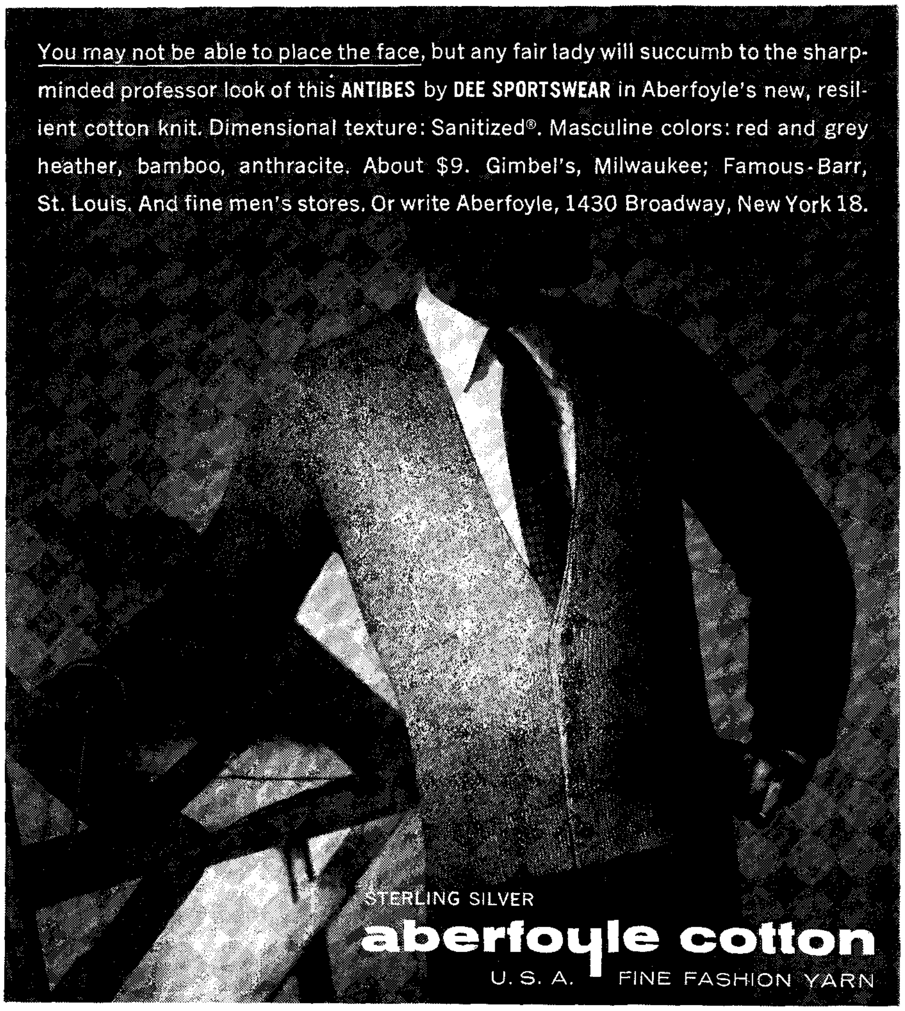
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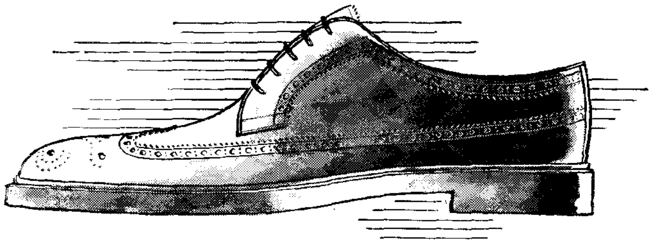
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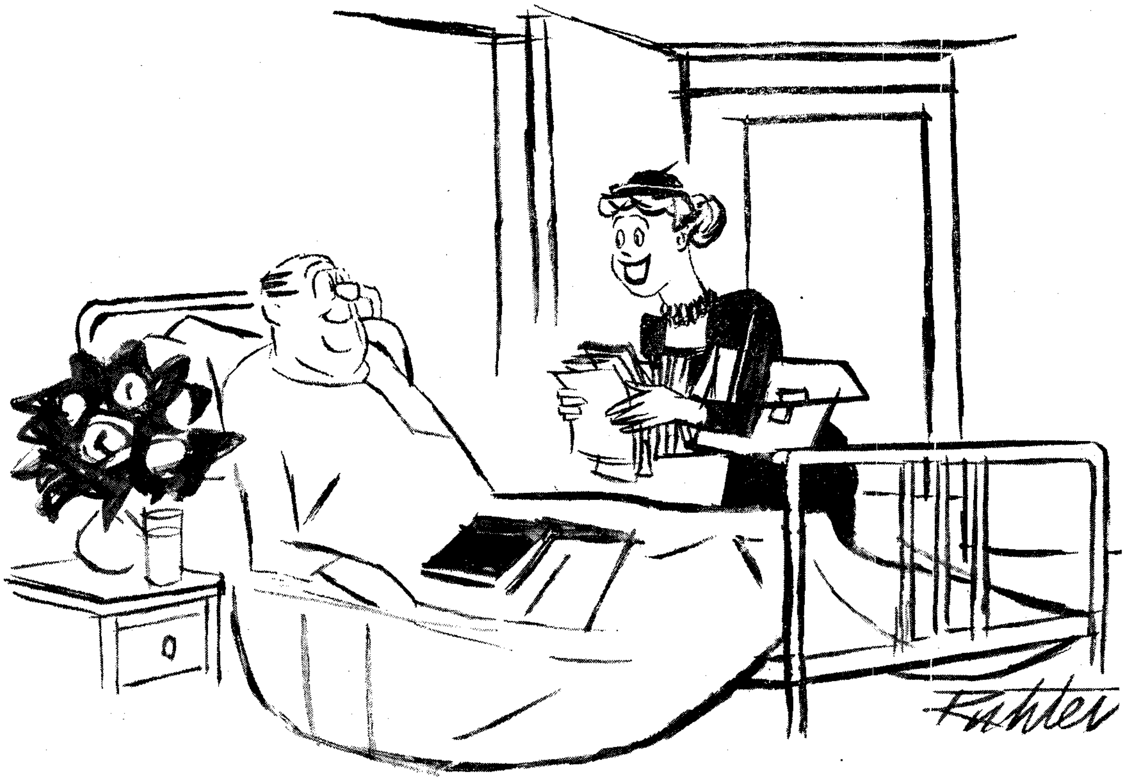
JOHN KNOX RIDES AGAIN

EIGHT tumultuous years have passed since I published in these columns my pioneering study of ecclesiastical names in New York City. It has been an eventful period in my field of research, as in most others. New materials have come to light, and new theories have been advanced. I feel that I cannot in good conscience avoid a reëxamination of my central thesis.

Perhaps there are people who do not recall—in detail, anyway—my original paper. Perhaps, too, there are some who never read it; after all, a great many Americans come to maturity in eight years. With them in mind, I will recapitulate as briefly as I can. In 1950, the year in which construction was begun on Lever House and Rodgers and Hammerstein won the Pulitzer Prize for "South Pacific," the data I had gathered led inescapably to the conclusion that it was essential for a successful Protestant clergyman—that is, a man holding one of New York's well-known pulpits, one of the sort whose sermons are advertised in Saturday's *Times* and reported in Monday's—to have and to use three names; e.g., the Reverend Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, of Marble Collegiate and National Broadcasting, and the Reverend Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell, of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian. "For an assistant rector of a Protestant church," I wrote, "or for the rector of one of the city's smaller, less celebrated churches, two names are sufficient. At least, a man can get by on them. In the large, fashionable churches, though, a three-decker name has been de rigueur for some time." (I was able to point out that this was no mere fad, such as the use of nouns like Candy and Taffy in the names of models. It had roots in the nineteenth century; e.g., the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher and the Reverend Irving DeWitt Talmadge.) I pointed out that almost the only current exceptions to my rule were a few men who bore *four* names and used two of them, along with two initials; e.g., the Reverend Dr. G. Paull T. Sargent, at St. Bartholomew's and the Right Reverend Horace W. B. Donegan, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

I released my original findings when I did partly because, like President Eisenhower, I have long felt that an informed public is vital to a free society, and also because I wished to warn a gifted but, as it seemed to me, naïve divine of the precariousness of his position. In 1950, the year in which some California scientists discovered the heaviest known element and called it "californium," the Reverend Donald Harrington had just succeeded the Reverend Dr. John Haynes Holmes at the venerable Community Church, where formerly he had been assistant. Though I knew of, and admired, the Reverend Mr. Harrington from the many accounts of his work that I had read in secular and sectarian publications, I had never had the good fortune to meet him, and I simply had no idea whether his parents had given him a middle name. All I knew was that if he possessed one, he never used it—which had, of course, been all right as long as he was only an assistant to Dr. Holmes. When I saw that he was still going around as Donald Harrington, I sensed his peril right away and sought to bring it to his attention in the public press. The situation seemed to me to call for plain speaking. I wrote that I was "forced to conclude that he is in for a rough time of it in his new job. Unless he wakes up soon and gets himself something to go between 'the Reverend Donald' and the 'Harrington'—as 'Haynes' went between the 'Dr. John' and the 'Holmes' in his famous predecessor's name—he will find the odds heavily against him." Frankly, I did not expect him to last. When I spoke privately, in my immediate circle of friends, I gave him six months at the outside.

AS things have turned out, it would be easy to conclude that I was needlessly alarmed and much too dogmatic about all this. Here we are in 1958, and the Reverend Donald Harrington is still at the Community Church. Columbus Circle has changed beyond recognition, the Baltimore & Ohio is no longer with us, a space dog has passed over the city at eighteen thousand miles an hour, the Dodgers are in Los Angeles, a great new land route to Buffalo has been opened up—all manner of things that once seemed unthinkable have come to pass. Yet the Reverend Mr. Harrington has survived on Thirty-fifth Street—as naked, nearly, as a jaybird. Some of my critics have taunted me with this, and several have seized upon it to argue that it disproves my thesis. I do not believe that I was wrong. With all due respect to my critics, some of whom are anything but lacking in distinction, I believe that



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they fail to take into account two factors of crucial importance. One is the Reverend Mr. Harrington himself; the other is the eternal principle of change in human affairs. I am perfectly willing to concede that in 1950 I did not take them sufficiently into account myself, but I was breaking new ground, and it is hardly surprising, as I see it, that not *all* my prophecies should have been fulfilled. I knew then that the Reverend Mr. Harrington was a man of conviction, but I was in no position to take the full measure of his strength of will and his intense individuality. I was later to learn that his moral courage and his intellectual integrity were the envy of all who knew him well. He is a leading civil-libertarian and National Chairman, if you please, of the Workers Defense League. I have since been told that he coolly determined, in the period of rampant conformity in 1950, when the late Senator McCarthy became a national figure, to stand against the tide, and he valiantly did so. I cannot believe that it was easy for him, but he has never been one, as I now know, to choose the easy way. *Ad astra per aspera* might well be his motto. In any case, he decided to face down conformists of all sorts, and in the end he was vindicated. It is encouraging to know that there is still a role for the resolute individual in our society.

I do not wish to detract in any way from the saga of the Reverend Mr. Harrington's valor. It has been an inspiration to others as well as to me. But I think it might be pointed out that his heroic defiance was made just a *mite* easier by the fact that, even as I wrote and even as he took over from Dr. Holmes, certain currents were running that neither he nor I could have been aware of. These currents were subsequently to gain a greatly increased force, and I sometimes think that both Mr. Harrington and I may share a certain credit, if credit it be, for this acceleration—he by his example, I by my precepts.

Whether this is so or not, I can now state with assurance and ample documentation that the three-name rule is no longer inviolable. In fact, it may be on its way out. I noticed the first sign when, not too long after the publication of my paper, the Reverend Dr. Robert James McCracken, successor to the great Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick at Riverside Church, began listing himself in the *Times* Religious Services as the Reverend Robert J. McCracken. Here is a man whose case I had discussed at length who went voluntarily from three names to two and an initial,

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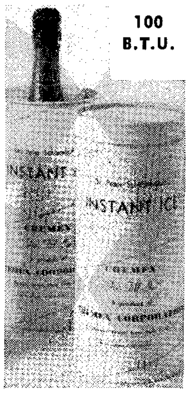

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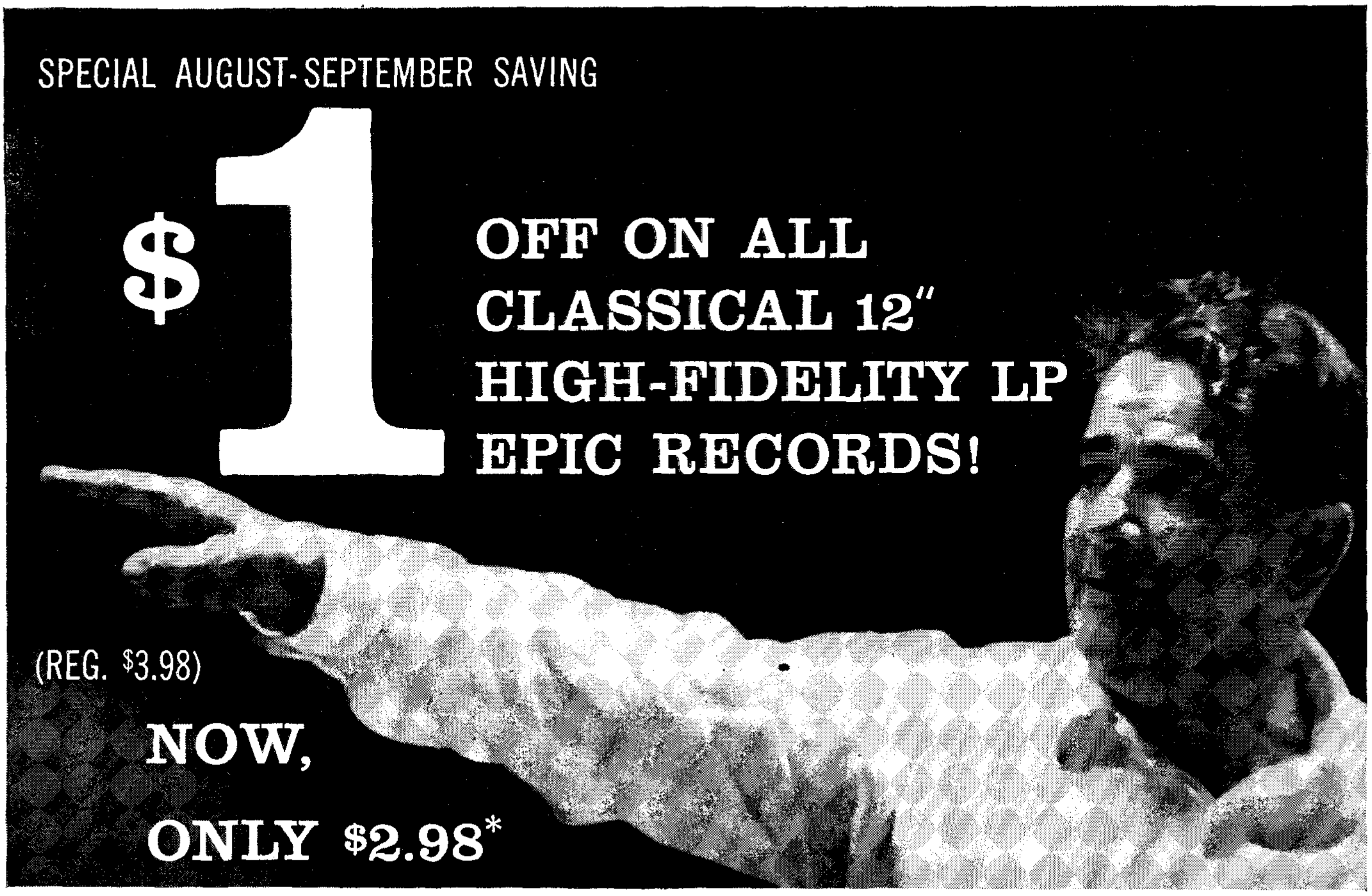
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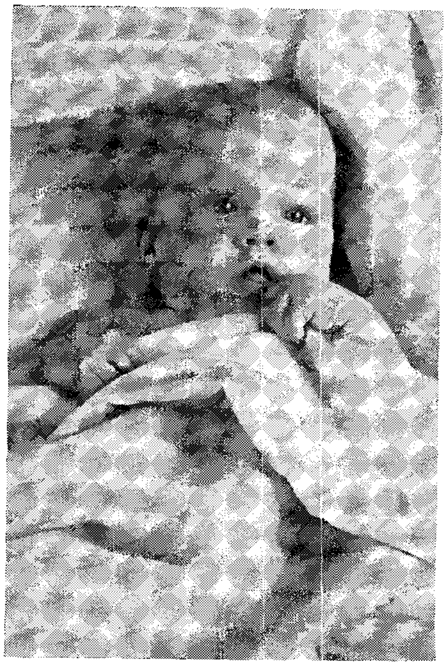
and, so far as I know, has not once wavered.

I do not, of course, mean that everyone has followed suit. Not at all. The old guard is still with us. The Reverend Dr. Peale is still Norman Vincent, the Reverend Dr. Bonnell is still John Sutherland. But the trend is now unmistakably the other way. In some cases, three-name men have followed the Reverend Dr. McCracken's example and dropped a name (or all but its initial), and in others, the three-name men have been replaced by two-namers. At the Church of the Epiphany, the rector once known as the Reverend Mr. Hugh Douglas McCandless has now dropped the Douglas entire and is the Reverend Mr. Hugh McCandless. At St. Bartholomew's, the late Reverend Dr. G. Paull T. Sargent has been succeeded—most ably, I am given to understand—by the Reverend Dr. Terence J. Finlay. A really striking case is that of Calvary Baptist, famous in the twenties for the rousing sermons of the Reverend Dr. John Roach Straton, where, at the time I wrote, the Reverend Dr. William Ward Ayer had just resigned and the "acting minister" was the Reverend H. Clay Mitchell. I predicted in 1950 that the Reverend Mr. Mitchell's tenure would be very short. I hazarded the guess that the elders were even then in search of something a bit more impressive. Events were to prove me right. Within a matter of months, Mitchell was out, and a clergyman with the magnificent clerical name of John Summerfield Wimbish was installed at Calvary. In earlier years, I have always pointed to this example of my prescience whenever anyone has thrown the Reverend Donald Harrington in my face. But times have changed, and now the Reverend Mr. Wimbish has yielded to acting pastor Richard R. Hamilton. The Reverend Dr. Theodore Cuyler Speers still carries on at Central Presbyterian, but at St. Stephen's the Reverend Ernest K. Nicholson is worthily filling the gaiters of the Reverend Joseph Wilson Sutton. At Madison Avenue Baptist, the Reverend Dr. Ralph Walker has proved a most capable replacement for the Reverend Dr. George Caleb Moore. At the Church of the Ascension, ably ministered in 1950 by the Reverend Roscoe Thornton Foust, a worthy and modestly named successor has been found in the person of the Reverend James W. Kennedy. At St. Peter's Chelsea, the Reverend Edward Chandler has taken over from the Reverend Richard A. D. Beaty. At Trinity, we find the Reverend John Heuss in place of the Rev-



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erend Frederic Sydney Fleming. In Brooklyn—Brooklyn, famed Borough of Churches—the Reverend Phillips Packer Elliott remains at First Presbyterian, unashamed, but at First Unitarian, the Reverend John Howland Lathrop has given up his place to the Reverend Donald W. McKinney, of whom one hears splendid reports.

I regret to say that I am unable to report fully on the situation at Holy Trinity in Brooklyn. There, over the last eight years, the Reverend Dr. John Howard Melish and his son and assistant, the Reverend William Howard Melish, have been involved in an in-again-out-again-Finnegan with the bishop, the vestry, and the courts. The problem seems to have something to do with the political stands taken by the Melishes. Charges of "Communist sympathies" and "black reaction" are hurled back and forth. The church authorities seem to want the Melishes out, but the Melishes want in. The whole matter is constantly in litigation and is too much for even a scholar to follow. I have observed, though, that most of those who fill in as supply ministers at Holy Trinity are either two-name or two-and-an-initial men. When the whole matter gets straightened out, I may file an amendment to this report.

I COULD go on, but I think I have established the nature and extent of the change. Eight years ago, one searched almost in vain through the Religious Services of the *Times* for a man who did not bear a club-sandwich name. Today such men are in a minority. There was nothing essentially wrong with my thesis in 1950, and I see no reason for apologies or retractions now. It had its faults, but what doesn't? I never pretended it would hold good for all eternity.

We are in a period of transition. The old order hasn't entirely yielded, but it is giving place to the new. Three-name men are still to be found in our better churches, but they are on the defensive. Opportunity awaits the two-namers. There is no hard-and-fast rule. When there is one, you will, I can promise you, hear about it.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

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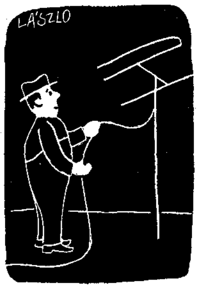
THE AIR

Buck, Allen, and Keiter

“POPPED up!” said Jack Buck one day not long ago, during a telecast of a Los Angeles-Pittsburgh baseball game over Channel 13. The ball had just left the bat and the screen, and Mr. Buck's audience had no visual way of knowing what would become of it. As noted here once before, watching a ball game on television is something like watching one through a knothole. “He was fooled by a change-up,” the announcer went on, without waiting for the cameras to complete their clumsy job of piecing the play together. “Should be an easy out.” What he was telling the knotholers was what they would have known for themselves at that moment if they'd been inside the ballpark. It seems to be Mr. Buck's idea that this is what the viewers want—to be able to follow a game as though they were seeing it in person. It's an odd idea, in local baseball television. It violates the traditional code of practice hereabouts, which calls for overlaying the natural suspense of a good game with various kinds of bogus suspense. Since a fan watching baseball through what amounts to a hole in the fence is bound to be in doubt about certain details, let him—the code says—stay in doubt as long as possible; maybe he likes it that way. You might as well give him a seat back of first base as tell him things like “Should be an easy out.”



Mr. Buck, a new “caller” around here, has been slipping subversive tips to the viewers all summer, in an offhand but accurate way. As you probably know, he calls the games that the Giants and the Dodgers play in Pittsburgh and St. Louis. (He does other chores, for other audiences, but these are the ones we can follow on Channel 13.) “That'll be a routine catch for Mays,” he'll say. Or, when a runner is trying to go from first base to third on a single to center field, “Flood has a real good chance to throw him out.” (As it happened, Flood threw the runner out. The television audience was ready for the play as soon as the ballpark audience was, and sooner than the cameraman, who barely caught the finish of it with a sudden twist to port.) Or Mr. Buck may say, “Musial's up next. They're gonna walk him.” (As it turned out, they did.) Or, when the crowd's noise shows that Snider has driven the ball for distance, “That's hit a long way. But”—calmly and without pausing—“Clemente's gonna get it.” (Clemente got it, at the foot of the wall.) To do justice to Snider's power, and also to provide the kind of information that can give the television audience at least one small advantage over the ballpark audience, Mr. Buck went on to say that the blow would have been a home run in Milwaukee or St. Louis or Chicago—“everywhere in the league, in fact, except here [Pittsburgh] and Los Angeles.”

From the cool, quick forecast of Clemente's catch, we take you to Channel 11 and the pulse-stopping music of Mel Allen. “That ball is going, going . . . He catches it, folks, in a truly fantastic play!” cries Mr. Allen, who covers the Yankees' games on radio and television. In the case in question, I won't say that Mickey Mantle caught the ball in his hip pocket. But it did look, by the time the television camera picked him up, as though he had had the situation well in hand from the start. Mr. Allen has demonstrated over the years that he understands baseball well and loves it dearly. Therefore, if he chooses to specialize in suspense, in cliff-hanger plots, it's probably not because he doesn't know what will happen to the ball and the hero in the end but because he takes a showman's delight in unnerving his public. He also, I think, likes to communicate in extraordinary terms just for the sake of doing so. Here's a short flight of his that I noted down during a game a few years ago. (It took place in the midst of a lull in the action, while the rival managers were stopping to think. “By sending Mize to the bat rack, Stengel may have kept Boudreau from replacing Brown, because— You see, Collins is a left-handed hitter. That means that Mize, being a left-handed hitter— Well, we've got a right-handed pitcher in there now, but if Boudreau had called in a southpaw— Of course, Collins is a left-handed hitter, too. But what this might mean— Well, of course, it may mean nothing at all.” In times of action, the Yankee announcer weighs his language even more carefully. As far as I know, he's the only man in television who has ever worked out a formal rating of the medium's two favorite words. “It's fantastic," Mr. Allen said a year or so ago about something that had just happened at Yankee Stadium—another competent catch by Mantle, perhaps. "No, I'd better call it fabulous. That's the bigger word."

If some of the thrills that Mr. Allen creates for his listeners by the use of suspense are phantom thrills, at least they are produced on the spur of the moment. They are the spontaneous work of a passionate ad-libber who hints at possibilities while they are still possibilities. But there's another form of artificial stimulation in the trade, which is a good deal more tricky. This is what might be called the reconstructed red herring, or the predated phantom thrill. You'll run across it on Les Keiter's radio broadcasts of the Giants' games over WINS. The Keiter broadcasts are what are known as re-creations; that is, since the Giants are long gone from our town and WINS is still here, play-by-play reports of the games are telegraphed to New York and expanded in the studio for the benefit of the local audience. "There's a sharp-hit ground ball!" I heard Mr. Keiter say excitedly at four-twenty-five the other afternoon. "It looks like it might go through! No, Bressoud's got it! He starts the double play! That saves the run!" As well as I could calculate, Bressoud, in Chicago, had snapped up the grounder and started the double play at approximately two-forty-five our time. "The ball is sailing toward the left-field fence!" shouted Mr. Keiter at five-o-five, or thereabouts. "It could be out of here! No . . . no . . . Wagner's right back at the fence, and he grabs it!" Wagner had grabbed it, I figured, at about three-twenty-five. The use of that sort of posthumous suspense is meant, I guess, to increase the appeal of the broadcasts. It's hard to prove that it doesn't. (Recent ratings placed the WINS ball games at the top of the list of local radio shows.) I'd like to think that it was the lingering popularity of the Giants in New York and their unexpected strength in the pennant race, rather than Mr. Keiter's ill-timed excitement, that accounted for this. After all, the special merit of a radio description of a baseball game—the thing that can make it a better and sounder report, to my mind, than all but the most wisely handled baseball telecasts—is its capacity for honest detail, its ability, within certain limits, to show you everything you'd see and know if you were at the game. At its best, a radio version ignores nothing, misstates nothing, and leaves no gaps in the scen-

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ery. At its most frivolous, it fakes crises an hour and forty minutes after they failed to occur.

A ball game on television, of course, has a potential, and a stock of raw natural assets, that radio baseball can't match. Under the management of a dryly exact and skillful caller like Mr. Buck, the televised game surpasses everything but the genuine, first-hand article itself. As you may have guessed, I'm partial to Mr. Buck's work in this field. The one thing he lacks is style—and there's not much of that in any New York baseball broadcasting. You have to go a good way out of town and listen to Dizzy Dean on the Columbia network's "Game of the Week" to get it. Mr. Buck, in a certain situation, might say, "Slaughter was playing fairly shallow, and the ball went over his head." Mr. Allen might say, "Slaughter made a truly great try for the ball." Mr. Dean, a few Sundays ago, said, "I'll tell you this, boy, old Enos really got loosed up on that one. We seen his Number Seventeen for about five minutes while he chased it."

—JOHN LARDNER

•

NEW YORK CITY—The Henry Hudson Hotel today announced a new luxury in hotel accommodations—the twin-bathed bedroom. Designed for domestic tranquillity as well as efficiency, the Henry Hudson now has 113 guest rooms equipped with two bathrooms, Albert F. Koenig, general manager, revealed.

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CLEAR DAYS ON THE HUMAN SCENE

[*From the Washington Post & Times Herald*]

A guest preacher at the Bethesda First Baptist Church yesterday compared the Russians with the ancient Spartans and said they too are "subhumanly unfit to rule mankind."

The Rev. Dr. William R. Barnhart, Chairman of the Department of Religion and Philosophy at Hood College, Frederick, Md., told in a sermon how the Russians have neglected human values.

"I didn't see a lawnmower in Russia," he said, "and there are very few automobiles."

"A ROMANTIC DELIGHT!"
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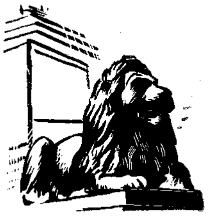
LETTER FROM LONDON

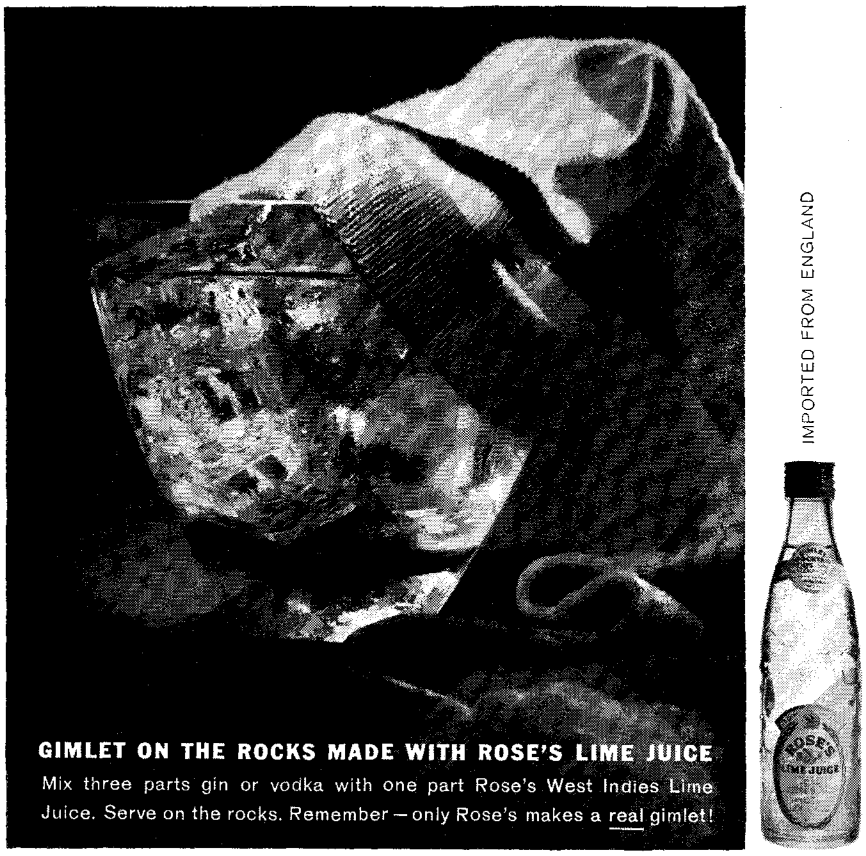
AUGUST 6



THE first reactions here to the news that the summit meeting is off and that the Middle East question is to be thrown into the wrangling hurly-burly of the General Assembly were all unpleasant, and mostly—strange to say—surprised. It is true that the delays, the ditherings, and the recriminations exchanged by some of the parties concerned had made many exasperated English feel that if the meeting really got going on August 12th it would be a miracle, but the idea of its being allowed to drop entirely had apparently not entered people's minds. Presumably, the Government will echo President Eisenhower's acceptance of the calling together of a special session of the General Assembly right away. The main public response, though, will certainly be one of deep disappointment. To judge by what is being said in the first private discussions, not all English opinion is going to take the view that the entire responsibility for the disappearance of the summit conference into the blue can be laid at the door of Mr. Khrushchev. On the contrary, the feeling has been all along that while the Russians never truly wanted such a meeting, in spite of their sudden, startling invitation, Mr. Dulles and the Americans wanted it even less, and that if the thing showed signs of coming off, it would be largely owing to British insistence. Well, all that is over now, and the likelihood of a drawn-out propaganda marathon in the General Assembly (which has been disparagingly regarded here ever since the Suez episode) is viewed without much hope.

The Khrushchev bombshell on the summit meeting went off with an especially loud bang in the present lethargic August calm, with Parliament away for its long vacation, and the headlines and the public's anxious attention concentrating on the sudden ugly turn of events in Cyprus, where British soldiers have been shot in the back during the past week. Before the House of Commons rose on Friday, worried members on the Opposition side requested that, since their vacation was due to stretch on until October 23rd, by which time things might have changed in several

SUMMER'S MOST CHILLING EXPERIENCE!



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*the art of being a good mixer

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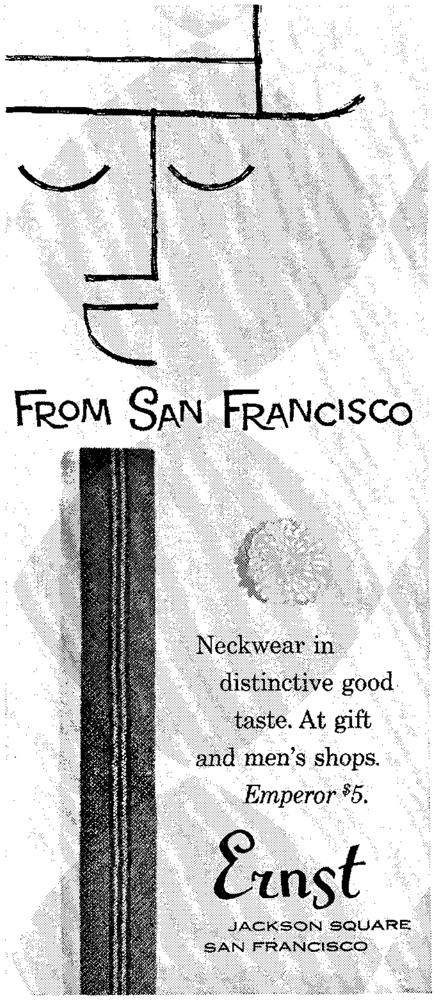

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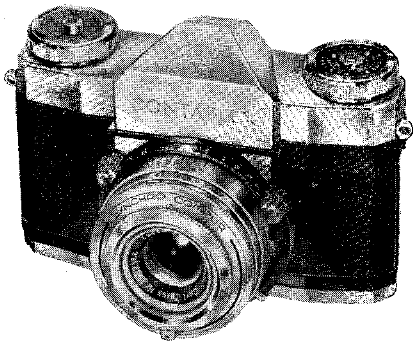

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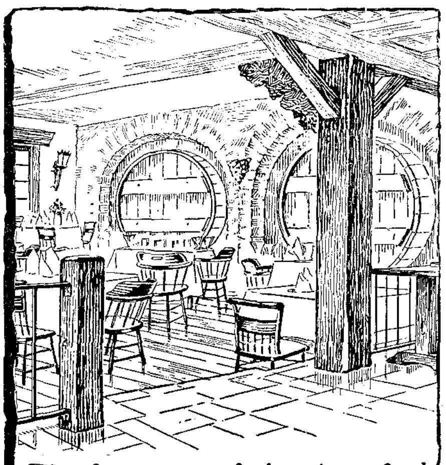
directions, the Government undertake to call Parliament back in the event of a national emergency. No one seems to know whether a large hole in the air where a summit should be quite fits the bill. Mr. Gaitskell certainly spoke of a recall if the talks somehow got lost between last Friday and August 12th. (Incidentally, while everything was relatively cheerful, that choice of date seemed a good local joke, since to sportsmen travelling north to the moors with their gun cases, and to greedy gourmets waiting in London for the first high-priced little birds to appear, nested in heather, on the food-shop counters, the Glorious Twelfth simply means the opening of the grouse-shooting season.) As of today, however, there has been no call—official or unofficial—for Parliament to return and trample over the surely fruitless ground some more, and it is probable that none will be forthcoming unless the Middle East situation again takes a threatening turn. The brand-new all-party unity that the House of Commons displayed on the subject before it shut up shop and carried its worries off to the constituencies, the beaches, and the golf courses was certainly impressive as a reflection of the state of non-political thought in this country, too. Labour's disapproval of the dispatch of British troops to Jordan and the general anxiety since then over how to get them out again without leaving King Hussein to the same fate as was met by the "gentle boy" Faisal—as one of the spoken tributes described him at his crowded memorial service here, held a couple of days before the Government, its mourning punctilios over, briskly recognized the new regime in Iraq—had apparently not been forgotten but were at least temporarily and thoroughly shelved in Labour's glow of approval of Mr. Macmillan's standing firm on the summit issue.

If that collapsed eminence can be said to have done anything before it finally disappeared from view, it has altered the look of the political landscape here out of all knowledge. Not only to the man in the street but also to the members of all three parties at Westminster, the Prime Minister has shown up as a suddenly admired and trusted negotiator, which was not so surprising, and as a popular personality, which was. Before the latest Soviet move rather lowered the temperature, beaming Conservatives were saying that a general election was possible in the autumn, on the strength of his rapid gain of confidence in the country, and



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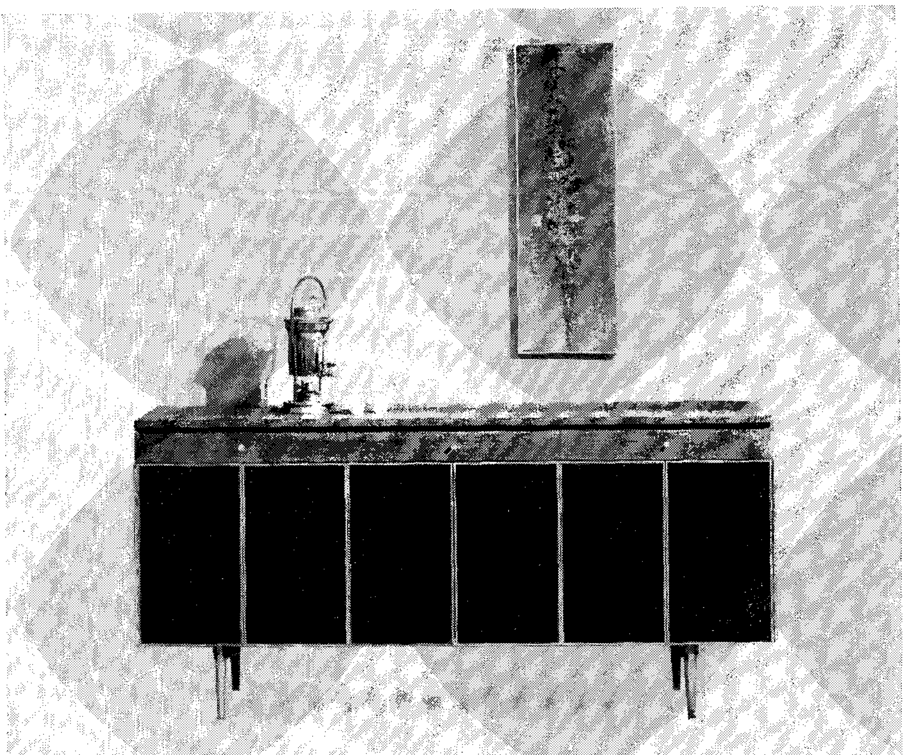
there is no doubt that if he had succeeded in bringing any sort of encouraging result back from a summit meeting, it would have been regarded as a resounding personal triumph, on which the Party might well have decided to risk going to the polls. Anyhow, it is an undeniable fact that Mr. Macmillan is now felt to be a good, and maybe a very good, Prime Minister by all sorts of English, including many who may not vote for him when the time does come. At the start of this session of Parliament, the Labour Party's stock stood high and the Conservatives' was in the doldrums. Today, from all the signs, the situation is strikingly changed indeed.

AMONG the summer crop of art shows, the Royal Academy has the Robinson Collection on view in its Diploma Gallery until September 14th. It is the first chance that Londoners have had to see a remarkable group of totally unfamiliar great paintings, which have been stowed away in a London furniture storehouse for the last forty-eight years—a rare cache of surprises in these days, when the gallery-going public is on nodding terms with most privately owned masterpieces through having seen them in loan exhibitions or reproduced in the literature of art or hanging in one of the splendid country houses that have passed into the possession of the nation. It is also the last chance for many, since the pictures are going on from here to South Africa—the birthplace of the man who brought them together—where they will be on loan to the National Gallery in Cape Town. As in all one-man collections, the invisible common denominator is the personality of the collector—which in this case was far more exotic than anything he acquired. The late Sir Joseph Robinson, a South African multimillionaire, was born in 1840, when the pioneering life was still very much in the raw. As a young man, he joined in the search for diamonds in the northern Cape (he was the first man to send a parcel of the stones to England) and, later, took part in the Transvaal gold rush, where he made his initial great fortune. He bought up the site that became the famous Langlaagte Mine after a solitary prospecting expedition, during which he resourcefully washed some crushed ore in his white pith helmet, having no other vessel handy. The wet lining of the helmet showed traces of gold, and from then on a pith helmet became a superstitious token part of his attire on all occasions,



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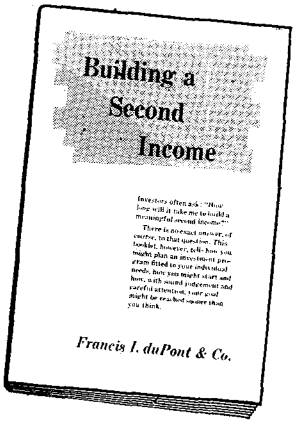

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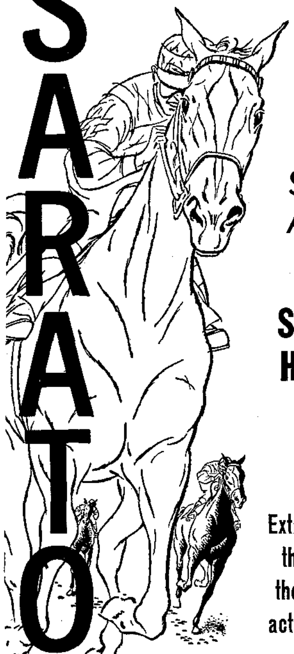

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even eccentrically topping his formal town clothes when he came to London in 1894 and began to make society sit up with his entertaining at Dudley House, a vast mansion in Park Lane. One of the features of the house was a private art gallery, which started Sir Joseph off on his picture collecting. In 1910, he went back to South Africa, inexplicably clapped all his pictures into storage, and never saw them again except for a rum incident in 1923, when he instructed the auction house of Christie's to sell the lot, repented after seeing them hanging on view in the saleroom, and bought all but eleven of them back at prohibitive prices, to be packed off into the storage vaults once more the next day. They are now the property of his daughter, the Princess Labia, the widow of an Italian diplomat, who lent them to the Royal Academy for the present exhibition. They include a splendid Murillo of a kneeling St. Francis of Paola; a superb early Tiepolo, the "Madonna of the Rosary," in which the Madonna is painted dressed unusually in brilliant scarlet; a roomful of important Dutch and early Italian masters; and some wonderful Gainsboroughs, among them a full-length auburn-haired "Boy in a Van Dyck Costume," who looks like a stand-in for the celebrated "Blue Boy." Strangely, for a rugged pioneering type, Sir Joseph's taste also ran strongly toward elegant Boucher compositions, featuring shepherdesses, cupids, and such. His purchases of "modern art" seem to have been mostly works by Sir John Millais, including a little miss called "Cherry Ripe," who, as a colored magazine supplement, ravished the public of her day. Since most of the Robinson pictures were acquired between 1895 and 1900—a period when the French Impressionists could have been bought by the carload for half a "Cherry Ripe"—this seems to have been one occasion when the famous pith helmet did not bring up any gold.

THE news that there is again a Prince of Wales was received with wild enthusiasm by the Welsh when it was unexpectedly given by the Queen's recorded voice at the close of the Empire and Commonwealth Games in Cardiff. It also seems to have caused emotion among the middle-aged and over, for whom it revives memories. The following Sunday, for the first time in twenty-two years, a prayer (hastily revised) for a Welsh prince was read in English cathedrals and churches.

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the Queen's state opening of Parliament, in November, is to be followed by television cameras—not only on the drive in the golden coach but right into the sacred purlieus of the House of Lords. It will be the first time that a camera of any sort has ever been allowed in Parliament, and the Government's decision raised a bit of a rumpus of for-and-against opinions. The principal objection seems to be that since the future legislative program of the Government of the day is outlined on such occasions in the Queen's formal Speech from the Throne, this may be thought by uninformed listeners—all, apparently, visualized as being distinctly subnormal on the uptake—to be the personal decision of the Queen herself. The objectors maintain that this will seem too much like bringing the Crown into politics, where it must not come. The modernization of the House of Lords, which will thus shortly open its doors to television and to its first four life peeresses (the recently announced pioneers, whose choice was voted safe but dull, are to be Lady Reading, Lady Ravensdale, the economist Barbara Wootton, and Dame Katharine Elliot) at one fell swoop, seems pretty well advanced. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

THE GREEN TREE GROWS

Grotesquely from the earth the green
 tree grows,
As if a fountain suddenly arose
 From an abrupt explosion in the
  loam;
The earth-brown column in an instant
  froze,
 With its cascading green, the leaves'
  dense foam.

From this green plain, this mine-
 infested sea,
The monsters detonated, tree by tree.
 I pray some seed, pressed by my pass-
  ing shoe,
May not explode this moment under me
 And fling me up into the solid blue.
—R. P. LISTER

•

GRAMMICHELE, SICILY, June 9 (UPI)—Michele Fragapane, 33, a Sicilian working in Switzerland, returned home when he heard reports his wife was unfaithful. He arrived by train, asked two policemen to accompany him home, found his wife with a man, filed adultery charges and took the next train back to Switzerland.—*The Journal-American.*

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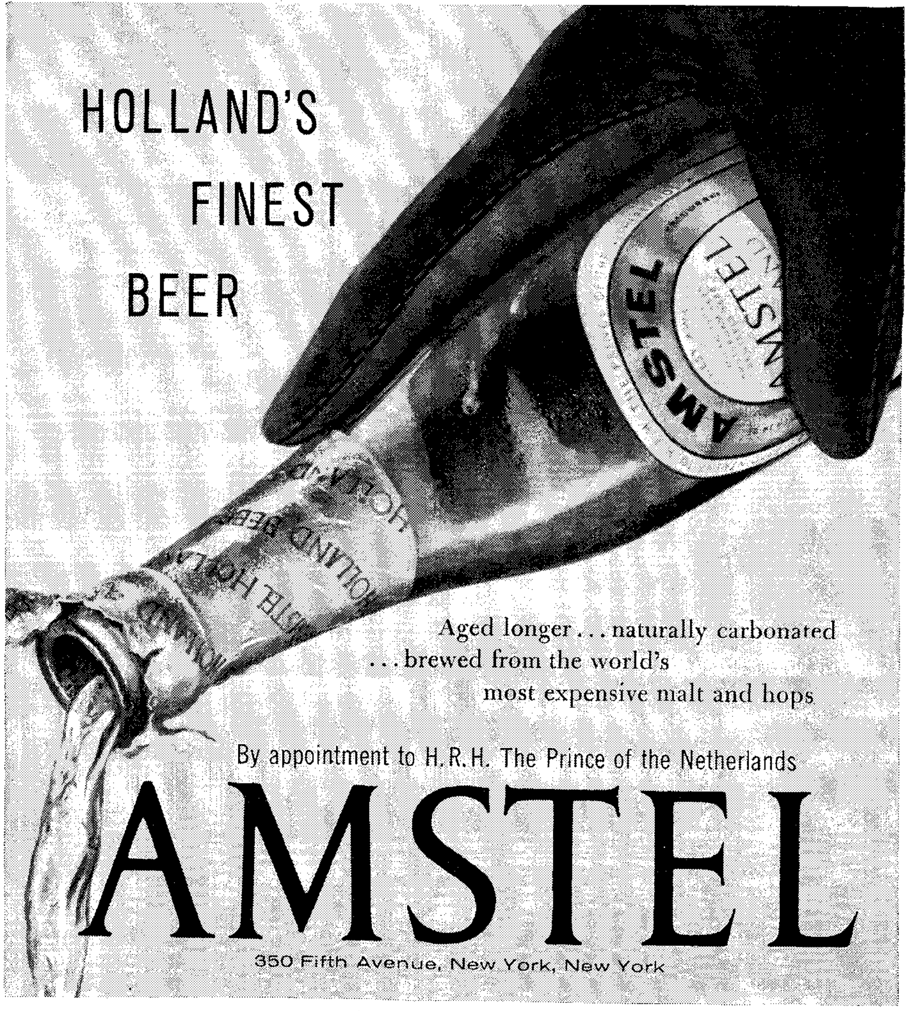
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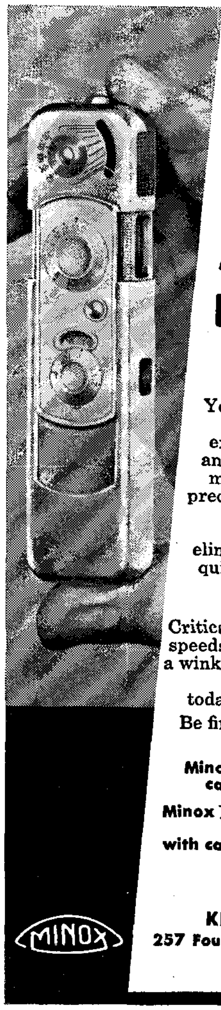

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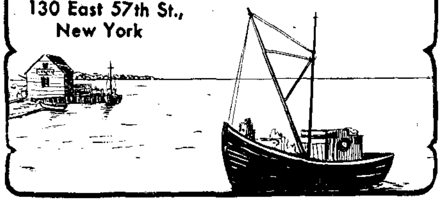

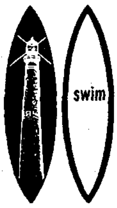

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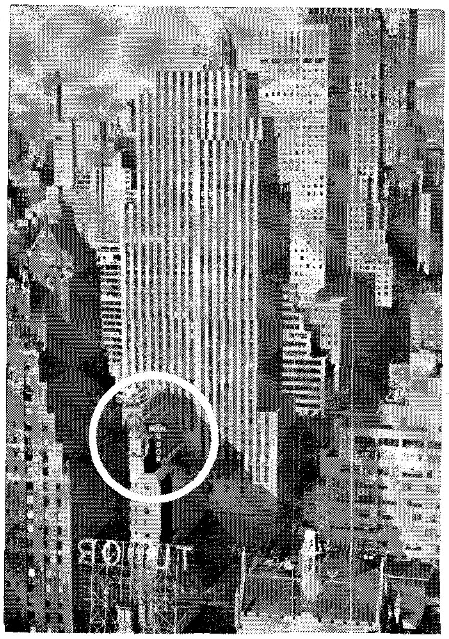
THE RACE TRACK

Money to Burn

THE most interesting race last week was not at Saratoga but at Arlington Park, in Chicago. This was the Equipoise Mile, a scramble for the high dollar in which Swoon's Son finished first and Round Table fifth. In my book, Swoon's Son is as smart a sprinter as we've had in years (he reminds me a bit of King Saxon, one of the best), and he's especially good on the Chicago tracks, but from what I hear about the race, I doubt whether he has ever been better than he was last Saturday. Carrying a hundred and twenty-nine pounds, only two less than Round Table, and giving big weight to the eight other runners, he was on the heels of Bardstown and Indian Creek, the pace setters, until they were halfway down the stretch, at which point he took over. He went on to win by half a length, in 1:34⅘—only two-fifths of a second slower than the course record, set by Equipoise himself twenty-six years ago. As for Round Table, who was never prominent, I've a notion that he has had too much. He's been in action almost since the first of the year, having run at Santa Anita, Hollywood Park, Washington Park, and Arlington—fourteen starts, all told. Incidentally, this was the first time he'd been out of the money since early March of last year. And, speaking of money, Swoon's Son picked up $87,675, increasing his total earnings to $938,604 and putting him in a good position to pass Nashua, who heads the winning list with $1,288,565. Round Table remained at $1,161,014. Oh, well, the last hundred thousand is always the hardest—and that goes for Swoon's Son as well as for Round Table.

ATTENDANCE at the Spa picked up last week, but the racing was only so-so. It looks as if the Saratoga Special, one of this department's favorite events for two-year-olds, and the country's only really sporting sweepstakes (the winner takes the jackpot), were beginning to show its age. There were just four starters for its fifty-sixth running the other afternoon—First Landing, a 1–4 shot, who won by seven lengths, and three pretty forlorn hopes. From the earliest days of the race, winning it was considered as sure a sign of



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quality as winning the Futurity, and the big stables always used to send their best for it. Among its winners have been Native Dancer, Whirlaway, Battlefield, Top Flight, Whichone, Regret, Blue Larkspur, and Jamestown (he beat Equipoise in it in 1930). First Landing, who has won all six of his starts (one through a disqualification), is a half brother of Hill Prince, and you can see a family resemblance, but whether he's going to be a Horse of the Year, as Hill Prince was in 1950, it's too early to say. C. T. Chenery, his owner, also owns Rich Tradition, who took the Schuylerville Stakes, the first of the Saratoga tests for two-year-old fillies, the previous Monday, and paid 12–1. Her odds won't be so long the next time she runs.

THERE isn't a great deal to be said about last Saturday's eighty-ninth running of the Travers, the oldest stake race in this country. Everyone who saw Walter Jeffords' big bay colt Piano Jim gallop off with the Ticonderoga Handicap earlier in the week expected him to win the famous antique for three-year-olds, and he did, though he had to be hustled along to dispose of Grey Monarch, the winner of the Special last year. Warhead, with Arcaro up, was third. The eight colts who ran for the Travers certainly weren't the best you ever saw, but they're probably the best we have left hereabouts. At Arlington, the stock seems more impressive. There are Lincoln Road, who's in training again; Terra Firma; Hillsdale and Strong Bay, a couple of runners from California; Nadir; and, of course, A Dragon Killer. All of them may go for the American Derby out there this weekend.

ONE of the things that keep trainers awake nights is the thought of how very brittle horses are. Take Bold Ruler, whom we've now seen the last of on a racecourse. A combination of bursitis and sesamoid and tendon trouble being more than he could bear, he has been put out to stud, where such things don't matter. He will be missed, for when he was in form he put on a good show. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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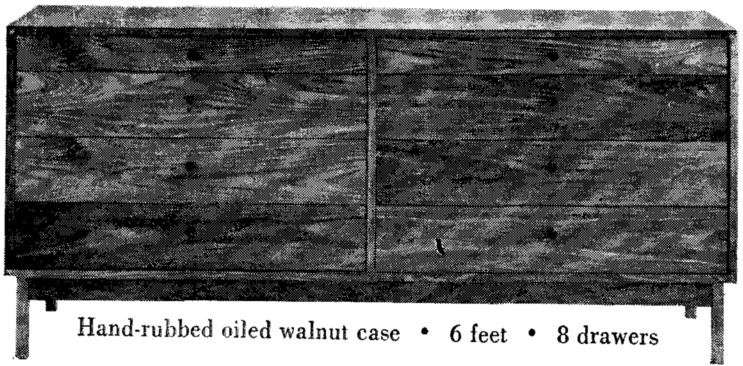
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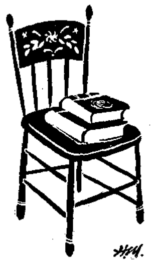
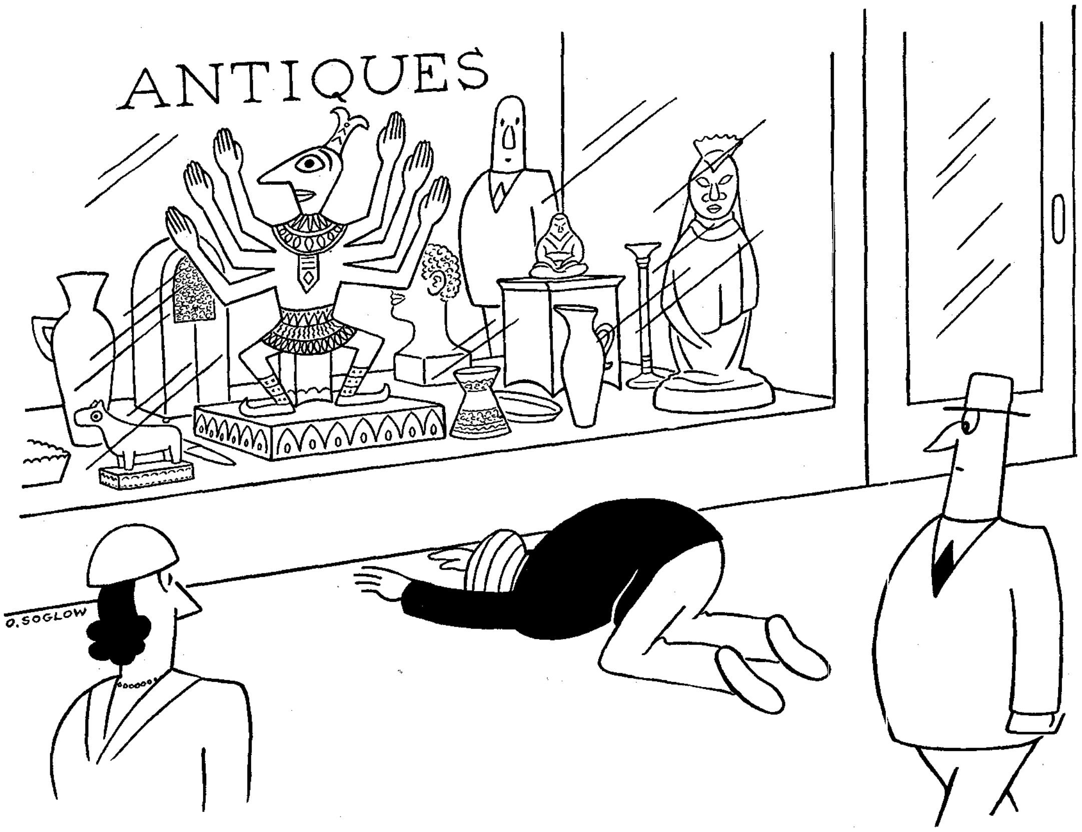


“The Old Blood” (Doubleday), a new novel by Edgar Mittelholzer, has been given a most unpromising appearance by its publishers. The predominantly yellow-and-red dust jacket makes much of a stalk of sugar cane, a machete, a coiled bullwhip, and a honey-colored Hollywood-type mulatto wearing her dress so far off-the-shoulder as to be on-the-elbow. All of this, with its implications of mad fun for massa on the old plantation, suggests that Mr. Mittelholzer has come a long way downhill since his brilliant beginnings with “A Morning in Trinidad” and the strange and enchanting fantasy called “Shadows Move Among Them,” and it arouses the suspicion that he may have betrayed his gifts in a venture into the most dismal hackwork. This is bad luck for Mr. Mittelholzer, who was given this kind of treatment before, when another publisher, John Day, wrapped “Children of Kaywana,” which is in reality the first part of this novel, in a similar jacket. As a result, what was a carefully composed family chronicle whose setting was the old Dutch colony of Guiana, in South America, was brushed off as a potboiler marred by an obsession with sex. “Children of Kaywana” did indeed, by itself, seem to be concerned with a set of people who were united only by their common aim of making hard work of a hobby, and its climax, a saturnalia of sadism unloosed by a revolt of the Guianan slaves, appeared to come to an end simply because the possibilities of further disagreeableness were exhausted. It was difficult to see any reason in all this, for there was no indication that “Children of Kaywana” was only half a novel and that much in it that appeared purposeless was later to be explained. The shoe is now on the other foot (like the jacket, with its highly colored rejection of all Mr. Mittelholzer’s claims to serious attention), and the second part of his story is full of mysteries that can be explained only by passages in the first. This is a pity, since the novel has clearly been conceived as a whole, and since it is, as a whole, a considered treatise on a difficult subject—racial color—that is written with sincerity and intelligence by someone who knows a great deal about it.

The two sections of this book carry the annals of the van Groenwegels forward from the very early sixteen-hundreds, when the first European settlers reached the territory, now known as British Guiana, to the present. The story begins in innocence with the mating of a sailor from the crew of one of Sir Walter Raleigh’s ships and an Indian girl. Their daughter is the woman called Kaywana, whose name appears in the title of the first volume. For the van Groenwegel she marries, things are less innocent; he is a white man and she is a half-caste. He is also an ambitious man and a speculator, and he has a hand in importing the first slaves from Africa into the territory. One of Kaywana’s children has issue by slave women, and before long the direct-line van Groenwegels have slave cousins and all innocence is gone. The van Groenwegels pretend that these cousins are just slaves, and not men and women like themselves. The ugly business of racism has, like the seeds of fireweed, begun to take root. Mr. Mittelholzer, as his writing often shows, is naïve about some things, but since he was brought up in British Guiana and spent several years in Trinidad before he moved on to England, the close link between questions of race and of sex is not one of them. His candor on this point is refreshing, since it has become the subject, particularly in this country, of a vast amount of what is nowadays called wishful thinking but what, in a franker age, was called hypocrisy.

However convenient it may be to take the sting out of discussions of such matters as equal rights and integration in the schools by pretending that they are purely abstract social problems, all questions of race and color ultimately turn, so far as personal experience goes, on the fulcrum of sexual taboo. When the taboo is broken, the entire case for ill-treating and exploiting the supposedly inferior race falls to the ground, the absence of any vital difference becomes obvious, and the whole thing stands clear as a dishonorable fraud arranged by those who want coolie labor on their own terms. As men and women, Mr. Mittelholzer’s van Groenwegels, light and dark, are attractive to each other, and, as men and women, they might



be perfectly happy companying with each other. But because the light van Groenwegels are obsessed with the idea of the Old Blood, which must be kept undefiled, the promptings of their healthy and natural instincts become poisoned with guilt and self-loathing. As they hate themselves for the sins, practiced or imagined, into which their instincts lead them, they become vindictive and cruel. After the manner of the human animal, they do not punish themselves for falling short of their own ideals but turn their resentments outward, against the golden-brown flesh that awakens their desires. When they become cruel, a new element enters the pattern. This is the fear, the nightmare of any slave-holding society (or of any society that is based on a great measure of social injustice), that a reversal of fortune may bring a change of roles, and that the master may one day have to face a slave holding a whip or a branding iron. Great as the fear of having to foot the bill for this may be, it is trifling compared to the fear of a reversal of the sexual roles. The gray light of dawn following a night of pleasure for massa on the wrong side of the color bar brings two realizations—that the white mistress may be secretly hankering for the same kind of adventure, and that the colored man may be, too. This sharpens the vindictiveness the white man visits on his slaves for rousing the devil in his own flesh, and carries his cruelty a stage further by giving it purpose. The slave is to be brutalized and dehumanized until he becomes unthinkable as either friend or lover. The Guianan slaves, pressed beyond endurance, fling themselves upon the planters and take a terrible vengeance for their treatment. Because they have been systematically debased, their vengeance transfers the worst fears of the planters from the plane of ugly fantasy to the plane of reality. It is no longer a question of what might happen if the slaves got out of hand; it is one of remembering what happened when they did.

In "Children of Kaywana," Mr. Mittelholzer described the mounting pressure and the explosion, in which the masters suffered all the indignities and abuses they had inflicted on their chattels for so long. "The Old Blood" takes up the story after the rebels have been gibbeted or hunted down and white supremacy has been reëstablished on the uneasy foundation of force. The pretense of a kindly paternalism has been restored, but beneath its thin surface the two parties to the now hideously unnat-

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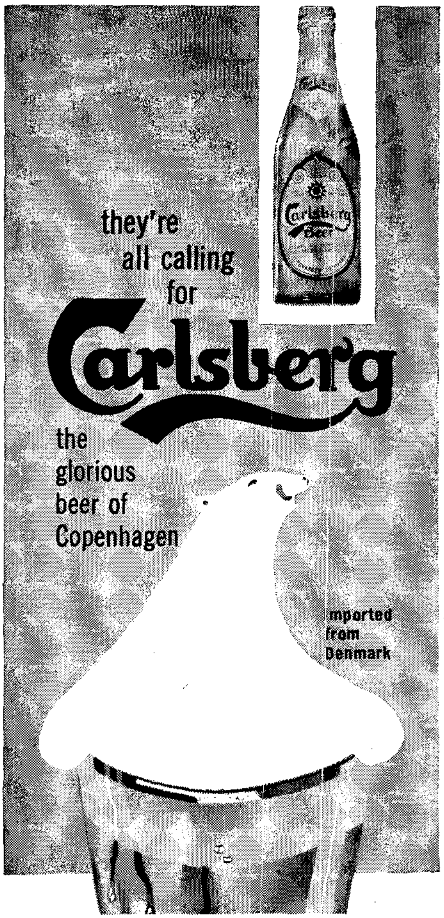
ural relationship hate each other. At this point, there happens in British Guiana what was to happen later in the Southern United States; an external force intervenes and abolishes the loathsome institution of slavery. There is no long and exhausting prelude of civil war; the change is brought about by an act of the English Parliament. On a given date, the bond and the free, hating and fearing each other, are transformed into fellow-citizens and equals under the law.

What follows is savage farce. The van Groenwegels fight desperately to hang on to the idea that there is something special in their blood which marks them off from ordinary men and women. As the power of the instincts detaches one deserter after another from the clan, the loyal van Groenwegels develop the theory that there are two strains in their blood—a hard, fighting strain, true to its purity, and a softer one, amorous and cultured, which seeks to lose itself in the common inheritance. It is always demoralizing to attempt to believe something that is known to be untrue, just as it is demoralizing to have sexual relationships with people who are held to be contemptible. Because the loyal van Groenwegels cannot keep away from the colored men and women, their pretense to superiority warps their minds, and they begin to degenerate. Mr. Mittelholzer has fun matching their high talk about their destiny as whites and as van Groenwegels with their private explorations of every avenue of sexual aberration, in which they show a strong inclination to sadism and masochism. Their passionate desire to degrade and humiliate the colored people of whom they are so terribly afraid twists itself into a secret desire to humiliate and degrade themselves, and they become utterly corrupt. At last the sole survivor of the hard van Groenwegels, who has spent his life virulently mouthing the white-supremacy line and who is devoted to collecting family documents, unearths one paper too many and discovers that what moves in his veins is the same thick, sticky stuff that is pumped through every human heart.

The book has its faults. It is, for one thing, curiously old-fashioned, as if Mr. Mittelholzer had deliberately discarded the Bloomsbury influences that made his early writing so effective and had gone back to the conventional literary novels of the twenties for his models; for another, he writes about a long lapse of time without any sense of period, so that his characters always speak, whether it is 1750, 1850, or 1950, in the same



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rhythms and with the same vocabulary. But despite all the book's faults, its outstanding merit remains; it really gets to grips with its subject and brings a craggy integrity to bear upon it. The subject of color is as big as the subject of class and social status, which gave the English novel, from Dickens to Lawrence, a great deal of its vitality and importance, and, like it, it works in the particular matter of personal relationships at the crucial points where the barriers are being crossed. Though Mr. Mittelholzer's two-volume book is a long way from being the perfect novel about color, it does point to the sort of vital experience such a novel must in the nature of things deal with. It disintegrates the pretense that anything important, or even interesting, can be said, from the novelist's point of view, on the periphery where the question treated is a social or a civic one.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

GOODNIGHT PELICAN, by Diana Marr-Johnston (St. Martin's). This charming story of Paris is at its most satisfactory when considered simply as an odd and uncharacteristic episode in the career of a pretty and honestly selfish young Englishwoman, Clara, who wants, more than anything else in the world, to do what is best for herself. Away from home for the first time, and captivated by the romance and beauty of Paris, Clara allows herself to be cajoled by her uncle and by an elderly Russian princess, Maria, into becoming engaged to Maria's only son, André. André is a pleasant, exceedingly eligible young man who is dominated by his mother, and Clara soon finds that Maria imagines that an inexperienced English girl will automatically make a docile daughter-in-law. Clara realizes that she has betrayed herself into a situation that horrifies her and that she has promised her hand to a young man who does not suit her at all. She is both frightened and conscience-stricken, but, not being a girl to accept what seems to be the inevitable, she manages to fight her way back to the secure, accustomed, well-arranged English world that is her normal home.

THE KING MUST DIE, by Mary Renault (Pantheon). QUESTION: Is Theseus, King of Athens and hero of legend, dead, or does he live again in this novel that Miss Renault has

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written about him? ANSWER: Theseus is dead. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GENERAL

WAR AND PEACE IN THE SPACE AGE, by James M. Gavin (Harper). An opinionated and somewhat aggrieved but lucid and thoroughly engrossing survey of the problems of national security by the Army's former Chief of Research and Development. General Gavin, who left the service last spring after a series of policy differences with his superiors, believes that we must mend practically all our military ways. We have yet, he says, to grasp the idea that space is to become an actual theatre of military operations, not merely a route for trajectories and a lodgment for satellites and platforms. He thinks that we invite a Carthaginian peace by concentrating on nuclear weapons of the highest yield, rather than on weapons of precise application to the likeliest targets and the likeliest forms of warfare. He believes that war is still largely a matter of the mobility of manpower, and that we are losing our mobility as well as our manpower; if, he says, we had adapted the airplane to gaining troop mobility, as we adapted the automobile (the truck, the jeep, the tank), we would have had a "sky cavalry" that would have won the Korean War with fewer casualties and would be a match for any opponent on earth in any kind of war. He blames most of our failures on a system of decision-making that deprives the civilian policymakers of sound and honest military advice—and also on some specific people who have had a large hand in policy. (Charles E. Wilson, he says, dealt with the service leaders "as though they were recalcitrant union bosses," and adds, "The thought often struck me that Walter Reuther . . . would have been a more effective Chief of Staff than a professional soldier.") He recommends a whole new table of organization and a whole new geographical concept. As a writer and a polemicist, General Gavin is a gifted amateur, and his book, unlike most of its genre, is as interesting as it is instructive.

THE BANQUET YEARS, by Roger Shattuck (Harcourt, Brace). It is Mr. Shattuck's reasonable supposition that the explosive birth of modern—or avant-garde—art in France during the period 1885-1914 was closely linked to the coincident development

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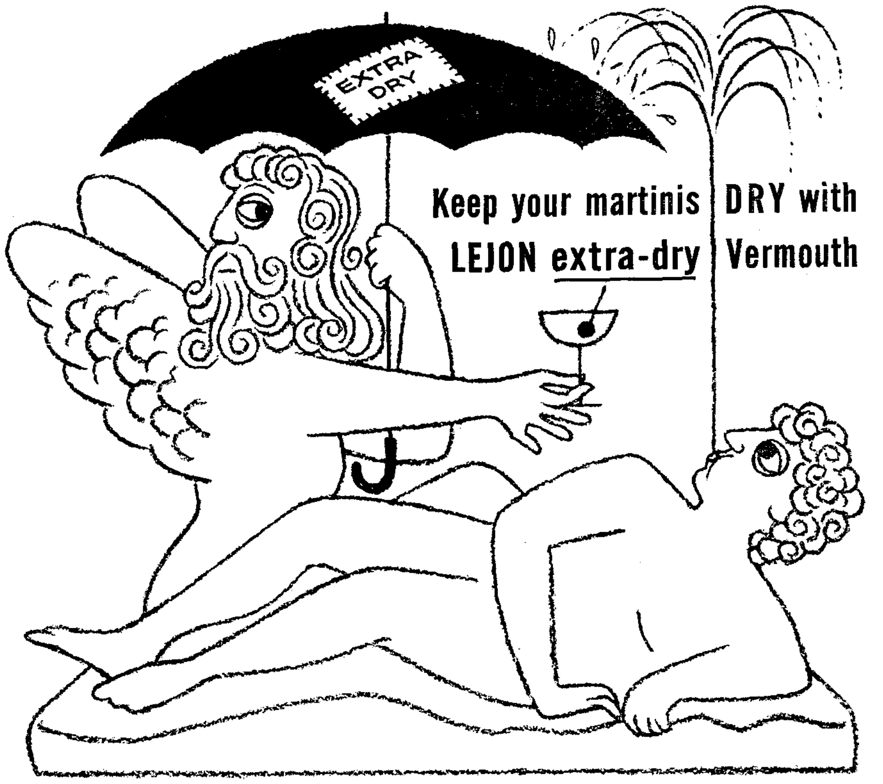
of political anarchism. His decision to catch the flavor of those audacious years by examining the lives and works of four lively innovators—a painter, a composer, and two writers—is also a sensible one. But everything depends on his choices, and they could hardly be more curiously inept: Henri Rousseau, Erik Satie, Alfred Jarry, and Guillaume Apollinaire. Indeed, they so inadequately represent the artistic vigor of prewar France that what might have been a valuable illumination collapses into caricature. Illustrated with photographs, drawings, and a number of tiny black-and-white reproductions of Rousseau's pictures.

ART AND REALITY: WAYS OF THE CREATIVE PROCESS, by Joyce Cary (Harper). Shortly before his death, Mr. Cary reworked two sets of lectures to make this book. As a result, its construction seems a little rambling—more like a string of beads, say, than a Greek temple. But Mr. Cary's beads are pearls. He writes about the artist's difficulty in turning an intuition into a work of art ("A cold thought has to deal with a warm feeling"); about the role of education in an artist's development ("If Dickens had had a more solid education, he could have been the greatest of all novelists, or, equally, he might never have written at all"); about the changing meaning that time brings to art ("No one has ever seen the 'Hamlet' that Shakespeare wrote and that the Elizabethans enjoyed"); about art and morality ("Art has its immense power for good and evil because it deals always with fundamental passions"); and, in fact, about all the ways in which art touches the world outside art. Mr. Cary's language is simple—no matter how complex his thought, he makes his meaning clear—and yet vivid and unexpected enough to provide aesthetic pleasure.

LORD, WHAT A FAMILY!, by Robert Leckie (Random House). Mr. Leckie grew up in a big, comfortable Irish-Catholic family in Rutherford, New Jersey, during the depression, and in this book he attempts, with one supine anecdote after another, to tell us what fun it was. The result is purest fool's gold. Illustrated with drawings by Vasiliu.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE CAT, edited by Brandt Aymar (Crown). An enchanting anthology for cat-lovers. The poems, stories, memoirs, photographs, and drawings that make it up vary in style and period and geographical origin, but they all, in one



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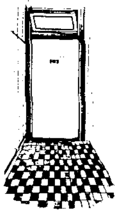

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way or another, express the basic attraction of cats—cussedness. They lovingly celebrate the perversity, willfulness, and perseverance with which cats contrive to make their owners fulfill cats' purposes—and which the several authors, like all cat-lovers, find irresistible.

THE ART OF TRAVEL, by Henry James, edited and with an introduction by Morton Dauwen Zabel (Doubleday). A collection of marvellous short pieces on American, English, French, and Italian scenes, most of them from earlier collections now out of print. James the traveller is relaxed enough to stare at a handsome Arlésienne or, struck by Ruskin's absurdities, to laugh aloud in a Florentine church, but he still remains James the observer, as acute as ever, with a wonderful ability to convey the moods of many disparate places.

VERSE

J. B.: A PLAY IN VERSE, by Archibald MacLeish (Houghton Mifflin). In eleven scenes and a prologue, Mr. MacLeish has composed a far more complicated dramatic structure than is his custom. The Job story, although to some modern commentators rather crude in theme and outcome, still has its appeal, and here it unfolds, in modern American dress, as a play within a play. J. B., a prosperous and upright man, undergoes all of Job's afflictions, in particularly horrible contemporary terms, and a few more (including a disabused wife and the total destruction of his civilization) with a patience that sometimes seems to be based more on Calvinist than Old Testament principles. And it is the manifestation of an enduring life force, the persistence of human love, and the power to work, rather than the sight and sound of God, that bring him final comfort. Satan, in disguise, goes in for some rough language, there is an unappealing proletarian female chorus, and Job's three comforters turn out to be seedy and contrived symbols of organized religion, psychoanalysis, and Marxism. But the action unfolds briskly, and there are moments of tension and pathos throughout.

•

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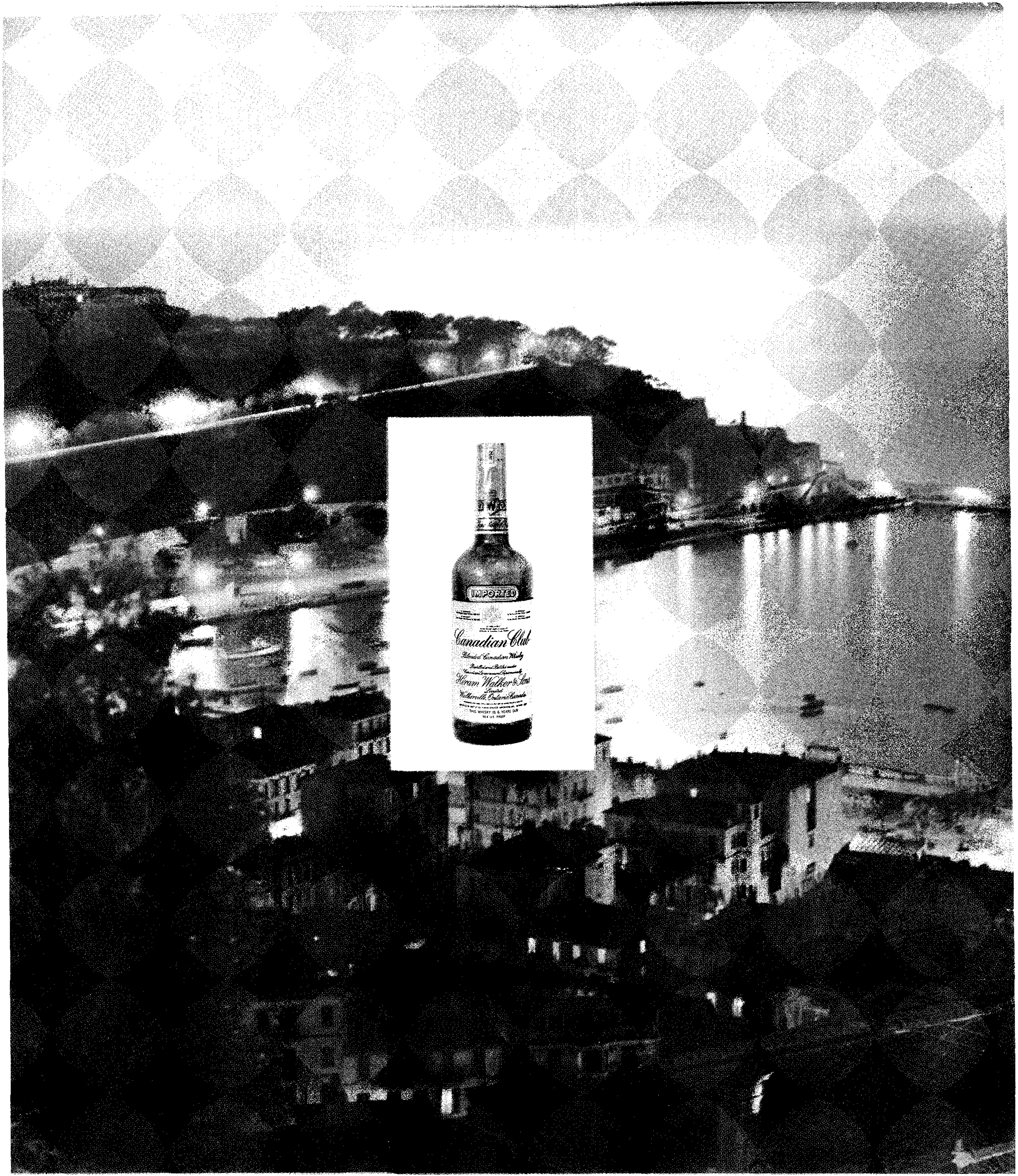
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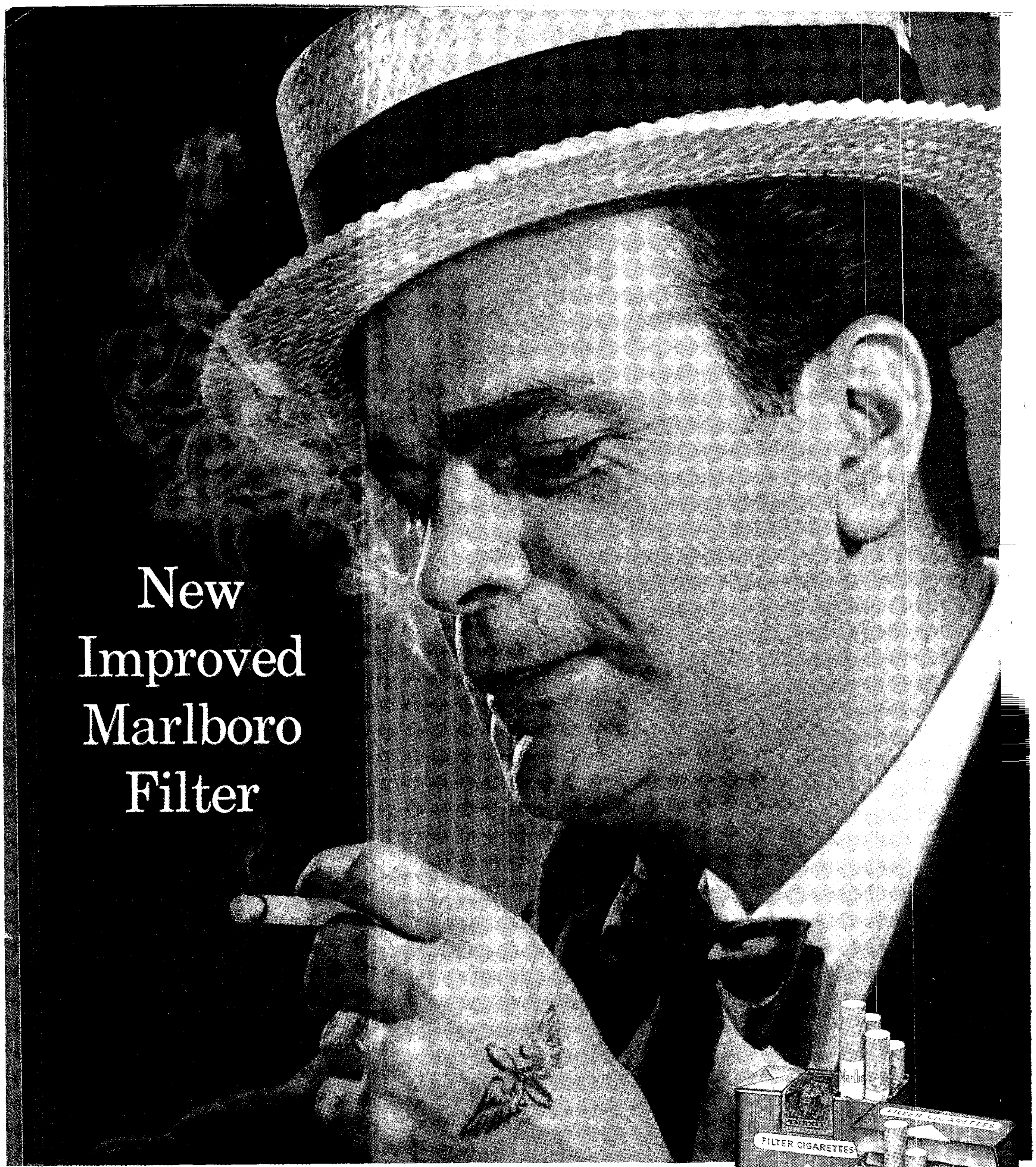
CANADIAN CLUB • 6 YEARS OLD • 90.4 PROOF • IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS, INC., DETROIT, MICH. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.


New
Improved
Marlboro
Filter

MARLBORO
"FILTER FLOWER"

Marked improvement in Marlboro filter does not disturb famous Marlboro flavor

Improved filter, plus a significant break-through in cigarette engineering, places Marlboro among the leading filter cigarettes in mild smoke delivery. Now Marlboro gives you more to like than ever—Filter, Flavor, Pack or Box.

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Marlboro
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Soft Pack
or
Flip-Top Box